

# LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No 187.—VOL. VI.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23, 1865.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE MEETING ON THE TERRACE.]

## THE GOLDEN APPLE: OR, CHRISTMAS WITH THE SHERSTONS.

### CHAPTER I.

The Christmas bells from hill to hill,  
Answer each other in the air.

Tennyson.

The tale is full of noises.

Shakespeare.

Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Ibid.

A FINE athletic young man, with a gun on his shoulder, came bounding swiftly down a shingly slope to the beach, where a trim, fairy little sail-boat was tossing on the waves with but a single occupant—a stoutly framed, rough featured, oldish, but not elderly man, with that unmistakable air which marks all alike, whether master or sailor, who roam the seas for a livelihood.

"So you've come at last, Master Mark," said Rufus White, in a querulous tone. "I began to think you'd changed your mind, had given up wild-duck shooting in December, and was going to moor the Witch again."

"It was a shame to keep you waiting so long, Rufe, I beg your pardon. But my mother has grown so nervous in these years of my absence in Germany, that I hardly know what to make of it. It took me an hour, at least, to calm her fears, and convince her that I was capable of handling my gun safely, and managing the boat without upsetting."

Rufus White laughed.

"Why, does the mistress think your book studying has made you forget the old sports? I should know better than that. Them that has love for what they learn won't be forgetting though it's years and years before they come again to the old ways. Why, Master Mark, there wasn't a lad in all the shire could beat you with the gun or oar. And as for the sailing of this little egg-shell, the mistress might have known old Rufe White wouldn't learn you wrong. I should as soon think of my not knowing how to handle the ropes, because I haven't been a voyage this ten year this Christmas, as of doubting you was all right in the old sports."

"Thank you, Rufe, I hope I shan't disappoint you. I assure you I bring all the old boyish eagerness and love for the sport; it seems doubly delightful after my long abstinence."

While he spoke the young man stowed away his gun in the stern, and leaped lightly into the boat.

Rufus began to hoist the sail, but Mark interposed smilingly.

"Nay, nay, Rufe, if I took you for company to satisfy my mother's apprehensions, I didn't mean you should share in the work. Take a seat, Rufe. You're the passenger. You can talk as much as you like, but that's all the privilege I shall allow you. My fingers are fairly aching for this business. How trim and neat you've kept the little Witch. Oh, how many times I've thought of her, and the breezy races she has given me over this bay, when I was at my wits' ends over perplexing, knotty problems in the close,

stived room of the German University. But I'm back again at last, my beauty, and many a jolly day we'll spend together, to make up for our long estrangement."

The old sailor dropped upon the seat with a look of perfect martyrdom, although he answered cheerily:

"Well, to be sure, Master Mark, it will seem rather queer to me to sit still, I'm used to working my passage wherever I go; but I can understand just how you feel about it, and it would be a shame that you shouldn't hold the ropes and give the Witch a hint of the way you want her to go. She's just as jaunty as ever, and as quick to the helm as your Black Prince is to the rein."

"Oh, Rufe, this is grand, this is exhilarating," exclaimed he, as the smart breeze filled the sail, the little craft, beaming over on her side, went dashing through the waves, "how I have longed for this freedom in my wearisome college life."

"And that's natural enough, to my thinking," replied the privileged old servant. "I s'pose there's good comes from learning, but shiver my timbers if it seems to me like the right stuff for men to work over, crooking themselves over books, and growing as pale and puny-looking as a woman."

"Only look at your hands, Master Mark, they're as delicate as the mistress's, every whit, and your face, it don't look so brown and ruddy as in the old days, I can tell you, now."

"Maybe not," replied Mark Sherston, laughing heartily at the half indignant, half commiserating look

on the sailor's face, "but it will not take many sails with you, Rufus, to brow me up into a respectable complexion, even according to your ideas. I shall never be the worse for my college experience, and if it ended at last. But how is the game, now-a-days, Rufe? Shall I be likely to find the birds, as of old, around the little island which used to be my favourite resort?"

Rufus suddenly blinked his little grey eyes.

"Why, Master Mark, is it there you're steering? Maybe then you've heard nothing about it, since you've been away?"

"Heard? why no, what should there be for me to hear?"

Rufus shook his head with deliberate gravity.

"Plenty that's strange and perplexing to honest folks. It has got a new name too. It isn't the Little Island any longer, it is Wizard's Isle now, with everybody."

"And I infer that there is some uncanny history to account for the weird name. Come, Rufe, spin away at the yarn in true sailor fashion, while I tack a little, for despite your common looks I'm bound to the old island, and this breeze won't give us a straight course for her."

"You are like all the rest of young folks, Master Mark, you laugh it off, as if it was only an idle story, but older heads and sterner minds see how much danger may be brewed from such evil neighbourhood. If he has not dealings with Satan, that gray bearded old hermit, I should like to know how he produces such hobgoblin results."

"Why, Rufe, you're more mysterious yourself than the old hermit can be; why don't you tell me the facts, in a ship-shape fashion?"

"I beg your pardon, Master Mark, I'll try to do better this time. You see 'twas two years ago certain this Christmas, I was out in this very boat skimming around, just to pass away the time, for I could not get a shot anywhere, and I had just given up the idea, when I sighted a schooner bearing down from the channel this way."

"That's a queer course, says I; what in the name of Neptune are they coming where there's no port, nor business for them?"

"You see she was a heavy, lubberly craft, not trim and jaunty enough for a yacht. Well, I kept my eye on them, and pretty soon when the schooner had got pretty well off that little island, what did she do but tack, and get as near as the shallow water would admit, and then a boat was lowered, and quite a load, it seemed to me, went from the schooner to the island. They staid maybe three hours, maybe not but two—far less than mightily slow with any body that's watching—and then back again went the boat to the schooner; her head was put about, and she went smoking along with a speaking breeze back again into the stream."

"That's a queer proceeding, said I to myself. I'll see what they're up to on the little island."

"The first thing I saw when I landed was a great tall man, six wrapped up in a grey gown like a monk, or a hermit, with a long staff in his hand, and his beard, white as snow, hung down the whole length of his breast."

"He fixed on my face that burning, serpent-like eye of his, and the blood seemed to chill in my veins under it as if he had conjured up a spell to freeze me into a statue of ice."

"Well, he leaned over on that queer staff, with his white beard streaming down to his waist, and that awful eye on me, and I don't deny, Master Mark, my knees were weak, and my teeth chattering, though I did my best to make a bold show."

"Good day, sir," said I, as respectfully as I could.

"He waved his hand, and it looked like a bird's claw more than anything else."

"What have I to do with good days or bad? I came to hide from mankind in this lonely island. And my first hour is molested with the hated spectre. I have no time for idle talk, I must gather moss for my couch, I must collect herbs for my food. Leave me in peace, then."

"Now I was honest meaning, and peaceable in my notions, and for all I was so frightened at his strange looks, I felt indignant at this rough way of dealing with me."

"I meant no harm," answered I, hotly, "had you known me better, perhaps you had treated me a little more civilly; good sir, I might provide you a more comfortable bed than one of moss."

"He laughed, and then, as true as I live, the trees away up above him took up the sound, and flung down goblin laughs, in all tones and ways, and there he stood as if he heard not a sound, but kept those blazing eyes on me."

"What do I want of comfortable beds? I told you I fled from the blaudishments of the world; the earth will furnish all I need; ay, she will furnish more than you dream. You guess nothing of the mighty secrets she whispers to me. If I knew you better—"

"Ha! ha! poor worm! How shallow is your knowledge compared to mine. List, I will tell you what I know about you."

"Then he stamped his foot and thrust out that long staff, and turned his head as if listening."

"Will you believe it, Master Mark, I heard myself a small fine voice coming right out of the tree on which he fixed those great glowing eyes, and though it talked some foreign lingo, I knew it was really talking to him. Then in a minute he turned to me:

"You were a sailor once. Your last voyage was from Calcutta to Liverpool. You live at the cottage belonging to the great family of these parts. What was their name?"

"He turned his head and looked into the tree again. "Straightway he answered right out in plain English, 'Sherston.' That was too much for me. I looked hurriedly over the tree to make sure there was nothing on it, not even a parrot, and then I took to my heels, and when I got to the boat, I didn't stop to use the sail for tacking, but took the oars and rowed away for dear life."

Mark Sherston laughed till the tears rolled down his face.

"Well, well, Rufus, I didn't suppose anything mortal could make you show the white feather. So you can away!—that is rich."

Rufus was half indignant.

"Master Mark, I've met many a terrible storm, and I've had one tussle with cannibal dogs on the coast of Labrador, and I never finished; but do you think I would stay to be possessed of one of that wizard's evil spells? hadn't I seen enough to show me he held company with the powers of darkness?"

Mark was still laughing.

"You needn't take my assertion," continued Rufus, waxing wrathful; "just ask any of the people on your father's estate—ask the fishermen. That was two years ago. His reputation is pretty well established by this time. As I told you, it is called Wizard's Isle altogether."

"And he remains there still? It seems to me I remember a casual remark now in one of my mother's letters, telling me that an old hermit had settled on my favourite island. He must be an awful old fellow; at all events, I am quite anxious to make his acquaintance."

Rufus shrugged his shoulders. "He has plenty of young apprentices for visitors. They go to get their fortunes told, but it is the old woman does that. She is not quite so grim and morose as the old wizard, but she has got such an eye!"

"So there's a wife for the wizard?"

"Oh, no, a kind of housekeeper for his cave."

"So, an. I wonder if she manages to give him much variety out of the larder filled with herbs."

"Now you are laughing again, Master Mark, but I assure you when you come to see him, this mysterious wizard, you won't believe it a jest."

"Quite likely not; but then there's no harm in getting a little sport from him. Tell me some more, Rufus. I think I'm rather un-hermit-like for him to have a companion."

"I suppose he needs help about his herbs. He is always digging, or boiling over a pot of coals his queer mixtures, and people often see the old woman pulling up the roots. They quarrel awfully, for ever so many people have heard them from outside the cave. Many think old Marjorie would gladly leave him, but that he has bound her by some of his wizard spells. But then she has evil help herself, or how could she tell fortunes so true as she does? Why, Master Mark, your father went once. He laughed just as you do at my account, and declared he'd test the truth of matters. The old hermit wasn't to be found, but he saw the fortune-teller; and I know she said something awful to him which he couldn't put away with a laugh, for when I rowed him back, he was white as a sail in the sunshine, and his hands were all a-tremble. And to my knowledge, he's never been near them since, and he never talks about them either. I wouldn't go near them, if I were you, Master Mark."

"Ah, Rufe, you took the wrong method if you meant to keep me away from them. You remember my old recklessness. You could not point out a dangerous spot but I was bewitched to investigate for myself, and now your story has piqued my curiosity, go I must. Besides, I started with the idea of visiting the island; I certainly shall not relinquish it when the attractions are enhanced by your mysterious hermit. I don't think however, his ventriloquism will appeal me if he has no more formidable weapon than that. Speed away then, my beauty," laughed Mark, tacking again.

"Now if there were a lovely damsel held by their uncanny spell, how knightlike I should feel," continued the young man, his sparkling eye following that of his companion.

"The old wizard has seen us, by this time. I'll warrant he has found out every word you have

spoken," growled Rufus; "at any rate he knows it's none of my doing, disturbing him."

"Do you think so? then here goes my introductory salute. Good day, Mr. Wizard, I'm not afraid of you in the least; not of you, nor of your companion witch. I defy you both to harm me. I shall outwit your spells whatever they may be!"

"Oh, Master Mark, Master Mark, how could you?" cried Rufus, utterly horrified. "You've drawn their spite upon you now, in spite of everything. Why won't you believe them as has seen more than double your years. I tell you, it is wise to keep clear of them, they have more power than you dream of, and if the gossip say right, they bear ill enough already to your family."

"Fahaw, Rufe, you're an old salt, and have earned the right to be superstitious, but I shall very soon show you what harmless impostors they will prove. Where do the visitors usually go, for I suppose it won't do for me to go directly to my shoeshing without due notice to his wizard majesty?"

"Please, Master Mark, don't go at all," pleaded old Rufus, with an earnestness extremely ridiculous, in Mark's eyes.

"But, Rufus, I am convinced there is no harm. Your anxiety is as absurd as my mother's, and there is less excuse for it."

Rufus saw the uselessness of further argument.

"The consequences be on your own head then, Master Mark. You can't say I did not warn you."

"Not I, worthy Rufus."

"The foolish people go up the path to the spring that fills the hollow where the two hills divide, there in the centre of the island. You remember it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes indeed; a picturesque little spot, a charming abode for a naiad or nymph, but an old witch—bah! Well, what then? Is there a black cat or a toad, or what not, to act as usher and announce new arrivals?"

Rufus showed by his solemn face what unbecoming levity he considered the young man's marvellous.

"I've heard them tell about going. The first they know, they see the old woman's face in the water, just as if it was painted there. That's if she's coming to see them. Sometimes they see nothing, and then they know there's no use in waiting. She won't come this day."

"They see her shadow in the water, you mean, as she comes along to them."

"No, I don't. I mean they see her face; and many's the one has looked and hunted in all directions, but no sign can be found of old Marjorie herself, and when she does come hobbling along, it's always in a different direction."

He sprang up as he spoke, and dropped the sail; by a skilful movement of the rudder, sending the boat sharply alongside the rocky landing place.

Mark sprang out lightly, and was lifting up the anchor when Rufus drew him back.

"Leave the anchor, please, Master Mark; if it's all the same to you, I'm going to cruise around in sight of the island; when you want the boat, come out here and wave your handkerchief, I'll keep a sharp look-out."

Mark laughed.

"You're afraid to trust yourself near the wizard after my audacious defiance. Away with you then, and be sure you make your appearance when I need you; unless, indeed, this Prospero invokes a storm, when you may seek your own safety. I'll admit I shall deserve to be abandoned to my fate."

He shouldered his gun, waved a merry salute to the half admiring half angry old sailor, and went bounding lightly along the rocky arm toward the main island, which rose up like the half of an orange, only more conical in shape.

## CHAPTER II.

Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee. *Shakespeare.*

MARK SHERSTON walked briskly in the keen December air along the well-defined pathway, looking around him curiously.

He had left home with the eager yearning to behold again the old familiar haunts of his boyhood, which all wanderers experience on return from a lengthy absence; but this emotion was quite dispersed by the new sensation.

His keen eye ran from object to object to detect any sign of change produced by the presence of this wizard, so much feared and distrusted in the neighbourhood. But there was none betrayed.

Everything looked wilder even than he remembered it; and but for this legible pathway, showing how frequently it was trodden by reverent or careless foot, one would have averred it was an uninhabitable place.

A squirrel darted across the path and ran nimbly up the beech-tree opposite, and as he turned aside into the undergrowth, a brace of snipe suddenly



swooped away, almost brushing his head with their busy wings.

Instinctively the sportsman's hand levelled his gun, but with a rueful sigh he checked his eagerness, and slowly lowered it.

"It won't do, I suppose, until I have asked permission of this new ruler who has taken possession of my little island," murmured he, and strode on up the rising pathway.

If he had not known the spot by old acquaintance, the path would have led him to the little spring, which was indeed, as he had said, charming and picturesque enough to have been the shrine of a nymph's oracle.

The island cone seemed here cleft in twain, and had the appearance of two huge mountains, welded together by a narrow strip of fertile valley.

Shaded, as it was, by the steep sides of the hill on either hand, it was always moist, and around the edge of the deep, still, glassy surface of the spring, long, feathery sprays of fairy-like moss crept in wonderful luxuriance, while tall clusters of exquisite fern nodded gracefully on every side in summer time; but these had now shrunk away before the icy hand of winter.

A line of smooth stones led to the brink, and smiling at his own thoughts, Mark Sherston stepped lightly along them, and looked down into the black stillness of the pool.

The smile died off instantaneously.

He started and turned around, sharply looking about him scrutinizingly in every direction.

All was silence, and no trace was perceptible of human presence except his own.

Tree-top above tree-top, interspersed here and there with grey boulders, rose on either side, and directly overhead a strip of wintry, cloud-flecked sky.

He heard afar off the surf beating monotonously on the farther side of the island; and once he fancied there came to him the muffled strain of Rufus White's boating song.

Did the old sailor think it would keep up the rash adventurer's courage to hear the voice of a friend from the distance?

He smiled again, but not in the least satirically, or presumptuously now, then, slowly turned and looked down into the mirror of Nature.

It was no shrivelled ugly face of crone or beldame, no sombre ghastly countenance of snowily bearded wizard or hermit that Mark beheld, and yet there were features as plainly visible upon the dark glassy surface as if painted upon a canvas.

A sweet young face, almost childish in colouring and outline. What deep wistful and yet infinitely tender eyes they were which looked straight up into his! What a charming smile dimpled the very lips, half arch and roguish, half deprecating and ashamed. Waving clusters of curling hair swayed around the white shoulders, and across the forehead. As if lightly tossed there in playful freak, was a crown of some delicate vine.

Mark bent down eagerly, conscious of the growing fascination, but unable to resist it.

He smiled at the sweet image. It smiled back again, made a swift graceful inclination, flashed a wee white hand in arch greeting, and vanished.

The young man rubbed his eyes, and stood staring blankly at the pool. Was he really bewitched? and after his vaunted courage and promise of explanation, must he go back to Rufus to own himself vanquished and mystified?

He lingered a long time, hoping for its reappearance, then reluctantly turned away and began searching diligently on all sides for a sign of human presence within possible range of vision.

He clambered to and fro on all accessible spots, but quite fruitlessly. Then, tired, and a little angry, returned to the pool.

The charming face was once more reflected there, but changed, and yet none the less lovely because the merry smile had faded, the sweet lips grown wistful with a touching look of grieved distress, the soft, deep eyes grave and troubled, the whole countenance one tremulous appeal for tenderness and compassion.

"Where are you? Speak to me, and tell me where I may find you!" cried Mark, bending down frantically to the pool.

Only a mournful smile for answer.

The youth began a frantic pantomime intended to communicate the idea of his endless devotion to her cause, his persevering, heroic efforts to discover and save and comfort this enchantress.

It seemed to him he could see the blushes kindle their beautiful rose on the fair cheeks, the starry splendours slowly creep under the downcast lashes and kindle the beams of gladness in those radiant eyes. At all events she smiled brightly again, and as he kissed her hands and flung them toward her, half frightened at her own boldness, she returned the salute—and vanished.

"I must go before I quite lose my senses," muttered

Mark, rising from his knees and taking up his gun again, and slowly leaving the spot.

"It is very evident I am not to see the fortune-teller, but may she always send in her stead for my coming such a charming substitute."

Like one in a dream Mark descended the narrow pathway to the beach.

He stood there a moment irresolute. An almost irresistible longing impelled him to take another route leading to the brow of the twin hills, and thoroughly investigate the ground there, but after a moment's pondering he murmured:

"Another time will do as well. I will come alone. Old Rufus will be tormenting me, if I should attempt it to-day."

As he passed slowly down the rocky ledge, he saw a tall figure on the beach, some hundred yards beyond him. A bowed form, bent nearly double, wrapped closely from the cutting wind in a black shawl with a scarlet hood, from which streamed locks of coarse black hair, the shaking, palsied head almost rested on the stout staff which helped her on her way.

"The fortune-teller," thought Mark; "a weird, uncanny witch indeed!"

She lifted her head, as his quick walk toward her sounded crisply on the sand, and stared at him, and in a sharp, shrill voice demanded:

"Why does the heir of Sherston Manor come to the Wizard's Isle when the wizard is away? It is no place for you. Begone! beware of the place, and cease scoffing at mysteries you cannot fathom."

"But, good woman, I have done no harm," replied Mark, in a more conciliatory tone than he might have used, had he not seen that beautiful face in the oracle spring. "I paid a visit hither hoping to hear from you concerning my future fortune. I will cross your palm with a broad piece of silver if you will tell me now."

The crone mumbled over a few inarticulate words, then hobbling forward, took his hand in her fingers.

Mark could scarcely repress a shudder at the touch, but he smothered the manifestation of it.

"It has been a fair life thus far, the chasm bridged over with flowers; but the lines are growing mixed, a mysterious grief hangs over you; it is but a cloud your hand may cover now, yet it shall spread till your whole sky is darkened. A fair name, a very fair name is Sherston; beware, though, of boasting concerning it, for a word, a whisper can blacken it with as deadly a venom as the asp left on the snowy bosom of the Egyptian queen!"

She laughed fiercely and threw down his hand.

Mark stood dumb. Her words had sounded to him like so much gibberish, and he had given them no heed whatever.

Another time he might have laughingly flung back a scornful rejection of them, but as I have said, the earnest determination to fathom the mystery of that lovely face mirrored in the water, made him anxious to conciliate the woman.

"But you have spoken very vaguely," said he, good-naturedly; "pray tell me something farther."

She took his hand again somewhat reluctantly, and with those sharp, glittering eyes pored over it, till it seemed she must have learned every line there.

"Something is coming over the ocean; it will puzzle you sorely, it threatens you with much sorrow and pain. Beware! why should I tell you more. Events will bring the knowledge swiftly enough. Go, I am not in the mood for fortune-telling."

"Then I shall come again for it," replied Mark, laughingly, and dropped his silver into her hand.

She never stirred after it, until Rufus, obedient to Mark's signal, brought the boat to the beach, and the young man leaped in, and pushed off. Then suddenly the woman flung down the silver, and stamped it fiercely into the sand.

"Sherston silver!" muttered the fortune-teller. "I'll not touch the accursed stuff. Let the tide wash it clean if it can."

Mark was conscious of the old sailor's keen eye scanning his face, and busied himself over the management of the boat, and kept his head averted as much as possible.

He was not himself satisfied concerning his impressions of the Wizard's Isle, and not therefore inclined to discuss them with another.

Rufus waited as long as he could, and then exclaimed with a sort of explosive hem:

"I wonder, Master Mark, if you're not going to tell me what you think now about the wizard and his fortune-teller."

Mark laughed off a little embarrassment.

"Well, Rufus, I can't give you much information. I didn't see the wizard at all. And what the old woman told me was all nonsense, no meaning in it. Any gipsy girl could have done better."

Rufus eyed him nervously.

"Well," said he, slowly, "let me never handle another rope if I don't believe you have come away with a different idea of them than you had before."

I'm sorry you didn't see the wizard; that would have finished the business for you."

"Where can we find any birds? I am afraid I shall go home empty handed, now I am driven from my old haunts."

"I reckon there will be a chance for you over on the other shore. Did you go to the Magic Spring, Mr. Mark?"

"Yes," replied Mark, bending closer to the tiller; "but I didn't see either wizard or fortune-teller. By the way, does it ever show any other face?"

"I never knew of it; no, I'm certain no one ever told of seeing any other."

Mark wondered why the answer gave him that sensation of relief.

"I believe I am tired, Rufus! I'll give up to you now; I mustn't be too energetic in the commencement."

And he put on his heavy pea-jacket, buttoned it closely, and stretched himself indolently upon the seat. Rufus took his place with alacrity.

The young man drew his sou'wester over his eyes, and seemed asleep.

Rufus began whistling merrily, though in a subdued key. Presently he looked over to the prostrate figure.

"I'm pretty sure there's a flock of wild ducks over on the rocks yonder. Shall I put into the little cove, Mister Mark?"

The hat was listlessly drawn aside. Mark glanced that way and yawned.

"On second thoughts, Rufus, I'll give it up for today. Steer for home; I'm tired."

Rufus opened his eyes, and although he kept direct silence outwardly, he mentally reiterated a dozen times:

"The lad has heard something at the Wizard's Isle that has taken the spirit out of him. It was never like him before to turn home with the game in sight. But he's no mind to tell me, I see that."

Not another word was spoken until they reached the point from which they had first started.

Then as the keel grated on the beach, Mark said, apologetically:

"I don't think my mother will have cause for alarm at such experience as this, do you, Rufus? Never mind, I shall recall my old enthusiasm yet, and gain the old strength, too, I hope. I must go alone next time, then there'll be no chance for me to shirk the work. I shall try the boat again to-morrow, so you needn't put her into the house. I'll unmoor her myself when I want her, without troubling you."

"It's no trouble, Mister Mark; and if it were, you know I am paid for doing it, and it's my proper work," was Rufus's blunt reply.

"I think just as much of not troubling you for all that, my good fellow," answered Mark.

"Indeed, and no one knows that better than I; sometimes I think, maybe I'm too bold; I've been so kindly treated by you all, I forget I'm only a servant, and I'm sure I ask your pardon for it, now and always; but it's faithful and well-meaning I am through it all; there's nothing but I would do for you, Mister Mark. I hope there's no need of my telling you that."

"None at all, Rufus, my good fellow. So I shall always call on you in hour of need. You would even visit the wizard if necessity demanded it, eh, Rufus?"

He shouldered the unused gun with an arch smile flung back to Rufus, and then ascended the shingly beach, and turned into the broad avenue leading through a noble grove of oak trees to Sherston Manor.

The house was a fine old building, and it seemed a pity the mammoth trees should hide its graceful proportions so completely from distant view; but then, as its master declared, it was the more agreeable surprise when one came upon it.

The grounds were kept with that exquisite neatness and assiduous care so natural and indigenous to English country seats.

Through a clump of evergreens showed the crystal walls of a conservatory, and leading from it were garden beds, though now destitute of flowers. But the lawn was one smooth, clear sweep of velvety green, though in mid-winter, so well had it been kept.

A group were gathered upon the latticed piazza, and Mark turned his steps toward them.

A tall lady, richly dressed, and bearing herself with somewhat haughty grace, came down the stone steps eagerly to meet the returned sportsman.

"Why, Mark, what brought you back so soon? Did you repent of your silly plan, and become convinced that it was far wiser to remain comfortably in the house than to be tramping all over the beach after birds in this bitter weather?"

"Something like that, my dear mother, or you would not have seen me for many hours yet. All at once my ardour cooled, my boasted strength gave out,

so here I am without a single shot, much less a show of game."

"You were a dear, good boy! Do put away that gun; how tired you look. Shall I order you some coffee, or wine?"

"Neither, thank you; I'm not tired, only abominably indolent. My most tender mamma, I am quite ashamed of myself, and your attentions make me feel absolutely ridiculous."

"Nonsense; as if there were no better manliness than tugging at an oar, or tramping all over the country blazing away at innocent birds."

"But innocent birds are extremely well flavoured when served up on the second course," observed a third speaker, coming forward with a smile.

"Ah, of course, Colonel Selwyn. I am not prepared to have an old sportsman like you take sides against me, but I persist in declaring I should rejoice if Mark would never touch a gun. If his father had not insisted upon his being allowed to follow up his boyish taste for sporting, I should have taken care that every species of fire-arms was withheld from him. Think how much time is wasted, how much energy exhausted, what fortunes thrown away upon the profitless pursuit—not to refer to the countless accidents. Only think of Sir Wharton, and poor young Squire Bentley."

"Sir Wharton had been drinking freely, and young Bentley was an abominably careless fellow. It does not follow because they lost their lives, Mark, a steady, sensible young fellow, is to come to an untimely end because he loves to fill his game bag, and bring down a duck on the wing. Eh, Mark, my boy?"

And the merry-faced, rollicking old colonel gave Mark a sly poke in the ribs, and burst into a peal of hearty laughter.

"I can't respond very enthusiastically to-day, colonel, because I've been such a dull sportsman; but some other day, under the exhilaration of a plump game bag, I may do justice to the theme."

"I am sure your daughter will join my side of the question, colonel," replied Mrs. Sherston, gaily. "Come here, Maggie love, and tell me how you enjoy your father's fox-hunting, and snipe-shooting, and sporting mania."

Maggie Selwyn, a red cheeked, bright eyed maiden, the perfect image of rustic health and boydenism, shook back her glossy black curls and laughed merrily, showing thereby a fine even set of large but extremely white teeth.

"Oh, Mrs. Sherston, I do so wish it was the fashion as it used to be, for the ladies to go too. Don't I envy the old days when the daughters and wives galloped off with them 'falcon on wrist'? How delightful it must have been!"

The colonel laughed boisterously at the lady's blank face.

"There, there, Mrs. Sherston, you've summoned another recruit for our side. I knew your discomfiture was at hand. Maggie is a little hoyden, and shares my taste."

"But, child, don't you get anxious about your father when he is off all day on those sporting expeditions? Such terrible accidents are constantly occurring!—don't you tremble for his safety?"

The girl opened her black eyes till they were as round as rings.

"I never think of such things. Why, papa has always gone hunting; all my life, I have seen him go, and he was never harmed yet. Why, Mrs. Sherston, my father is an old sportsman, and knows better than to get into mischief."

While the colonel laughed triumphantly, Mrs. Sherston sighed.

"Am I so much more nervous and foolish than all the rest of the world? I must try to conquer it, but I have an instinctive aversion to a gun. One would almost think the weapon had wrought some great evil for me."

Serle Sherston had been leaning against a pillar of the piazza, ostensibly in an abstracted mood; but not a word of this conversation had been lost upon him; and now, at these last words of his wife, a sudden spasm crossed his face and he shuddered.

He shook off the momentary weakness, and came forward slowly to the centre of the circle.

He was a tall man like his son, but he lacked the latter's eagle eye and energetic resolution and self-reliance.

His broad, white forehead, his mild, dreamy eye, and mobile lips showed a gentle, refined, and very impressive organization.

He was one to be tenderly beloved by his family, to be valued in refined society; but not one of those grand natures upon which the weak can lean fearlessly, to which the hesitating instinctively turn for strength and guidance.

"I don't wonder you have fallen upon such a profitless theme of conversation," said he, lightly, "in absence of the morning papers."

"But Serle, you must admit you gentlemen are as

addicted to news and gossip as the ladies, who generally receive all the credit," replied his wife, with an arch smile. "Witness this unwavering devotion to a newspaper, which, after all, is but the tit-bits of general gossip served up in print."

"I can't say but you have the best of the argument, so I shan't attempt to dispute with you," replied her husband, with a fond smile.

"She deserves to win now, for she was a little the worsted in the last encounter," observed Colonel Selwyn, banteringly.

"Serle will not laugh at my weakness as you do, colonel. He has never tried me in the least in that direction. I don't think I have seen him touch a gun since our marriage, though he would not allow me to restrict Mark's fondness for it."

The colonel smiled.

"Yes, yes; Mr. Sherston is fonder of the pen, I take it; that's the way people differ. Now, if it could be done, I should like to do all my writing with the gun. A pen feels like a needle in my great fingers; and I can manage one almost as well as I can the other. Thank heaven, it isn't much I have to do; a signature now and then, at the most. But, Sherston, you were a keen sportsman in your young days—what changed you so?"

Serle Sherston's cheek grew pale again; he put out his thin white hand deprecatingly.

The honest colonel saw the movement, suddenly perceived his blunder, and stammered:

"I beg your pardon, Sherston; I had forgotten that you were present at that unfortunate affair of your cousin Werner's death."

"There is Lucas and the much longed for papers!" exclaimed Mrs. Sherston, in a tone of great relief.

The master of the house hastily descended the stone steps leading from the verandah to the lawn, and went to meet the servant.

He selected one himself, and sent Lucas with the rest to the party on the piazza; but he took his own to his study.

Full half-an-hour he sat motionless with his head bent wearily upon his clasped hand; then with a long, deep drawn sigh he opened the sheet, and proceeded to read it.

He had read a long while, and an expression of peace and serenity had returned to his face, when in turning over the sheet his eye was instantly arrested by a name, and seemed to swoop down upon it with a sort of fascinated horror.

It was a brief paragraph, and seemed of trivial importance, yet he read it over three times, each time with lips growing more and more pallid and tremulous.

"We understand that that distinguished traveller and savant, Kenneth Kilmouth, whose valuable geological communications have been so gratefully received by the scientific world, has decided to return to his native land. He is expected to arrive from Australia in the Greyhound, which is now due at this port."

The paper dropped from Serle Sherston's paralyzed fingers.

"Just heavens! just heavens!" moaned he. "What trials await me! oh, miserable wretch that I am! I was almost ready to invoke the sea to swallow him up, so debased can we grow in our frantic search for safety. Heaven help me from him, and from myself. Woe, woe to the transgressor! for myself I would not struggle a day, nor an hour longer; but for them, the innocent ones, the beloved of my heart, the pride, and joy of my home—oh, I must, I must find a way of escape."

(To be continued.)

FORTUNE-TELLING seems to have lately proved a "bad spec" to the gipsies, and they are now trying a different mode of raising the wind. Placards are posted about Liverpool, stating that a tribe of gipsies have arrived in town from Epping Forest, with their king and queen, and that they propose to give a ball at the Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne Street, in a few evenings. Gentleman's ticket, 5s.; ticket for a lady and gentleman, 7s. 6d.

ABUNDANCE OF GOSSAMER AT SEA.—Among the various phenomena of the last month—so remarkable for its atmospheric variations—most of our meteorologists doubtless observed the extraordinary clearness and calm which preceded the equinoctial gales. I was cruising in the Channel for several weeks, and we scarcely had enough wind to fill our balloon-sails for many days together—indeed, the sailors remarked that they had never known the Channel so calm, or such a long continuance of light easterly winds. I suppose that to this must be attributed the abundance of gossamer which was floating about and clinging to our rigging. From the topmast and the stays floated out long lines of silvery thread, which flashed in the sunshine like lines of light, and the men who went aloft came down covered with the films which clung to the rigging. I was surprised to find that, though they

had sailed for twenty years and upwards, and ought to have been familiar with the nature of the gossamer, they refused to credit the simple fact of its being a spider's web. The explanation of its being spun out by an aeronautic spider was listened to with as much incredulity as the sailor's statement that he had seen a flying fish received from the old lady, who (as Marryat tells us) was yet quite willing to believe that one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels had been hauled up with the ship's anchor in the Red Sea.

#### AN AFRICAN CHRISTMAS TIME.

THE young foliage of several trees, more especially on the highlands, comes out brown, pale red, or pink, like the hues of autumnal leaves in England; and as the leaves increase in size they change to a pleasant fresh light green; bright white, scarlet, pink, and yellow flowers are everywhere; and some few of dark crimson, like those of the kigelia, give warmth of colouring to Nature's garden. Many trees, such as the scarlet erythrina, attract the eye by the beauty of their blossoms. The white, full bloom of the baobab, coming at times before the rains, and the small and delicate flowers of other trees, grouped into rich clusters, deck the forest.

Myriads of wild bees are busy from morning till night. Some of the acacias possess a peculiar attraction for one species of beetle, while the palm allures others to congregate on its ample leaves.

Insects of all sorts are now in full force; brilliant butterflies flit from flower to flower, and with the charming little sun-birds, which represent the humming-birds of America and the West Indies, never seem to tire. Multitudes of ants are hard at work hunting for food, or bearing it home in triumph.

The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue drooping shrike, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain's whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like "pula," and the roller and horn-bill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May.

Some birds of the weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black; others have passed from green to bright yellow with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock whidah-bird with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen birds with which he is said to live.

Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to congregate round villages, as to produce the impression that song and beauty may have been intended to please the ear and eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. We once thought the little creatures were attracted to man only by grain and water, till we saw deserted villages, the people all swept off by slavery, with grain standing by running streams, but no birds.

A red-throated black weaver-bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seem to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night-jar (*Cometornis vezillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy could hit him with a stone.

The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night-jar in common day, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one's feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, &c., by D. and C. Livingstone.*

RICE IN SIAM.—The rice of Siam is said to be some of the finest in the world, and its culture is capable of being carried on in that country to almost any extent. The following remarks on the subject are from the Commercial Report of Mr. Consul Knox, on the trade of Bangkok:—"The export of rice during the year 1864 amounted to 125,567 tons. The increased demand for this grain in China has already led to an extension of its cultivation, and will doubtless lead to more. The price at which it sells is ruled entirely by the demand in China; and the growers, who usually bring their own produce to market, must have realised



very large profits during the last few years. The average price during the last year has been 800 per cent. higher than it was before the treaty of 1855. The land on which the seed is sown belongs to the king, and the rent charged is £2 10s. per acre. In good seasons the return from the seed is ninety-fold. There is no system of irrigation, the natives trusting entirely to the rains or the overflowing of the rivers for the necessary moisture. Manure is not used, and the fields are seldom left fallow; the ground is therefore not so productive as it could be made, nor is new land brought into cultivation at the rate which might be expected. The extended cultivation has been merely on the land which was allowed to remain fallow. Thus, a person having, say ten acres, used formerly to cultivate five, and leave the rest fallow for that year; now he cultivates the whole ten yearly. The land in the vicinity of the rivers and canals is now mostly taken up, but there can be little doubt that owing to the increased fertility of the new land, it will be found profitable to cultivate it. The constant employment of the same ground, as above alluded to, will also necessitate new land being brought into cultivation. Only one crop is sown in the year."

## A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Butler Burke at Elton," &c.

### CHAPTER V.

Moses.—"Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant."

Sir Oliver.—"But he would not sell my picture!"

Moses.—"And games so deep."

Sir O.—"But he would not sell my picture!"

The School for Scandal.

MICHAEL SAVILLE was completely at a loss to imagine for what reason Old Ebony had called him back. He had steadfastly refused his application for a loan, and he was not a man to change his mind. If he said a thing, the chance was that he meant what he said. His character was decided. He was celebrated for never departing from any position he had taken up. His request to Michael to stop was quite refreshing to that ingenious young gentleman's drooping hopes, and turning round sharply on his heel, as if on a pivot, he placed his hat on the table—gloves he had none—and confronted Mr. Blackwood, with hope and distrust strangely mingled together in the expression of his countenance.

Old Ebony returned his gaze unflinchingly. The money-lender was a man who, perhaps, had a conscience, but did not allow the fact in any way to distress him; he could look at an injured man—a victim of two hundred per cent.—with an innocent twinkle of the eye and an untroubled demeanour, which was intended to convey to those who saw him, that so far from being a Philistine with the proclivities of a modern Jew, he kept himself unsupported from the world, and was a pattern of good living.

There was a pause, which lasted some few seconds. During this momentary interregnum, Michael Saville glanced round the apartment in which Old Ebony conducted his business. He was not an advertising man. He had a private connection, and he lent money in small sums to small tradesmen. It was not money with or without security; on the contrary, he was especially particular about the securities he received. He generally bolstered up a borrower with two securities, one on each side, so that if the principal string to his bow snapped, he would have two remaining, and possess additional chances of receiving his property. It was not money on dock warrants, reversions, or anything of that sort. His business was no complication; it was simply money on personal security in a manifold sense.

His little grey eyes twinkled, twinkled like the evening stars, and he had a scientific way of putting his pen behind his ear.

At length Old Ebony spoke, saying:—  
"Well, money's awful scarce just now. The market's tight, sir—tight as a drum. I could make a mint if I only had the money to lay out; but I could manage a little for you if you could get me your father's signature."

"That's absurd," cried Michael Saville. "I tell you so at once! My father put his name to a bill for me! Why, you must be deaf to dream of such a thing. Not he. He might do it for my brother, but not for me."

Old Ebony smiled as if he had a latent idea, for the broaching of which the time had not yet arrived. "If you have a few pounds to spare," continued Michael, "why not let me have them on my note of hand or my life-policy?"

"It won't do, sir. I have lost enough at that game. I might be indicted to part with a little if I saw your father's name, but not without."

"I have told you I can't get it," replied Michael,

sulkily. "If that is all you have to say to me, why did you call me back and make me think you were going to discount my bill. Much better have let me go away."

"Well, well, don't excite yourself," said Old Ebony. "Look here. I've got an idea. If your father won't give his name, can you put it?"

"Put it? What do you mean?" cried Michael. "Just what I say. You know the governor's handwriting, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well, then. Just write his name over a slip of stamped paper, and the thing's done."

"That's forgery," said Michael Saville, angrily.

"Forgery?" repeated Old Ebony, holding up his hands in wild amazement. "How you run on. My dear sir, you don't know what forgery is. You don't know the meaning of words."

"Perhaps you will be a little lucid and explain your meaning," said Michael. "I have too much respect for my liberty and freedom of action to jeopardize it."

"Of course," returned Old Ebony, "of course, and quite right too. Every man ought to keep his eyes open and be on his guard. But this is what I was going to say. You want money—I don't know how much exactly—possibly fifty pounds, or say a hundred. Young men always want money, more or less. I could manage fifty—not a halfpenny more. Now, I'm only going to throw out a suggestion, which is for your adoption or rejection, as you see fit. Your father is a city man, in a good position—any scandal would injure him. He would not like his name mixed up in a police or a criminal case. Certainly not. Very well. Now, look here, squire. Suppose you were to give me a bill with the gov.'s name to it for a hundred pound, eh?—a hundred pound, and I would give you fifty pound? D'ye see? Give you fifty. It would be a forgery, and yet it wouldn't. In point of fact and law it would; but it couldn't hurt you, because your father would pay the money rather than see his son shown up in the newspapers. You'd be safe, my dear sir—absolutely safe. Nothing could hurt you. You'd get the money, and the governor would have to pay."

Michael listened attentively to this atrocious scheme of Old Ebony, and he seemed to become much excited. The perspiration rushed to his forehead, and stood there in little beads. He unbuckled his coat, and displayed a waistcoat which was not garnished with a watch-chain.

"Ah!" said Old Ebony. "Watches were made to go, sir."

"If you mean to say that my watch is gone," exclaimed Saville, "you are greatly mistaken. The chain and it have parted company, but the watch is in my pocket. I have frequently not had money enough to pay for my dinner; but I would never part with my watch, for a particular reason—nothing could ever induce me to do so."

"Allow me to look at it?" said the money-lender.

Michael took his watch out of his pocket. It was of English make, and worth a large sum. Perhaps its cost price was thirty or forty guineas.

Old Ebony opened the back case, and started back in surprise as he saw the photographic portrait of a very beautiful lady, young and handsome.

The portrait was secured in its position by a gold rim, and guarded from injury by a thin glass.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Old Ebony. "You want money, when you have this in your pocket? I am surprised. It is worth a good deal, this. Do you know what it would sell for? Why, I would give you a ten pound note for it any day."

"That watch has its history, Blackwood," replied Michael, "and I cannot part with it."

"You will not sell it to me?"

"No."

"Not for ten—not for fifteen pounds?"

"Not for a hundred!" replied Michael, with decision.

"Come—come! you are holding out because you think I shall give you more; but I've bid my highest; take the word of an honest man that I speak the truth. Fifteen pounds for the watch. What! will you not take it? Fill your glass, sir! Fill up—fill up! You are low-spirited to-night, and not warm enough over the matter. Fifteen pounds for the watch. Come! give me the bauble, and—Hey, man, I'll tell you what! Take the picture out. If it's the girl's likeness you want, I'll have none of it. What is the likeness to me? Take the picture out, but leave me the gold rim. Oh, yes! leave me the rim, and I'll say nought about the picture."

"No, my friend, I cannot part with it," said Michael Saville. "I have no doubt that my persistent refusal will raise your curiosity."

"I have never cared about working, because I believe in my destiny; which I am sanguine enough to believe is a brilliant one."

"It is a pity," said Old Ebony, "but if you are

obstinate, it is no use to press you. We will go back to our original business. You want money? Very well; here is a stamp which will carry a hundred pounds, fill it up and affix your father's name to it, and I will hand you over fifty gold sovereigns. There is no danger in the risk; you must be mad to refuse. Your father will never think of prosecuting you. You are as safe as the Bank of England. This is the stamp. I am going into the other part of the house for a few minutes; think it over, think it over while I am gone."

Old Ebony filled the wine-glass with his own hands and Michael drank the fiery stimulant without winking. Then laying the stamp, with pen paper and ink, before him, he went away, stood still in the passage, and looked through the key-hole of the closed door watching all the movements of his victim with the eye of a lynx.

Michael wanted the money badly enough and he had sufficient faith in the ingenuity of his friends, Diphthong and Awon Corner, to believe that something would be done with their new undertaking. Perhaps in three months time he could take the bill up, and so avert the disgrace that would attend exposure; yet fifty pounds was an enormous sum to pay for the accommodation, a preposterous and unprecedented sum.

Taking up the pen, he wrote his father's name several times on a slip of paper, and at last upon the bill-stamp, at the same time filling it up. The bill was drawn by him, and purported to be accepted by his father.

"That's a brave boy! That will do famously!" exclaimed a voice at his elbow.

Old Ebony had noiselessly entered the room.

Before Michael could divine his intention, the money-lender snatched up the bill, glanced hastily over it, folded it up, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket.

"Gi—give me the bill!" faltered Michael, who wished that he had not been rash enough to sign it.

"Give you the money, you mean, my fine fellow! What's the use of the bill to you? None at all. I may make some use of it, perhaps, at the end of the three months during which it has to run."

"But I didn't intend—"

"That's nonsense, my dear sir. If you didn't intend, why did you do it? You cannot plead that the bill was tainted with fraud in its inception."

He opened his desk, and paid him the fifty pounds. "Good day, Blackwood," he said, "you shall see me shortly. In the meantime, don't negotiate the bill. I might want to take it up."

Old Ebony smiled grimly, as if the idea of Michael Saville possessing a hundred pounds at any time was something exquisitely ludicrous, and to be believed only on the ground of its impossibility.

"Take care of yourself, my young friend," he replied. "Make yourself easy about your little bit of calligraphy. Go straight home, and don't get robbed."

"Not I. I'm too wide awake for robbery. The London thieves may be clever, but they don't come the old soldier over me."

### CHAPTER VI.

Here a strange thing, towards!—what will be the end of 'em, do you think?—*The Fatal Marriage.*

WHEN anything unpleasant obtrudes itself upon us, we endeavour to shut the door of our memories, and drive it away from the mnemonic stronghold it seems inclined to take possession of.

A remarkably unpleasant fact forced its way into Michael Saville's mind as he left the scrivener's house with the ill-gotten gold chinking in his pocket.

He could not disguise from himself that he was a forger. Certainly, not as yet in the strong grasp of the law's iron hand, but with the sword of Damocles hanging over his devoted head.

Old Ebony had him completely and thoroughly in his power. There was no positive danger to be apprehended, unless Mr. Sandford Saville refused to acknowledge and honour his son's acceptance. If he did this—if he strenuously denied that he had given the bill or authorised Michael to make use of his name, then nothing but the money-lender's forbearance could save him from a convict prison.

As he walked moodily along the street, Michael Saville had only one consolation, and that was, the possession of the fifty pounds which he had just obtained. The sound of sovereigns knocking one against another always inspired Michael. When his exchequer was empty he was a wretched and miserable being, but when in funds he was totally metamorphosed.

His first impulse was to go straight back to his confederates, and organize a plan of the campaign; they were about to commence; but his evil genius triumphed, he wavered, halted by the way, and turned into a tavern, where he was known, and where he met some companions who had often treated him generously when he was in want of money.

They soon found out that he had an adventurous accession of wealth, and he lent a sovereign to one and thirty shillings to another until nearly ten pounds had disappeared.

It occurred to him that he might supply the deficiency at some play house; the Sons of Darkness was well known to him, and he resolved upon going there. He experienced some little difficulty in tearing himself away from his friends, who took a great fancy to him all at once and begged him to stay with them, but their entreaties were unavailing.

A hansom cab took him to Upper Samaria, and he had an opportunity (not for the first time in his life), of observing midnight life in London.

The common objects of the streets were nothing new to him. He was well acquainted with the drunken man reeling home, with the chorus of the last convivial song faintly issuing from his parched lips.

He knew the victim of a tavern brawl carried along on a shutter or a police-station stretcher, to be committed to the care of the house-surgeon of the nearest hospital.

He had seen the gaily painted carriages dash by from the opera or the ball with their aristocratic freight; and he could tell from the look of a lady whether she had been to a lively dance or a rapid conversation.

He had seen the hungry policeman eagerly watching for the favours of the area; the noisy students, inclined to be riotous, and casting anxious glances at bells and knockers, wishing to emulate the feats of the Mohawks of old, but deterred only by the sight of the aforesaid policeman; the trim built brougham containing the industrious member of Parliament going home after a protracted debate, trying to recollect his speech, and wondering what the reporters would make of it; the shabbily dressed girls, who have just left the theatres and cast off their fairy clothes to don their own seamy habiliments; the van demons conveying goods to the railway stations to be in time for the early trains—were all of them common objects of the streets familiar to Michael Saville, who huddled himself up in a corner of his cab and smoked his cigar with the languid ease of a man at peace with all the world, having a balance at his bankers, a box at the opera, a comfortable club, and five hundred acres of very fine shooting at Killycrakie, N.B., which, as everybody knows, is famous for grouse and black game, and where the hares attain a perfection which is only dreamt of in other less favoured climates.

The evening which Michael Saville had selected for his visit to the Sons of Darkness was the one on which his brother Mortimer had, in obedience to his mother's request, taken Maurice Fenwick to that den of high play.

Michael buttoned his coat tightly over his chest, for he had on a well-worn scarf, and his collar was not so clean as it might have been, nor did he rejoice in that voluminous amount of wristband that his more fastidious brother took such delight in displaying; he could not boast of the enamelled sleeve-links or the horse-shoe pin, studded with diamonds and emeralds; his boots were not made of patent leather; and if his coat was not absolutely out at elbows, it was a little worn and shiny under the arms, while it was decidedly threadbare at the edges in front; his hat did not possess that redundancy of nap which is a characteristic of a Bond Street chapsman, and it was slightly bent in at the top, which suggested a slight difference of opinion with another person, and a few energetic blows administered with the butt-end of a dog-whip.

Michael did not stay long in the refreshment room. He drank a glass of sparkling Moselle, which a beplumed and obsequious waiter handed him, and passed into the gaming-saloon.

Mortimer Saville's tall figure caught his eye in a moment, and he noticed that he was watching the play of a young fellow who was sitting at the table surrounded by a knot of lookers on.

Pressing through the crowd, he perceived the young man, who in fact was Maurice Fenwick, was playing at a game resembling the well-known *rouge et noir*. The table was covered with black and red baize, but in one corner was marked a Prince of Wales' feathers.

According to the rules of the game, the man who placed his money on this plume was entitled to ten times his stake.

Maurice had carefully watched the game and found that the revolving needle, which decided the chances of the game, had not stopped once at the feathers during thirty revolutions.

Now was his time, and he did not neglect the opportunity. He had a little money with him, amounting in all to about fifteen pounds.

He began by staking a sovereign—that he lost; then he staked two sovereigns, and having lost that, went on doubling his stake until he had eight sovereigns on the feathers.

This time, as luck had it, he won, and received from

the man with the rake, who is known as the *croupier*, the sum of eighty pounds.

If he had been a prudent man he would have gone home with that sum in his pocket; but the spirit of gaming is soon imbibed, and as the acquisition of the money was unexpected, and he did not absolutely require it, he thought that he would risk it and see if he could not win some more. If he lost, he would only be in the position in which he was when he began. He had heard of a lucky vein, and was sanguine enough to hope that he would be able to make his fortune by a lucky hit.

He did not begin to stake immediately. He watched the game as before, and contented himself with calculating the chances.

When Michael Saville made his appearance, Maurice was in the act of venturing a second time. He tempted the fickle goddess with a sovereign, as he had done before, and continued doubling his stake every time.

He had lost until he had thirty-two pounds on the feathers. This was his last effort; if he lost that, he would be unable to venture again.

There was a breathless silence.

Not a word was spoken. It was, comparatively speaking, an insignificant sum to lose, but there was a great deal to be won, and some excitement was manifested about the result.

If Maurice won, he would be the happy possessor of three hundred and twenty pounds, which, as he only received about a hundred a year, would be equivalent to three years' salary in the Tax Office.

The index revolved with its accustomed regularity, and much to the *croupier's* disgust, stopped at the feathers.

Maurice Fenwick had won his money.

Crumpling the notes in a hand which trembled with excitement and delight, Maurice placed the notes and gold in his pocket, and pushing back his chair, made room for any one else who was disposed to tempt fortune.

Mortimer seized him by the hand, and said:

"Bravo! old fellow. Well played, upon my word. I did not give you credit for such pluck. Of course, you will try again?"

"No, I think not," replied Maurice, hesitatingly.

"Not try again! Oh! that's all bosh. You are in a lucky vein to-night; you will make your fortune. Your luck is tremendous. You'll break the bank, which will smash up under ten thousand. Go on again, my boy, and make yourself independent for life. The Tax Office may be all very well. It is a gentlemanly occupation, and all that; but if you had five hundred a year of your own, I don't suppose the Tax would see much of you."

"No, I don't think it would," replied Maurice Fenwick; "but, you know, I have now three hundred and twenty pounds, and it is a great deal of money to me. I should like to keep it. I could do so much with it. My sister wants a dressing-case; I could buy her one and send it to her as a birthday present; and in addition to that, I should like to give Miss Saville something as a token of my esteem. This money is a small fortune to me, and I would rather not risk the chance of losing it."

"If you are like that, keep it," said Mortimer. "Of course, there is no particular code of honour which makes it incumbent upon you to give the bank its revenge, but—perhaps I am a little peculiar—I should do it."

"Would you?"

"Of course. I don't say at this moment; wait a bit, and see how things are going."

"How do?" exclaimed Michael to his brother.

Mortimer gave him a nod, and Fenwick said:

"Who is that?"

"A fellow I know."

Michael overheard the answer, and exclaimed:

"I am his brother, but as he is a Government clerk, and I am an independent gentleman, he has the good sense to see the difference between our mutual positions, and—"

Having delivered himself of this speech, he sat down, and began staking upon the red. Luck was against him, and he lost every halfpenny he had, except a little loose silver he had in his waistcoat-pocket.

This loss made him desperate, and he approached Mortimer and said:

"Look here; I have lost all my money. Lend me a few pounds to win it back again."

The hoarse cry of the *croupier*, "Make your game, gentlemen! make your game!" rang through the room, and Michael continued:

"Make haste! I am sure to win. I have backed the red ten times in succession unsuccessfully, but now there must be a change. Give me five pounds. You shall have it again."

"Not a rap!" replied Mortimer, turning on his heel.

"I can let you have ten or fifteen pounds!" ex-

claimed Maurice, who felt sorry for the loss Michael had sustained.

Besides, Michael was Felicia Saville's brother, and sometimes sisters are very much attached to scampish brothers. In lending some money to Michael, he might be improving his position in Felicia's estimation.

He handed him four five-pound notes, which Michael took with nervous eagerness, saying:

"I don't know who you are, but I will make this up to you some day. I am not really a bad fellow, although my family make a point of running me down. Give me your card, and rely on my gratitude!"

Michael went to the table, and began to stake his money.

Suddenly there was a cry of alarm in one corner of the room, and a hoarse whisper ran from one to the other that the police were coming.

The gaming tables, with everything appertaining to the business, were speedily removed and put out of sight, and those who were in the room stared blankly at one another, wondering what the result of the incursion of the police would be.

Mortimer Saville was talking to young Lord Cardminster, who was at one-and-twenty a captain in the Guards and a most accomplished *roué*.

"This is uncomfortable," exclaimed Mortimer.

"Why the deuce couldn't the fellows come some other time?" said Lord Cardminster.

"They came, I suppose, because they knew they were not wanted. Shall we all be locked up?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied his lordship, in a phlegmatic manner. "It is only a question of money. Every man about town knows how that can be arranged."

In the meantime, the hubbub in the room increased, and the footsteps of the intruders were heard on the stairs.

## CHAPTER VII.

Cap.—Ha! let me see her, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,  
Life and these lips have long been separated;  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field!  
Accursed time!

Nurse.—O lamentable day! Romeo and Juliet.

PATIENCE anxiously awaited a reply to her letter; but day after day passed, and she received none. The mysterious events which made up her history of the past preyed upon her mind, and weighed her down to the ground.

At no time had her constitution been a strong one, and of late it had been enfeebled by long hours' hard work and sad recollections.

One evening she came back to the Pantheons with a flushed face and an aching head. Her cheeks were so red that they might have been anointed by some of Madame Milefleur's unguents.

She couldn't touch a morsel of the meagre supper which she had provided for herself.

With a sigh she threw herself upon her bed, drew the old patchwork quilt close around her, and endeavoured to find oblivion in the embrace of a heavy slumber.

The next day she was worse, a malignant fever had seized upon her already enfeebled limbs, and the chances were that she would never rise again from her bed of sickness.

The poor are always very good to one another. There is more real charity existing in the hearts of the poor than can be found amongst the rich. And why? The rich are selfish: they think themselves safe by reason of wealth from the attacks and stings of poverty, but the poor know that they are perpetually liable to cold and hunger, and they cannot expect to be ministered unto if they neglect others who may stand in need of their assistance. The New Testament is essentially the gospel of the poor.

Had it not been for the kindness of a neighbour occupying a second floor in the Pantheon, Patience Pomfret might have passed from earth to heaven without a kind word or a silent prayer.

Mrs. Martin had seen nothing of Patience for a whole day, and fancying that something had gone wrong, sought her in her house, and found her in a state of great debility.

His first care was to fetch a doctor, who pronounced Patience in great danger. The disease itself from which she was suffering was not in itself sufficiently malignant to bring about a disastrous issue, but when it acted upon a weakened frame and a shattered constitution it became formidable.

On the evening of the third day, when the twilight was gradually giving place to the murky clouds of night, Patience threw her bloodless but fevered hand toward Mrs. Martin and touched her upon the arm.

"What is it, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "Do you find yourself a wee bit better? Will you take a little of the cooling medicine the doctor left you?"



"I am dying," replied Patience, "but I shall not die yet. They say people who are in my position have the gift of prophecy. I say that I shall not die until I have seen one. I must see him—my spirit would not rest in the grave unless I see him!"

As she spoke, a gentleman wrapped in a great coat which completely enveloped his form, wearing his hat slouched over his eyes as if to prevent any one having a good look at his features, stopped at the public house at the corner of the court, and addressing a tall thin man who was standing near the door after the manner of loafers, said:

"Can you tell me if this is a place called the Pantiles?"

"Yes, sir. Who do you want?" replied the man.

"Never mind who I want," retorted the other, testily. "Is this the place?"

"It is, sir."

"Thank you. There is sixpence—go and get a glass of ale."

The man took the money, and put it in his pocket; but instead of going to the tavern to get a glass of ale, he followed the gentleman, saying to himself:

"He is about some little game that may be worth something to me. It's private, or he wouldn't try and keep it dark. I'll follow him."

The gentleman was Lord Linstock.

The fellow tracking him was Luke Fentyman.

(To be continued.)

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"Don't he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?" asked Margaret Granger of her cousin, Lizzy Green.

"No, not even of a strawberry cushion," spoke up Lizzy's sister Jane, "that he might have bought for sixpence. I think he's a right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I do; and if he doesn't keep Lizzy on bread and water, when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green."

"I wouldn't have him," said Margaret, jesting, yet half in earnest. "Let Christmas go by, and not make his sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value! He must have a penny soul. Why, poor Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflets of Memory,' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And Cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of Mrs. Hall's 'Sketches,' the most interesting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents."

"You have been quite fortunate," said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; "much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate."

"But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good-will and affection in this holiday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed, Cousin Maggy, as an expression of his feelings towards me," replied Lizzy. "He knew that I understood their true quality, and he felt that any present would have been a useless formality."

"You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season."

"Certainly he might," said Jane. "Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course, there is no cause for the omission, but meanness—that's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly."

"It isn't right to say that, sister," remarked Lizzy. "Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season—and good reasons, I am well assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it."

"Well, I do, then," said Cousin Margaret. "Why, if I were a young man, and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present."

"Yes—or borrow or beg the money," chimed in Jane.

"Every one must do as he or she thinks best," replied Lizzy. "As for me, I am content to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it."

But notwithstanding Lizzy said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed—more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicions that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything to do with the omission.

"I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband, a day or two after the holiday had passed; "if it had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I'm afraid he is a little close."

"Better than that he should be too free," replied Mr. Green; "though I must confess that a pound or two, or even ten pounds, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly."

"He is doing very well."

"He gets a salary of two hundred pounds, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over one hundred pounds to live—at least, it ought not to do so."

"He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told."

"If he's done that, he's done very well," said Mr. Green; "and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable home to put his wife in, than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another."

"True. But it wouldn't have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, or some such trifle."

"For which trifle he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct."

Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness to their hearts' content.

Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits, and really generous feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open-hearted, but in real acts of kindness where he saw that kindness was needed.

He had saved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and had a few hundred pounds in the savings' bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to get married.

This time was not very far off when the Christmas, to which allusion has been made, came round. At this holiday season, Edward had intended to make Lizzy and her sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be.

Many articles, both useful and merely ornamental, were thought of, but none of them exactly pleased his fancy.

A day or two before Christmas he sat thinking about the matter, when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

"They don't really need anything," he said to himself, "and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty pounds in presents, merely for appearance sake. Is this right?"

"Right if you choose to do it," he replied to himself.

"I am not sure of that," he added, after a pause. And then he sat in quite a musing mood for some minutes.

"That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feelings spent to a better purpose."

"But they'll expect something," he argued with himself; "the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spend half the amount in elegant books for Lizzy and Jane, and let the other go in the way I propose."

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy him.

"Better let it all go in the other direction," he said, after thinking awhile longer; "it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter, if necessary, and do away with any little false impression that may have been formed."

To the conclusion at which Edward arrived, he remained firm. No present of any kind was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light the omission was viewed.

Christmas Eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow had fallen all day, driven into every nook and corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing north-easter; and now although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any one who ventured abroad, the broad flakes were falling slowly but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pieces of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing-office all the week, stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her little household.

"You needn't come to-morrow, John," said the

printer, as he handed the lad the nine shillings that were due him for the week's work: "to-morrow is Christmas."

The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked towards the door. He evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned round: as he did so, the printer took up a half crown from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said:

"You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a crown for you."

John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eye rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said:

"Which would you rather have, John, this half a crown or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the shoes," replied John, without hesitation.

"Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned to desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said, with strongly marked hesitation:

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?"

The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said:

"Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She doesn't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do anything but work a little about the house since."

"And are your wages all she has to live upon?"

"They are now."

"You have a little sister, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?"

"She has had nothing on her feet for a month."

"Indeed!"

The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

"Give me that order," the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order.

"Take this," he said, presenting it to John. "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself, and your little sister; and here is the half-crown, my boy—you must have that also."

John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he were trying to speak; but no sound came therefrom.

Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word.

"John is very late to-night," said the poor Widow Elliot, as she got up and went to the door to look out, in the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready for at least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating anything until John came home.

Little Netty had fallen asleep by the fire, and was now snugly covered up in bed.

As Mrs. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing its heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly murmured:

"My poor boy—it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?"

The mother had hardly uttered these words, when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

"There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he, in a delighted voice; "and here is mine, and there is Netty's!" displaying at the same time three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

"Where did all these come from, John?" she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcame with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and added:

"I knew the number you wore, and I thought: I would guess at Netty's size. If they don't fit, the man says he will change them; and I'll go back to the shop to-night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake."

"And the tea, sugar, and rice, you bought with the half-crown he gave you?" said the mother.

"Yes," replied John; "I bought the tea and the sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll all have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice-pudding for our dinner?"

"You're a good boy, John—a very good boy," said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed. "Yes, you shall have a rice-pudding. But take off your wet shoes, my son—they are all wet—and dry your feet by the fire."

"No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to see if they fit her," replied John. "If they don't fit, I'm going back to the shop for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try yours on—maybe they won't do."

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child was sleeping.

"Just the thing," she said.

"Now, try on yours," urged John.

"They couldn't fit me better," said the mother, as she slipped on one of the shoes. "Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet, before the fire, while I put the supper on the table."

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites.

As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door. John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly:

"How do you do, Mrs. Elliot?"

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Mayfield? Take a seat!"

And she handed her visitor a chair.

"How is your wrist, Mrs. Elliot? Are you most ready to take my washing again?"

"It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell when it will be. A sprain is so long in getting well."

"How do you get along?" asked Mr. Mayfield.

"Can you do any kind of work?"

"Nothing more than a little about the house."

"Then you don't earn anything at all?"

"No, sir—nothing."

"How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliot?"

"We have to get along the best we can on John's nine shillings a week."

"Nine shillings a week! You can't live on nine shillings a week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible."

"It's all we have," said the widow.

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions, and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs.

When he arose to go away, he said:

"I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good-will are passing in all directions. I think I cannot do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good night. I will drop in to see you again before long."

And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered street, that its approach had not been observed.

The loud stroke of a whip-handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliot's?" asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well. I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in."

John had been trying on his new shoes, and had got them laced up about the ankles just as the carman came.

So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the cart in a twinkling.

It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the cart to the widow's room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman, as he was retiring, "and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

"No—and may heaven reward him!" said Mrs. Elliot, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined.

It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour; potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, butter, &c.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of shoes—besides a good, many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to their use; a large chicken for a Christmas dinner. Added to all this was a letter containing a pound, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sewing:

"I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I shouldn't wonder if she stood in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything—and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot."

"You go and see her, Lizzy," said Jane. "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel ill."

"To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you feel happy," said Mrs. Green.

"I know it ought; but I had rather not go."

"Oh yes, Jane," said Lizzy; "you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered?"

"Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her and not seeing the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so; but to look suffering in the face was too revolting to her sensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. A bright fire was burning, and, though the day was very cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls.

Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied:

"I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meat, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all—besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and a pound in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than ten pounds. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas Eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought a cart-load of things, and on Christmas Day the coals came."

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow, and in whose eyes was a bright light.

"Then you do not need anything?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coals, flour, meal, and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance."

"Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. "He is generous and noble hearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrance he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him."

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings. When Jane told her father about the widow—Lizzy was modestly silent on the subject—Mr. Green said:

"That was nobly done! There is a ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds and thousands of pounds are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kindly feeling were turned into a better channel."

T. S. A.

It is the wish of the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports that the Lord Wardenship should be conferred on the Prince of Wales, and it is suggested that a humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she

might appoint the Prince of Wales as Lord Warden which office has been filled by eleven of his royal ancestors, six of whom succeeded to the throne, viz. Edward I., Edward III., Henry V., Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VIII., and James II.; besides Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. It has, however, been hinted that Earl Russell, as Prime Minister, will induce her Majesty to confer upon himself the honour of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, but in the interest of this time-honoured institution, we trust that the wishes of the free barons of the Cinque Ports may be consulted by the installation as Lord Warden of the Prince of Wales.

#### ON EPIDEMICS.

"Ty," says an able writer on fever, in the last century, "any person will take the trouble to stand in the sun, and look at his own shadow on a white plastered wall, he will easily perceive that his whole body is smoking, with a vapour exhalant from every part of it. This vapour is subtle, acrid, and offensive to the smell; it is retained in the body it becomes morbid; but if it is re-absorbed, highly deleterious."

If a number of persons, therefore, are long confined in any close place not properly ventilated, so as to inspire and swallow with their spittle the vapours of each other, they must soon feel its bad effects. Bad provisions and gloomy thoughts will add to their misery, and soon breed the *seminium* of a pestilential fever, dangerous not only to themselves, but also to every person who visits them, or even communicates with them at second-hand. Hence it is so frequently bred in jails, hospitals, ships, camps, and besieged towns. A *seminium* once produced is easily spread by contagion.

But if over-crowding produce typhus, why is it that the disease prevails in the epidemic form, and then in a great measure disappears? The explanation is in this way. All the great epidemics of typhus have occurred during seasons of famine or of unusual destitution. One of the most common consequences of general destitution is the congregation of several families in one house, in consequence of their inability to pay their rents, and of the concentration in the large towns of many of the inhabitants of country districts. Famine predisposes to typhus by weakening the constitution; and it also tends to produce it, in so far as it causes an unusual degree of over-crowding.

It has been the custom with many writers to refer epidemics of typhus to some subtle "epidemic influence;" and thus, where a failure of the crops has been followed by typhus, both of these disasters have been ascribed to a common atmospheric cause. But of such atmospheric influences capable of producing typhus we know nothing; their very existence is doubtful, and the employment of the term has too often had the effect of cloaking human ignorance, or of stifling the search after truth.

If typhus be due to any "epidemic influence," why does this influence select large towns, and spare the country districts? why does it fall upon large towns in exact proportion to the degree of privation and over-crowding among the poor? In large towns, why does it infect the crowded dwellings of the poor and spare the habitations of the rich? and why did the varying prevalence of typhus among the French and English troops in the Crimea correspond exactly to the varying degree of over-crowding in either army?

Moreover, famine artificially induced by warfare, by commercial failures, by strikes, or by any cause that throws large bodies of men out of employment, is equally efficacious in originating epidemics of typhus, as famine from failure of the crops. Relapsing fever is so called from the fact that, after a week's illness there is an interval of good health for a week, followed by a second attack. It is contagious, and is epidemic in a stricter sense than even typhus.

Although sometimes more prevalent in this country than any other fever, it may disappear for so many years, that on its return it has more than once been thought to be a new malady. For upwards of ten years not a case of it has been observed in Britain, but it has constituted the chief component of many of the greatest epidemics of fever which have devastated this country and Ireland, and it was one of the diseases composing the "Russian plague," which in the spring of the present year caused such unnecessary alarm in this country.

It usually prevails in the epidemic form in conjunction with typhus, and it is connected in its origin more directly with protracted starvation and the use of unwholesome food than even the latter disease. Hence, in this country it is familiarly known as "Famine Fever," and in Germany as "Hungerpest."





## EVA ASHLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
DOMESTIC SCENES.

AFTER a single glance at the handsome stranger, Evelyn retreated from the door, cautiously closing it behind her.

She found Mrs. Ashley crying bitterly, and she used all her art to soothe and console her for the harsh and unfeeling language her husband had used to her.

Evelyn succeeded so far as to induce her to dry her tears and make as careful a toilette as the state of her wardrobe permitted.

The obnoxious *papillottes* were removed, the soft hair curled, her cheeks faintly tinged with rouge, and a more becoming dress assumed.

By the time this was accomplished, all traces of her previous emotion had disappeared, and Augusta glanced approvingly at the person reflected in the mirror.

But her complacency vanished when she accidentally caught a glimpse of the fresh young face of Evelyn.

The taunting comparison made between them by her husband stung her anew, and she ungraciously said:

"There, child, you need not make yourself so officious about me. I expect your papa will scold you again about putting on the best dress I have to stay at home in; but I shall tell him it was all your fault."

"Oh! I will consent to bear the blame this time," replied Evelyn, gallily; "for he and I have been planning to make things a little better. Besides, there is a young stranger with him now who comes from England. Papa first said he was his nephew, but afterwards he denied that the relationship is so near. We shall be sure to be sent for presently, and I thought you had better be dressed to see him, lest papa should be vexed again."

Mrs. Ashley seemed much excited, and she said:

"A stranger from England! Oh! Evelyn, who can it be?—and what has brought him hither? Leon's father may be dead; or the letter I ventured to write when he was so ill may have caused him to send some one to us. A young man, did you say? What was his name—did you not hear it, child?"

"I read it on the card he sent in. His name is Frank Wentworth."

"Good heavens! Squire Ashley's grandson?"

"But who is Squire Ashley, and what is he to us?"

## [A CONFLICT BETWEEN LOVE AND INTEREST.]

asked Evelyn, in surprise. "I never heard of him before, nor of Mr. Wentworth either, till he called here to-day."

"Oh, I forgot—you must have heard of Mr. Ashley, Evelyn, as the uncle of Leon, and the agent who manages the Arden estates, and remits the income to your father."

"I have often heard of the agent referred to, but no one spoke of him by name, which I have sometimes thought strange. But now that I know it is Squire Ashley, and this Mr. Wentworth is here on the part of his grandfather, I shall try and get him to have my allowance increased. If I am a great heiress, it seems very unjust that I am to have so little money till I am of age."

Augusta listened in consternation. After a few moments' thought, she said:

"My dear, your mother gave the control of your property to your father till you are twenty-one. Leon gives you what he thinks is right—or rather, what he can spare from it. I must tell you the simple truth, Evelyn, for I perceive that it is no longer safe to keep it from you; but if you suffer my husband to know that I have betrayed him to you, he will never forgive me for it, nor will he forgive you for knowing what he has chosen to conceal from you."

"Speak, mamma, I promise to keep your confidence sacred. It is something I ought to know, or you would not be so much excited about it."

"Evelyn, do you not know that your father is a reckless and most unsuccessful gambler? Leon draws large sums annually, but they are swallowed up by the insatiable demon that possesses him."

A flood of light poured into the mind of the young girl, and many things she had hitherto been unable to understand were explained now.

She became pale and chilled as she recalled the conversation which had so lately taken place between her father and herself, in which such positive falsehoods had been stated. She faintly said:

"I shall never betray you, mamma; but you have given me a great shock by what you have just told me. I did not know that papa derived any of his resources from the estate of my mother."

Augusta bitterly replied:

"He might as well not do so, for any good he derives from the money. I have known the income of a whole year to melt away in a single month in the indulgence of the absorbing passion for play that devours him. Oh, Evelyn, no one can know what the wife of a gambler has to endure but one placed in that unhappy position. When I married Leon, I never dreamed that I should be reduced to what I

am, and what I have gone through no words can tell."

Her confidence was interrupted by the entrance of Jane with Ashley's message, and after a few moments delay to recover from their recent emotion, the two ladies proceeded to the apartment in which the gentlemen awaited their appearance.

Ashley glanced with pleasure at the renovated appearance of his wife, for, brutal as he had become, he still cherished some pride in the stately presence of the woman who had really enchained his fickle heart for a few brief years of his evil life.

Wentworth bowed low before the faded beauty, whose tall person and ample skirts concealed the petite figure that entered in her wake.

As he lifted his eyes, they suddenly fell upon the bright, girlish face of Evelyn, on which was an expression of earnest interest and expectation which attracted him at once.

Their eyes met, and that glance sent an electric thrill through the heart of each which would have set them on their guard had they understood its meaning.

But neither dreamed of danger; and they bowed and smiled as Mr. Ashley said:

"This is my daughter, Mr. Wentworth. Evelyn, there is no longer need of concealment as to the relationship existing between you. This young gentleman is your cousin, and the betrothed husband of your sister."

Evelyn had been told in a vague manner that she had a sister living in England, under the protection of her father's uncle; but she had never been able to obtain any satisfactory information concerning her, and she had almost ceased to think of a relative she never expected to meet.

The announcement that the young stranger was the betrothed of that sister, deepened her interest in him, and she frankly extended her hand, as she said:

"I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Wentworth; and I hope you will tell me all about the sister whose name I appropriated. I have heard my father say that when he heard the name of his eldest daughter had been changed to Bessie, he gave the rejected one to me."

"A charming one it is," replied Frank, gallantly, "and entirely appropriate to its bearer."

"Does my sister permit you to flatter other ladies?" she archely inquired; but before he could reply, Ashley almost brusquely said:

"If Bessie does, I do not allow your head to be turned by such nonsense. Evelyn is very young, Frank; she has seen nothing of society, and I do not

wish her initiated into its false and heartless ways. If we receive you among us as one of ourselves, it must be understood that it is in the character of the betrothed of my eldest daughter, and you are to treat Evelyn in every respect as a sister. Above all, understand that I do not wish flattering speeches bandied between you."

Evelyn blushed vividly at this reproof, but Frank, with a bow of mock humility to the speaker, replied:

"To hear is to obey, sir. If a man wishes to be admitted into Paradise, he ought certainly to walk in the straight and narrow path which is laid down as the only road to it. I shall be careful not to transgress the limits marked out for me, and I am sure that my fair cousin will do nothing to tempt me to break your commands."

Augusta, who, as a *ci-devant* belle, was intensely jealous of being overlooked in favour of her step-daughter, here impatiently broke in:

"Pray resume your seat, Mr. Wentworth, and let us hear to what we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing you here."

They all sat down; but as Frank was about to speak, Ashley interrupted him, and said to his wife:

"You and Evy must prepare mourning, for Squire Ashley is dead. I cannot say that we are materially benefited by his decease, for he has left me very little more than the annuity on which we have so long vegetated, but that much outward respect must be paid to his memory. I have made up my mind to return to England as soon as my health is sufficiently restored to enable me to do so, and all you and Evy have to do at present is to get ready to go with me to Baden in a few more days."

After making this brief summary he sank back, and cast his bloodshot eyes from one to another of the group, as if to observe the effect it produced.

Evelyn clasped her hands in joyful surprise, but Augusta stared at her husband in mute affright, which he seemed greatly to enjoy. He slowly rubbed his hands together, and asked:

"What do you think of that, Mrs. Ashley?"

Recovering the power of speech, she faltered:

"I—I should be glad to think it possible for us to go back home, but I am afraid it is not."

"Nothing is impossible to the brave and daring heart, Mrs. Ashley, as I shall have the honour to prove to you very shortly. It is my intention to return to England, take possession of Arden Place, and lead a regular and respectable life as long as I can."

The mocking spirit which would break forth under every circumstance dictated the conclusion of his reply, and his poor wife was about to say:

"I am afraid that would not be very long," when Evelyn saved her from such a faux pas by exclaiming:

"Oh, how charming! I shall see my own mother's home, shall make the acquaintance of my sister. Oh, mamma, we shall be very, very happy in the change, I am sure we shall!"

Frank looked at the sparkling face of the enthusiastic girl, so brilliant with animation, so radiant with the dark beauty which possessed a deep charm for him, and he listened to the fresh young voice with a sensation of pleasure entirely new to him.

Dearly as he loved Bessie, she had never moved him as this young stranger did. In the first hour of their meeting, and he had a confused sense that the intimate association in which they were likely to be thrown would be a most dangerous ordeal, at least for him.

But it was one from which he could not now escape, nor, in truth, did he very much wish it.

Already was there a delicious pleasure in watching the variations of that mobile face, in catching the full flash of those glorious dark eyes, which were so suddenly and shyly withdrawn if they met his own.

Mr. Ashley spoke in reply to his daughter.

"The information brought by your cousin changes all my plans. I hope you will be happy in your new home, my dear, for it is my fixed purpose to remove you to it as soon as possible. I am sorry to see that your mamma does not approve of our sitting. She looks as if struck dumb by the mere announcement that she is to give up the delights of a Continental life for the humdrum existence of a country gentleman's wife."

The bitter sarcasm of his last words aroused some of Augusta's former spirit, and she quickly replied:

"Any change will be welcome to me, Leon, after the bitter humiliations and privations I have borne as your wife. All I ask of you is, that when you have wearied of your new experience, you will leave me behind you in the seclusion where I shall at least command comfort and respect."

He glared wrathfully upon her as he replied:

"Your wish shall be gratified, Mrs. Ashley. When you are once transplanted to Arden Place, you may

consider yourself safe from any effort on my part to remove you."

"Thank you for the assurance!" she calmly replied; and then turning to Frank, Mrs. Ashley entered into conversation with him with that tact and grace which had once rendered her so popular in society.

In his heart, the young man thanked her for this diversion in his favour, for he had begun to feel himself *de trop* in this matrimonial scene.

Before Frank left for his hotel, their arrangements were finally settled.

He was to telegraph to Baden and engage apartments for them, and in the few intervening days, to assist Mrs. Ashley in making arrangements for their speedy removal.

On the following morning he promised to accompany Augusta and her young companion on a shopping expedition, and at an early hour he came to the door in a carriage he had engaged to carry them wherever they wished to go.

Evelyn appeared in her grey dress and simple straw hat, and he thought her even more enchanting than on the previous day.

Wentworth availed himself of the opportunity to explain to his aunt that he was sent especially to aid herself and her children, and offered her such a sum as would suffice for present use.

Augusta thankfully accepted the money, and with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time, she proceeded to make such purchases as were needed to make a handsome appearance at the watering-place to which they were bound.

Knowing how slight a tie existed between Evelyn and the deceased squire, she determined to put her only in half-mourning, as she economically thought that the grey robes the young girl was so fond of wearing could be trimmed with black, and a few elegant jet ornaments would be the most expensive things she would require.

For herself, Augusta indulged her long-repressed extravagance, and the mourning she ordered was of the most expensive and dressy kind that could be made to come under that category. Her son was not forgotten, and everything that Maitland could need was at once purchased.

In the afternoon of the same day it was arranged that Wentworth should visit with them the school in which the lad was placed, and at the hour named he promptly drove to the door.

After a pleasant drive of a few miles, they gained the place, and after a slight delay were admitted to the presence of the principal—a fat, good-natured looking German.

Frank explained to him that he had come prepared to pay the bills of his young kinsman, and remove him from the institution.

They were but trifling, for Maitland had been in the school but a short time, and an arrangement had been made with the principal to pay only for the time he remained.

This satisfactorily arranged, the lad was sent for, and soon made his appearance.

Maitland was a bright, gay-looking boy of fourteen summers, with whose intelligent face and frank boyishness of manner Frank was at first much pleased.

When told that he was about to be removed from school, to be taken to Baden, and thence to England, his glee was so excessive as to annoy his mother, and she vainly tried to moderate his wild expressions of delight.

Frank had hoped to enjoy some pleasant conversation with Evelyn on their homeward drive, but Maitland's noisy and boisterous behaviour effectually prevented anything of the kind.

His sister usually exercised more influence over him than any one else, but now she was powerless to subdue the exuberance of his joy at being released from school, and on his way to the enjoyment and freedom of so gay a place as Baden.

Frank laughingly said to him:

"Your teachers must have had a nice time with you, youngster, if I may judge from the little respect you pay to your mother and sister."

"Oh," replied the boy, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes. "I was afraid of them, but they did catch it sometimes, I tell you. I was up twice a week, at least, for the sly tricks I managed to play on the solemn old owls."

"Up! what do you mean by that?" asked his mother, with a fond smile.

"Brought up for trial, of course, ma'am; but I generally managed to escape the penalty. I was never punished but once; then I had half a dozen pages of Virgil given me to construe, and old aquarions thought he had me safe for half a day, at least. But the task was nothing. I went through it like a flash, and I think the don was rather taken aback when I went up to him in half an hour, and recited the whole of it without a blunder."

Augusta admiringly regarded the speaker, and during the remainder of the drive Frank refrained from again interfering with so extraordinary a phenomenon of intelligence.

Although he was seated opposite to Evelyn, who was looking most charming in her little grey hood, with pink trimmings, Frank was glad when the drive came to an end, and Maitland bounded out of the carriage, and exultingly ran up the steps in search of the father who had assiduously spoiled him from his infancy, and neutralized the good influences his mother and sister might have brought to bear upon him.

When the lad was fairly out of sight, Wentworth proposed to the two ladies that they should accompany him to the Frater, to see some fine fireworks which were to be exhibited there.

They gladly assented, and the carriage was turned in the direction of the magnificent public drive for which Vienna is so famous. It is a wood of beeches and oaks, situated on an island in the Danube, which is gained by a handsome bridge.

This way was crowded with the elegant equipages for which the wealthy Viennese are celebrated; and it was a never ending source of pleasure to the young stranger to watch the open carriages filled with lovely women, in summer dress, and drawn by horses of such beauty and speed as he had seldom seen before.

At the entrance of the garden a large number of tents were erected, beneath which refreshments of every kind were offered, and from one of these Frank ordered a delicious little supper, which was eaten under the shade of the trees in company with hundreds of others similarly employed.

On a given signal the crowd flowed toward an open space, on which an amphitheatre had been erected, which was already crowded with ladies in light summer costume, wearing rouge and glittering with jewels. The fondness of the people for display was seen in everything around, but their gay appearance added to the festivity of the scene, and the strangers were not disposed to find fault with what afforded them so much pleasure.

The fireworks were magnificent, but the enjoyment of Frank was a little marred by the glances of admiration he saw more than one young gallant dart toward his young companion, and he began to feel an uncomfortable suspicion that Evelyn was becoming far more fascinating to him than the absent Bessie.

A very fine band played with a precision and clearness that astonished our party, for there was not a single discord in the music, though more than a hundred instruments were played in concert.

Innocent and confiding, Evelyn enjoyed the brilliant scene, and talked with her cousin in a free and joyous manner, quite unconscious of the emotions and doubts every glance of her bright dark eyes aroused in his breast.

The festivities were at length over, and then the most extraordinary experience of the evening commenced.

The carriages, consisting of gentlemen's coaches, many of which had as many as six high-mettled horses attached to them, were mingled with hired vehicles, and moved in close array in a rapid procession towards the city.

A single deviation from the track, or a vicious movement on the part of a horse, must have produced great confusion, if not loss of life; but on this occasion they made their return in safety, though Mrs. Ashley declared that the alarm she felt almost neutralized the pleasure with which she had looked on the gay spectacle of the evening.

Augusta had many doubts as to how she would be received by her husband, so she insisted that Wentworth should go upstairs with them when they reached the door of her lodgings, in the faint hope that his presence would prove a restraint upon the expression of Ashley's rage.

They found him in a fury, with his son doing penance by sitting sulkily in a corner gnawing his finger nails.

Frank regretted that he had been induced to come in at that hour, for, regardless of his presence, his irate uncle greeted his wife and daughter with such a trade of abuse for turning Maitland loose on him in the first exuberance of his delight at his new freedom, that Frank almost contemplated seizing him by the throat and strangling his venomous words together with the life that was used as a bitterness to others.

Mr. Ashley ended by saying:

"He has turned the place topsy-turvy already, and after innumerable complaints from the servants, I have been obliged to make him sit down where I could see him myself."

Maitland here spoke in his own defence:

"I wasn't doing a thing, but darning a horseshoe in the kitchen, and trying to make old Jemmy keep time with me by banging the shovel and tongs together. If the noise came in here how was I to



blame for it, I should like to know. As to the complaints of the servants, they did not mean anything, for they laughed till their sides ached."

"Hold your tongue, sir, and get at once to your bed," shouted his father. "You shall have no supper, and maybe fasting will bring down your impudence a little."

The incorrigible lad made a grimace, and skipped off his chair as he said:

"Anything is better than being mewed up in the same room with a cross old codger like you. You are not a bit like you used to be, and I don't like you at all when you treat me as if I was nobody."

Maitland effected his escape from the room just in time, for his irate father seized the bell which was placed near him and hurried it after his free-spoken son with such accurate aim that it crashed against the closing door.

Augusta turned toward their young guest with a pathetic glance, which eloquently said:

"See what scenes we are compelled to witness—what violence we endure from this man—from this man who has ceased to care for anything, save the indulgence of his own splanetic humour."

Evelyn followed her brother as quickly as possible, and after an apology from Frank, in which he took upon himself the entire blame of the evasion of his wife and daughter, Ashley smoothed his frowning brow and condescended to say:

"It is over now, and I will try and forget what I have suffered. The ladies owed you some return for all your kindness, and I must excuse the thoughtlessness of which they have been guilty. I am very fond of Maitland, but his exuberant spirits are too much for the shattered state of my nerves. Tomorrow he and I will make up our little quarrel and be as good friends as ever."

To this Frank replied:

"Your son seems to be a clever and lively lad, but he requires restraint. I hope his spirits will tone down before we set out for Baden. By the way, sir, when do you think you will be able to leave this place?"

"The doctor who attends me thinks it will not be advisable for me to remove before next week. Besides, the ladies must have their dresses made, and get their little fineries ready to display at the Spa."

"Then I will arrange for our departure next Wednesday; does that suit you, sir?"

"Precisely; that will give time for everything. I only wish that you had left the boy till the very day before we set out. He will torment my life out of me before we get away."

"If you are willing, I will charge myself with the lad, and he can stay at my hotel with me. I will take him round with me sight-seeing, and thus keep him interested, and out of mischief."

"If you can do the last, you will accomplish more than has ever been done before. You have no idea what you are undertaking; but you have my consent to deliver me from the infliction of his presence in these confined lodgings."

Mrs. Ashley warmly thanked Frank, and went herself to communicate to her son his father's consent to his removal with his cousin. The lad soon came in, radiant with delight, and grasped the hand of his kinsman as he said:

"You are a trump, cousin, and I mean to like you with all my heart. Come—I am ready, let us go at once."

"But are you not going to thank your father for the permission he has granted you to go with me, Maitland?"

The boy glanced askance at his father, and said:

"It's no use—he'll only fly off at a tangent again. But if you wish it, I'll try."

"I do wish it—so speak to him at once."

Maitland made a grotesque face, and then poisoning himself ready to run, he said:

"I say, gov'nor, Frank wants me to say something to you, so I suppose I must. If I say anything I'll tell you the truth, and that is, that I'm precious glad to get out of this old poky house. I'm much obliged to you for telling me to go with Frank, who seems to know what's what."

At the close of this strange apology, Maitland effected a rapid retreat from the room, fearful, perhaps, that another missile might be hurled after him; but his father only laughed, and said:

"I have spotted the scamp, so I must not be too hard on him, I suppose. I hope you won't let him run quite wild, Frank; and I must say that you are very kind to relieve me of his presence while we stay in these small rooms."

"Have no fears for either of us, my dear sir; I shall get along with Maitland very well, and I promise to keep him in bounds. Good night, sir; I must follow him now to guard against any new outbreak of his mercurial spirits."

Frank was not a moment too soon, for the enterprising youth was in the act of mounting one of the

horses attached to the carriage, in spite of the remonstrances of the driver.

With some difficulty Wentworth convinced him that a seat within the vehicle was all that he had bargained for, and a compromise was effected by permitting him to take a seat on the box beside the driver, though the latter reluctantly consented to such an arrangement.

While on their way to the hotel, the horses made many eccentric movements, which Frank had no difficulty in tracing to the interference of Maitland in driving them; and when they reached their destination, the coachman sulkily said:

"I never see such a young un afore, an' I hopes I shall never see sich another agin. He's kep' my hosses ready to run off every blessed step we've come. He would strike at 'em with the whip every little while, an' if I hadn't held 'em well in hand, I don't know where we'd a bin by this time."

Wentworth mollified his wrath by adding a trifle to his pay, and took the offender up with him to his own apartments.

Before supper was announced, Maitland had explored every nook; he ransacked his portfolio without asking his leave, and finding there a photograph of Bessie, he danced, shouted, and declared he would tell his *belle sœur* that she must not lose her heart to her cousin, for he carried the picture of another girl about with him.

When Frank explained who the original was, for the first time, the lad sat down quietly, and with dilating eyes, listened to what his cousin had to tell him of the sister of whose very existence he did not remember to have heard before.

Wentworth finished by saying:

"If your father carries out his intention of returning to England, you will see Bessie before long, and I think you will be sure to love her very much."

"No, I shan't, either," was the unexpected reply.

"Ery's my sister, and I don't want any other. She's enough for me, and I don't mean to love anybody as well as I do her. Ah, it's my belief that Ery's the best and sweetest little girl in the world, and when you have known her long enough to care for her, you'll think this one isn't to be compared with her. Pooh! I know she can't be, in spite of her pretty face."

As he closed his speech, Maitland disdainfully tossed back the picture and closed the portfolio. Frank was amused at his earnestness, and willing to bear with his wildness in consideration of the strong affection he seemed to bear his sister.

Already had his own heart confirmed the boy's words, for he found Evelyn far more attractive to him than Bessie had ever been.

He recalled the reluctance of the latter to bind herself irrevocably to him, the almost fatal effect upon her of the attempt to solemnize their espousals, and he felt that Bessie would never willingly become his wife.

He thanked her that he was free to think of another—to speculate on the chances that he and his betrothed might separate by mutual consent, sharing the estate between them.

If that proved impossible, and Evelyn could be won to love him, he could well afford to resign his inheritance for her sake, since her hand would endow him with even greater wealth than he had relinquished for her sake.

In these delusive dreams he buried himself, heedless of Maitland's pranks, till the summons to supper came.

When the meal was over, his mercurial companion, wearied by the exploits of the day, was ready to seek the only quiet place he ever found—bed and sound sleep.

In the morning Maitland arose with the light, ready for any mischief that suggested itself to his active imagination.

Long before Frank awoke he was abroad in the house, changing the shoes placed in front of the bedroom doors, ringing bells wherever he could find a handle, till the whole house was in commotion, servants running to and fro, and travellers swearing at being aroused out of their morning sleep.

At length the *enfant terrible* was detected as the author of the disturbance, and forcibly conveyed to the room of his present guardian.

Wentworth was aroused by the sudden irruption of half a dozen waiters, each one of whom preferred a complaint against the delinquent, who grinned, shook his fists, and doffed them all in very bad German.

With some difficulty, Frank dismissed them, and retained his young kinsman in his own custody.

At first Maitland was unmanageable, but the threat to return him to the dingy lodgings of his father, to remain under his discipline, finally subdued him, and the youngster sat pouting, but for the time being quiet.

Frank hurried his toilette, and commenced the

duties of the day with some misgivings, for he began to comprehend what he had undertaken in assuming the charge of this young Orson.

For two days he endured the martyrdom of carrying Maitland about with him, but on the third he gave in, and engaged a gigantic Swiss courier, who for the time was out of employment, to take charge of the lad, giving him stringent orders never to lose sight of him for a single moment.

During the remainder of his stay in Vienna, Wentworth scarcely saw the young scamp, who seemed to take a great fancy to his new attendant, and submitted to be kept in much better order by him than he could have been by his cousin.

Evelyn and her mother came every day to the hotel to look after Maitland, and a few hours of pleasant converse were snatched in those brief intervals, when they were free from the presence of the irritable father and husband.

By this time the acquaintance of Frank and Evelyn had progressed almost to intimacy; her first shyness had worn off, and she spoke with him with the frankness of a sister.

She never dreamed that her heart could be in danger from the fascinations of her sister's betrothed lover, though she acknowledged a vague charm in the very presence of her new friend, and the *bizarre* humour he often displayed harmonized with something within herself.

From the first day of their acquaintance, Evelyn felt that she and her cousin were congenial spirits, and to this conviction was added the delight of having a companion near her own age, who could understand and sympathize with her.

They did not suspect how rapidly they were progressing toward a first and ardent love, though each one treasured every word and every expression of the other in the hours of solitary reverie that followed their partings.

On Sunday they attended service in the cathedral, and listened to the fine music with hearts more deeply attuned to tenderness than ever in their lives before.

Wentworth dined by invitation with his uncle, leaving Maitland to the care of his new Mentor.

When dinner was over, both Ashley and his wife took a siesta, and the young pair enjoyed a most delicious *tête-à-tête*, into which not a thought of Bessie or of Frank's previous engagement intruded.

Evelyn believed herself perfectly safe in admiring and appreciating the man who, she had been told, was hereafter to stand to her in the relation of a brother; but that her heart was in danger of too warmly attaching itself to him she had no fears.

In her very security lay the extent of her danger, and innocent as Eve before the fall, she became entangled in the snare prepared by the tempter for her own especial case.

Frank's kindness to her brother won her gratitude, his quiet humour made her laugh, and his society was what she had needed in her dreary home to brighten her spirits, and make life not only endurable, but delightful.

His advent was like a new revelation of life to her, and she unconsciously put forth her most fascinating qualities to charm him to her side in every vacant hour he could save from other occupations.

That she succeeded in accomplishing much more than this, was evident; and on the day of their departure for Baden, poor Frank confessed to himself that he was hopelessly in love with one sister, while bound by every tie of interest to marry the other.

(To be continued.)

It is said that the phrase "by hook and crook" originated in the fact that Messrs. Hook and Crook, surveyors of London, were arbiters of bounds, after the fire of 1666, by which boundary marks were destroyed, and their just decisions rendered resort to law unnecessary.

Two or three earthquakes are felt every year on the western coast of America. Four were felt in 1864. On the 6th of September last, there was a terrible hurricane at Guadalupe, near the American coast, and on the 22nd there was an earthquake at Porto Rico. On the 23rd a volcano burst out in Oregon, and on the 8th of October there was an earthquake in San Francisco.

SUGAR IN QUEENSLAND.—Sugar cultivation seems as attractive as ever in this colony. Every day new land is reported as being taken up under the sugar-growing regulation. The Albert River seems the great point of attraction, and the operations being carried on are very considerable, a large and profitable return being anticipated. The Colonial Treasurer is about to introduce a bill to legalize the distillation of rum upon sugar-growing estates, the provisions of which, it is fully expected, will secure the planter against the possibility of loss connected with the past year's crops.

**SALE OF THE MOA'S EGG.**—The sale of the egg of the Dinornis took place at Mr. Stevens' auction-rooms. The first offer was £20, the second £50, and the successive biddings were £60, £70, £75, £80, £85, £100, £105, £110, £115, and £120, at which sum it was knocked down to Mr. Boyce Wright, of Great Russell Street. A rather amusing prelude to the sale took place. One gentleman got up and expressed his doubts as to its being the egg of a Dinornis, or that anything could be known with certainty respecting the species of bird from which it had proceeded; but in spite of his doubts he subsequently bid more than £100 for it.

## BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,  
Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XX.

As earth pours freely to the sea,  
Unfailing streams of wealth unfold,  
So flows my constant love to thee,  
Glad that its very sands are gold.

For lingering on some distant dawn,  
My triumph comes more sweet than late  
When all these early mists withdrawn,  
Thy soul shall know me—I can wait.

THE next day was Sunday—their first Sabbath at sea.

There was divine worship in the dining-saloon; and all the passengers, and as many of the officers and men as could be spared from the necessary duty of working the ship, attended in their best clothes.

Brother Ely conducted the devotions, and Brother Breton preached the sermon.

After the morning service came the early dinner, and after that the pleasant promenade on deck.

The weather was very fine, and all our little party of missionaries had by this time found their sea-legs, and even the young women could walk the rolling deck almost as well as the "old salts."

The day was warm and bright for October, and the ship was running freely before a fair wind.

Our young voyagers enjoyed the bright sky, the blue sea, and the fresh air, much too keenly to think of going down below for a good while.

The newly married couples paired off in good, old-fashioned *darby* and *Joan* style, each little wife leaning on the arm of her husband.

Miss Conyers walked aft, and sat down on an arm-chair near the bulwarks, and watched the blue waves as they gave chase, leaping playfully, and breaking into foam against the sides of the great ship.

Justin Rosenthal saw where she sat, and walked towards her.

She knew well that he was coming, but gave no sign of recognition.

A slight smile played over his earnest face as he paused before her, watching her for a moment before he spoke.

He understood Britomarte thoroughly, yet he continued to study her as though she were quite a new and unknown volume to him.

His smile seemed to say: "I know very well that you are acting a part at variance with your own true, womanly nature;" but not then would he give utterance to that thought.

Bowing gravely, he inquired:

"Miss Conyers, will you walk?"

"No thank you," she answered, speaking coldly, without looking at him, yet trembling visibly, as she always did when he addressed her.

"Then will you talk?" he inquired, seating himself on another chest beside her.

Now she did look up, her splendid dark grey eyes really blazing with resentment for an instant, and then veiled beneath their long, dark lashes, as she turned them away.

That flashing and averted glance said, as plainly as words could have spoken, "I have a great mind to get up and go away, only that to do so would be to attach too much importance to your intrusion."

And so she sat still, and Justin exerted himself to interest her, and she soon fell under the influence of the master mind that knew so well how to hold her spell-bound. He broached no subject personal to himself or to her.

The matter of his conversation profoundly interested her, while his manner soothed and re-assured her.

And so, when by-and-by, he broke off from his didactic discourse and suddenly said:

"But indeed you should avail yourself of this fine weather to take some exercise. It may not last, you know: In a few days, or hours even, we may have a change, when you will be confined to the cabin. Let me persuade you to walk. Take my arm."

Britomarte almost unconsciously arose, and allowed

him to draw her hand through his arm, and lead her in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Ely and Mr. and Mrs. Breton, who were still promenading.

"Well, go on, if you please," Mr. Rosenthal, with what you were saying," said Britomarte, looking up eagerly into his face, and feeling so deeply interested in the subject of their discourse as scarcely to know that they had left their seats, and were promenading the deck arm-in-arm.

"I was saying—yes, I was saying—What was it I was saying, now?" pondered Justin, in droll perplexity; for oh! ah! and alas! and all the interjections at the end of them; Justin had forgotten what he had been saying, though it had interested Britomarte so deeply.

In his delight at having succeeded in fixing her attention, in getting her up to walk, in feeling her hand rest composedly upon his arm, he had ungratefully forgotten the very means by which he had achieved his triumph.

To tell the truth, Justin did not care a pin for this particular subject that he had just been discussing with Britomarte.

"I was saying—I was saying—Bless me, what was it? It has quite slipped my memory," said Justin, in laughing confusion.

"You were saying that the Female Medical College—"

"Ah, yes!—that it will be a success!" exclaimed Justin, glad to get the cue, and to throw in a word of encouragement for an enterprise that he knew was very dear to Britomarte's heart.

"Will be a success? It must in spite of all the opposition, persecution, ridicule, insult, that is heaped upon the devoted heads of these few brave young women who are the pioneers of our sex into the field of labour—it must be a success!" exclaimed Britomarte, fervently. And at it they went: with all their hearts and heads!

As for Britomarte, she was now all the champion! too deeply interested in the subject they were discussing to be at all interested in her lover.

So forgetful was she of him and of his recent love-making, that in the earnestness of her argument, she steadily gazed up into his eyes, waiting for response, and involuntarily pressed his arm to quicken his perceptions, which process only threw all his thoughts into confusion—delightful confusion, however, which he would not have exchanged for the most intellectual order.

As for Justin, he would have talked Buddhism, Paganism, Mohammedanism, or any or every other ism, with her, for the sake of having her close to his side, of feeling her arm vibrate upon his own, of watching her eyes burn and flash, or melt and become suffused with tears, of seeing her cheeks flush and pale and her bosom heave and fall, with the fire, the fervour, the earnestness of her young, ardent, enthusiastic soul. But though himself moved and shaken by the love she had inspired, the passion she had aroused, he was wise enough and strong enough to control his feelings and guard his face; to keep on the safe plane of intellectual discussion, and avoid the forbidden ground of love.

Ah, but he felicitated himself upon this discovery that he had just made—namely, that so long as he avoided the dangerous subject of love in the presence of the man-hater, and discoursed of reforms to the young reformer, he might walk and talk with Britomarte Conyers as often and as long as he wished to do so.

On this occasion they walked and talked while the time slipped unheeded away, and the sun descended towards his splendid setting.

They walked and talked until Mr. and Mrs. Ely grew tired and went below, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Breton, who remarked to each other, as they went down into the cabin:

"That will be a match yet, see if it don't!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Breton, "and they might be married on shipboard here, as well as at any other place. How fortunate there are two clergymen at hand!"

"Very! I hope they will bring matters to a crisis soon, and then we shall have another young couple in the cabin!" said Mr. Breton.

"Which will make everything so much more sociable and pleasant," said Mrs. Ely.

"But for all that I do not think Miss Conyers is disposed to marry," observed Mr. Ely, remembering his own rebuff, but wisely refraining from mentioning it.

"Disposed to marry, my dear? Why, of course not! What young lady is ever disposed to marry? But a sense of duty might induce her to consent. One who, like her, is called to the work of the ministry among the heathen, certainly requires a legal protector, just as Brother Rosenthal, if he joins our mission, will require a help-met. I think the whole affair is quite providential," said Mrs. Ely.

And so, gathered around their cabin-table, the

little party of missionaries discussed the very problematical question of a marriage between Justin Rosenthal and Britomarte Conyers.

And meanwhile the subjects of their conversation, unconscious of the honour that was done them, walked and talked on the deck until the sun went down beneath the western wave in golden glory, and the moon arose in the east in silver splendour. They walked and talked until the gathering shades of night warned them to go below.

Just as they were about to part at the head of the cabin-stairs, Justin so far forgot the reticence he had prescribed for himself as to whisper:

"It has been a very delightful afternoon. I hope that you have enjoyed it equally with myself."

The moment he had spoken these words he repented of them, but it was too late.

Her whole manner changed; its warmth and abandon were gone; she froze in an instant.

She answered, coldly and caudally:

"It has been a pleasant afternoon. I liked to discuss with you the subjects that lie so near my conscience." (She would not have owned to having a heart upon any consideration; at least, not to a natural enemy, who was ready to take advantage of such a concession; so she said conscience.) "Yes, I liked to discuss with you the subjects that lie so near my conscience, and I liked your views. But I tell you frankly, Mr. Rosenthal, that I feel I may have done wrong in monopolizing so much of your conversation this afternoon, remembering what passed between us yesterday," she added, referring, of course, to Justin's proposal and her own rejection.

"Then, do not remember it, Miss Conyers. Let it be forgotten. Surely, you and I, thrown together on this ship, to be daily companions for many months to come—surely, I say, we may meet as ordinary acquaintances, and discuss, as intelligent human beings, the great questions affecting human destiny. Surely, we may do this without any improper intrusion on my part, or any departure from fixed principles on yours, may we not?" said Justin, earnestly.

"Yes, certainly, we may do so with mutual advantage. Only, Mr. Rosenthal, I wish you to understand that I am not inconsistent; that what I said yesterday, I mean to-day; and when we meet and talk, it must be as ordinary acquaintances, intelligent companions, and no more. You may think there is a great deal of vanity and egotism in what I say; but if you think so, I cannot help it. I must speak frankly, and make my position clearly understood. To omit to do so would be very wrong."

"You are very clearly understood, Miss Conyers," said Justin, with a smile; and if in his deeper knowledge of human nature, and of her nature, his words would admit of a double meaning, he must be pardoned for using them, for in fact he had a very "aggravating" lady-love to deal with.

She went down into the cabin.

He walked forward to inhale a little longer the exhilarating air of the upper deck, and also to enjoy his own thoughts.

"Very well, my queen," he smiled to himself, "I will keep my word with you! Indeed I have a great mind to bind my soul by a vow that I will never again ask you to be my wife, but will throw the responsibility of the proposal upon you!"

And in all this there was not the least degree of a young man's vanity, but the largest faith, the brightest hope, and the fondest love for Britomarte.

The tea-bell aroused him from his reverie and he went back to the head of the cabin stairs and waited for his companions.

Mr. and Mrs. Breton and Mr. and Mrs. Ely came up and walked in pairs to the dining-saloon.

When Britomarte appeared alone, Justin, without even so much said as "by your leave," silently, as a matter of course, drew her hand within his arm and led her to the tea-table.

After tea they had an evening service, when Brother Breton led the prayers and gave out the hymns, and Brother Ely read the Scriptures and preached the sermon.

And thus closed the first Sabbath at sea: on Monday, and many days after Monday, were passed in this way:—

First, breakfast in the dining-saloon, where the passengers always met the captain and some of his officers, and where the whole company passed an hour around the table, in eating, drinking, and conversing gaily.

Next, if the weather was fine, came the passengers' promenade on deck, where, wrapped in their warmest shawls, they would walk for an hour or two.

Sometimes Britomarte and Justin would walk and talk together as on that Sunday afternoon, but more frequently they would join the Bretons and the Elys.

After the promenade the young women would go down in the cabin and engage in needle-work until dinner-time, when again there was a cheerful reunion around the dinner-table.



"In the afternoon, if the weather was warm enough, they brought their needle-work and books on deck, and the ladies sewed, while the gentlemen, or one of them, read aloud. Then came a prolonged sitting over the tea-table.

Their evenings were spent in the cabin, the ladies sewing, knitting, or crocheting, and one of the gentlemen reading aloud to the others; mostly from books of travels in India, or histories of missions founded there, or biographies of missionaries who had lived, laboured, and died there.

Occasionally the entertainment was varied by readings from the poets, given by Britomarte, or little concerts, of which Miss Conyers was the *prima donna*. Brother Ely possessed a flute, upon which he practised with much less excruciating torture to the ears of listening victims than young amateurs usually succeed in inflicting. But the flute sounded best on those few evenings when the mild air permitted them to hear it by moonlight or starlight on deck.

Of these little evening parties in the cabin Justin Rosenthal always formed one. He had no birth in their cabin; and therefore no business there without a special invitation; but either Brother Ely or Brother Breton took great care that this special invitation should never be wanting. If either, or both of them, had once forgotten to give it, they would have heard of the negligence from Sister one or the other.

Our missionaries were so well satisfied with their own married states, that they were amiably desirous of making Justin and Britomarte partakers of the blessings of matrimony. And they did all they could, in a quiet way, to further that object.

Certainly, they were the most innocent and obvious match-makers in the world. Justin saw the drift of all their manoeuvres, and he was somewhat disturbed. Britomarte should also see it, and take alarm, and hold him off at a greater distance than ever she had done before.

But his uneasiness was without good grounds. Britomarte had never lived in an atmosphere of match-making, and knew nothing about the process by which two people are guided like two sheep towards each other, until almost unawares they find themselves united "for better, for worse, and for life."

But one unlucky day, as the spirit of mischief would have it, Mrs. Breton had the ill-fortune to speak to Miss Conyers on the subject of the desired marriage.

It was in the middle of the day, when the two young women were alone—sitting at needle-work around their cabin-table.

"It is very monotonous, this long sea-voyage," said Mrs. Breton, yawning. "I wish we had some little variety." Britomarte, when is that wedding to come off? Now, that would be something to rouse us."

"Did you speak to me, Martha?" said Miss Conyers, with some difficulty, waking up from a deep, dream-like reverie.

"Yes; I inquired when this wedding is to come off!"

"What wedding, my dear?"

"Yours, to be sure, and Mr. Justin Rosenthal's."

The brow of the man-hater reddened.

"There is no question of a wedding between Mr. Rosenthal and myself," she answered, coldly.

"Oh, isn't there, though? Well, there will be, or there ought to be; for it is easy to see that you two were made for each other, and that he is devoted to you. To be sure, there is no such hurry with you two as there was with us two, who, the Society thought, ought to marry before starting. You met here on the ship, and you have a long voyage before you. Still, I should think that you would both be happier, once you were married. We should be pleased to see you so, I know!" rattled on poor little Mrs. Breton, without looking up from her work, and consequently without seeing how deeply she had offended the man-hater.

Yet, as I said before, Miss Conyers was incapable of resenting any offence from one of her own sex; her pity and sympathy with them all was too real and deep.

She reserved all her outspoken indignation for the "natural enemy."

Now she governed the anger that swelled her bosom, and which was really anger against the idea presented rather than against the well-meaning little woman who presented it, and she answered, gravely and gently:

"There is no possibility of a marriage, either now or ever, between Mr. Rosenthal and myself. I am very sorry that our occasional companionship should have led you into such an error as to suppose that there could be."

"But why not? It would be such a suitable match," persisted poor Martha Breton, all unconscious how far she was taxing the patience of the forbearing man-hater.

"Because for one reason—I will never marry any man so long as the present laws of marriage prevail. Moreover, so long as these laws prevail I will use all the influence I possess to prevent other women from marrying," said woman's young champion, firmly.

"But, Britomarte, you shock me beyond measure! Prevent women from marrying! prevent women from fulfilling the very first law of God given to man! Why, the very first Divine institution on earth was that of marriage. And the very first command given to man was to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. Why, what are you thinking of? You—a Christian missionary to the heathen!" exclaimed Mrs. Breton, in unbounded astonishment, and some righteous indignation.

"I am thinking," replied the marriage renouncer, calmly and patiently, "I am thinking that this law of marriage and multiplication was given to man before sin brought death and all our woes into the world, and very long before the iniquitous laws enacted by man made marriage for woman a state of slavery, and worse than slavery; a state of nonentity."

"Britomarte, what do you mean? Slavery! nonentity! Is a young girl less of a free and responsible human being when she becomes by marriage a beloved wife and an honoured mother?"

"Yes; very much less so. A free maiden, by marriage, becomes in one sense, a slave, since she lapses into the personal property of her husband; and in another sense she becomes a nonentity, since she can own nothing in her own name, and do nothing legally on her own responsibility."

"Ah, Britomarte! how can you say such dreadful things? I am sure I do not feel as if I had lowered myself at all in marrying Brother Breton; but raised myself in every way indeed. I was a poor lonely orphan girl, and now I am a cherished wife."

"But you were free, and now you are bound! You were your own mistress, and now you have a master!" murmured the man-hater, as if musing within herself rather than speaking to her companion.

"A master! Oh, Britomarte, if you knew how little of a master he is! how much he thinks of me! how good he is to me, bless him! I hope I shall make him a good wife. I am sure I shall never be sorry for marrying Brother Breton."

"My dear," said Miss Conyers, tenderly, "if you are satisfied, I am pleased; so do not let us pursue this subject. I did not willingly enter upon it, for in your case it is too late, and therefore useless, to discuss the question of a woman's position in marriage."

"Yes; but I must discuss it now. You have stirred me up, you know, and I wish to be informed why you think I am a slave, or a piece of property, or a nonentity, because I am a wife," persisted Martha Breton.

"Because you actually are so, in law, whether you are or are not conscious of the fact. You belong to your husband as absolutely as any of his chattels belong to him. I am sorry you insist on my saying these cruel things—sorry because useless in your case," said Miss Conyers, gently.

"But they are not cruel. I like the idea of belonging to my husband and having him to love me and take care of me. Ah! if you only knew how desolate I felt when I belonged to no one! But then I am not intellectual, like you are, Britomarte. I am only a poor little thing. And I think it was very kind of Brother Breton to take me, on any terms," said the missionary's wife.

"Well, my dear, as I said before, if you are happy, I am satisfied with your happiness, without wishing to question its quality. Let us drop the subject," said Miss Conyers, wearily, for little Mrs. Breton's manner of thinking and speaking on the great subject of woman's rights fatigued and discouraged woman's earnest champion.

"Oh no, please! You said just now that a wife could own no property in her own name, and do no legal act on her own responsibility."

"Yes, I said so."

"But, you see, it doesn't affect us—poor us! We have no property at all, except the clothes we wear," laughed Mrs. Breton.

"Well, since you will hear it, the very clothes on your back do not lawfully belong to you; but to your husband! The very brooch on your breast, the very ring on your finger, the very needle in your hand is not lawfully yours, but his; nay, your very hand itself is not yours, but his, as is all you once possessed; but possess no longer. In the marriage ceremony the man is made to say to his bride—'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' and he foresees himself, for he does exactly the opposite thing to what he says. He should say, if he spoke the truth—'Of thee and all thy worldly goods I take possession.'"

"Oh, Britomarte! how severe, how unjust, even, you are! If you only knew Brother Breton, you would think better of all men. I could tell you such things of him! Why, sooner than take the smallest

article from me, he would give me all he possesses; he would, indeed, bless him! He wants to be giving me always; but he has so little to give, poor fellow! Only the other day, when the wind blew so hard on deck, and he couldn't get me to go downstairs—notwithstanding that he is my master, and I am bound to obey him, as you say—"

"Yes; in law he is your master, and you are bound to obey him. The fact is undeniable," interrupted the man-hater, rising in disgust.

But then quickly repressing her indignation, she added, gently:

"My dear, good little creature, you have fallen into the hands of a kind master. If you are happy, heaven keep you so! Only do not plan out any such destiny for me. I have not humility enough to accept it."

Saying this, Britomarte went into her state-room and shut the door.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The times are out of joint! Oh, cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set them right!

Shakespeare.

Mrs. Ely came out of her room, followed by Judith, who had been in there holding banks of Berlin wool for that lady to wind.

Mrs. Ely sat down to the table and took up the half-knit shawl that she had in progress, and joined the end of the new ball of wool upon it, and resumed the work.

Judith went about the cabin, dusting and polishing according to her custom of busy idleness; for, in truth, the sea-wind had long since blown away every vestige of dust from the ship, and all the metals were as bright as mirrors.

"I do believe that Britomarte is a man-hater," said Mrs. Breton to her friend.

"A man-hater?" echoed Mrs. Ely, looking up from her knitting.

"Yes, a man-ater," repeated Mrs. Breton.

"A man-ater," gasped Judith, opening her mouth and eyes, and staring at the speakers, while she suspended her work to listen. "Sure, do they mean she 'ates men? And will that be the reason she is going to the Cannibal Islands, where the same is lawful diet, even in Lent? Hooly S'nt Pater, but one lives and larks in this world. We had a lunny on board once, but she wasn't a man-ater sure!" muttered Judith, as she set herself to hear some horrid mystery connected with the name of Miss Biddy Martin.

For "Biddy Martin" was Judith's rendering of the outlandish name, Britomarte.

"What an idea! Why do you think Britomarte a man-hater? I cannot think that pure, tender, noble creature hating anything. Why do you think she is a man-hater?" inquired Mary Ely.

But Martha Breton caught sight of Judith's open mouth and distended eyes, and with a glance over her shoulder, murmured low:

"I will tell you some other time, when we are alone."

And she immediately changed the conversation. As Judith had not heard Mrs. Breton's low-toned words, she took no offence, but resumed her dusting and polishing, keeping her ears open meanwhile to catch up any word that might throw light upon that ghostly suspicion of man-eating.

"And where does she get the men to ate, itself?" pondered Judith. "Badad and I'll never believe a word of it, at all. It's just a bit of slander entirely. The likes iv her is to good a crayture to ate men, forby she was crazy; and she's too sensible intirely to be crazy."

So days and weeks passed. They were sailing towards the sun, and the climate was growing warmer every day.

One fine morning, when Britomarte was walking alone on the upper deck, she was startled by hearing cries of rage and distress. There were two voices—a man's angry roar, and a woman's frightened sob.

It roused her peculiar mania to fury. She started upon her feet and listened—the blood rushed to her brow, her heart throbbed, her head burned, her eyes flashed! She made a dash to go down to the lower deck, from which the noise proceeded.

She met Judith Riordon full tilt at the head of the ladder.

"What is all this noise, Judith?" she inquired, sternly.

Judith, whose hands were full of fresh towels and fresh water-jugs, stopped to set down her burden for a moment and recover her breath, before she answered:

"Sure, thin, ma'am, it's only Mike Mullony in his drink."

"What is he doin'?" breathlessly inquired the champion, with her hand still upon the side-ropes to steady her steps in going down below.

"Sure it is batin' her he is! He's always at it when the drop's into him."

"Do you mean to say that he is beating his wife?" blazed the man-hater.

"Sure, ma'am, you know when the d'rop's in, the s'ince is out."

"Is he beating her, I ask you?"

"Well, ma'am, I believe he's after stopping now. I don't hear any more noise," pleaded Judith.

"Why doesn't the captain interfere to prevent this brutal violence to a woman?"

"And so he would, sure, only it's her husband."

"Oh, I see!—her master, who has a right to do what he likes with his own! And the captain, being a man, and a master, too, for all I know, sympathizes with the brute!" said the man-hater, bitterly.

"Sure, ma'am, the captain is a nice gentleman intirely, but he wouldn't demane himself by meddling and making betwixt a man and his wife, specially in the fore-castle. It's none of his 'business," argued Judith.

"I tell you, as I told you before, it is his business, and my business, and your business, and everybody's business, to prevent such brutality. And I will interfere, if nobody else does, to prevent a repetition of this outrage."

"Better not, ma'am," urged Judith.

"Follow me," cried the roused champion, and she flew down the ladder to the lower deck, where she found the poor creature in the grasp of a drunken man.

"Let that woman go, you monstrous villain! This instant, I say. You deserve death, you demon!" cried the young champion, in an authoritative voice, standing before them; her teeth were set, her eyes concentrated and gleaming, and her face ashen pale with the deep passion of indignation that filled her young brave soul.

At her command, the man dropped his hand from the woman as suddenly as if it had been struck off; and he stood amazed and ashamed in the presence of Miss Conyers.

"Shame! shame on you, man, for raising your hand against your wife. How can you ever look a woman in the face again? You should go and hide your head for very shame!" said Britomarte, with withering scorn.

He stood and took it all in a very humble and hang-dog manner, venturing only to mutter in self-defence:

"Sure it was her own fault entirely, ma'am."

"Oh, of course, it was her fault! Her fault that she is beaten and bruised within an inch of her life! It is always the woman's fault, according to man! It always was, from the time of Adam down to the time of Mister Mullony! And it always will be, I suppose! You disgrace to humanity!—to be brutal enough to strike your wife, and then mean enough to excuse yourself by laying the blame on your victim! And now I will tell you what, Mr. Mullony, since that is your name, if ever you venture to raise your wicked hand against your wife again while you are in this ship, as sure as Heaven sees us now, I will speak to Captain McKenzie, and have you put in irons and kept in irons until we reach some port where you can be put ashore and turned loose," said Britomarte, firmly.

The culprit looked really abashed and mortified. He had not another word to say in his own defence. He stood with his head drooping upon his chest.

Mistress Mullony had been weeping behind her apron during the whole scene until now, when she suddenly dropped her apron, stuck up her arms akimbo, turned upon her astonished champion, and blazed forth as follows:

"Yo will, will ye? Ye'll have him put in irons!—my Mike. And who gave the likes of you lave to come betwixt me and my man? You're quane of the cabin, are ye? Well, then, go quane it there, and kape out iv the fore-castle, if you don't want a pair of black eyes—"

"Whisht! whisht, woman! Have some respect for the lady. Sure she is right entirely," whispered the man, laying his hand in a restraining way upon the lady's shoulder.

"Whisht yerself, Mike, darlint. Sure I'll give it to her. What call has the likes iv her to come betwixt us, chastising me own man. Oh, I'll tache her—!" exclaimed the virago, making a dangerous demonstration towards her unfortunate companion.

But the man's restraining hand was on her while she spoke to Miss Conyers:

"If you please, ma'am, you'd better lave this. Sure it's no place for a lady. And when her temper's up, I wouldn't like to go bail to what she wouldn't do."

"Poor creature!" murmured woman's young champion, gazing compassionately upon her ungrateful protegee; "she knows not what she says or does."

"Ah, thin, and why couldn't ye hold yer tongue itself!" demanded the man of his wife, as soon as Miss Conyers had left them. "Sure the lady was in the right iv it. It was a big baste I was intirely to

be bating of you at all, at all, the evil one burn me! And the lady was right, and I'll niver do it again!"

"Whisht, honey! It was the drink, sure, and not yerself at all, at all. And even so, what call had the likes of her to come chastizing iv you foreinast me? What does a girlcen know? And who is she, to be sure, Judy Bordon?" inquired the woman, turning suddenly to the stewardess, who stood there rolling her apron, and staring with dismay.

"They do call her Biddy Martin, the man-ater; but I'll niver belave it iv her, niver!" answered Judith, in a low, hushed voice of awe.

"Biddy Martin, the man-ater!" echoed Mistress Mullony, in perplexity.

"Yes, sure."

"The man-ater?" again questioned the woman.

"Yes, I tell ye."

"Sure, does she ate men?" laughed the woman, incredulously.

"Bodad they say so! But I'll niver belave it iv her at all, at all! Sure it's a joke, or it's a slander, one or the ither; for it can't be true!"

"Faix, then, I thought she'd ate the head of meself whin she stood there foreinast me, looking so ferocious!" said Mike.

"A man-ater! And that will be the reason why they send her away to live in the Cannibal Islands, where they are all man-aters!" argued Mrs. Mullony, arriving at the very same conclusion that Judith had reached before her.

"But I tell you I'll niver belave it iv her! niver! I've watched her. She aets very little mate anyhow! And, sure she's not so fond of men as to want to ate them; quite the contrary, indeed! It'll be only a joke, or a slander, they've got up on her," persisted Judith.

"Yes, that will be it!" agreed Mr. Mullony. "And sure she's aither taching me one good lesson! I'll niver strike Biddy again! Sure Biddy's the apple iv me eye and the cors iv my heart; but I niver thought harm iv batin' her when the drink was in, itself, till the girlcen made me see what a bhrute I was intirely! Sure I couldn't riz me eyes to her face at all, whin she stood there fornast me, like one iv the Lord's angry angels! Faix and I'll niver strike Biddy ag'in, to be made to feel like a brute baste as I was afore a girlcen!" added Mike.

So, though woman's earnest young champion had gone away from the scene of action, chilled, embittered, and discouraged, yet she had really succeeded better than she had hoped, as most reformers do, though the result of their action may not be immediately seen.

She had accomplished a good work.

(To be continued.)

## THE VOW OF THE HERON.

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1338, at a quarter before four o'clock in the evening, the great hall of the Palace of Westminster was as yet only lighted by four torches, placed in iron rings or handles, cramped in the angles of the walls; the flickering and uncertain glimmer could scarcely dissipate the obscurity caused by the shortening days, so obvious towards the end of summer, and the beginning of autumn. However, this light was sufficient to guide in the preparations for supper the servants, who might be seen in this half-shade, busy covering with the choicest meats and wines of that epoch, a long table, elevated at three different heights, in order that each of the guests might be seated in the place which his birth or rank assigned to him.

When these preparations were finished, the steward entered gravely by a side-door, and passed slowly around the table, in order to assure himself that everything was in its place; then, the inspection completed, he stopped before a valet, who waited his orders near the great door, and said to him, with the dignity of a man who knows the importance of his functions:

"All is right; sound for the water."

This was the signal for dinner, because the guests bathed their hands before sitting down to table.

The valet put to his lips a small ivory trumpet, which he carried slung across his shoulder, and blew three prolonged blasts. Immediately the door opened, fifty pages entered; one after another, holding torches in their hands, and separating into two companies, which extended the whole length of the hall, arranged themselves along the walls. Fifty pages followed them, bearing silver ewers and basins, and placed themselves on the same line as the others. Finally, behind them, two heralds appeared, drew aside the emblazoned tapestry, which served as a curtain, and stood, one at each side of the entrance, crying, with a loud voice: "Make way for my Lord the King, and Madam, the Queen of England!"

At the same moment, King Edward III. appeared, with Philippe of Hainault, his wife, leaning on his

arm. They were followed by the most renowned knights and ladies of the court of England, which was at this epoch one of the richest in the world in nobility, valour, and beauty. Upon the threshold of the hall, the king and queen separated, and passing along opposite sides of the table, gained the highest end. They were followed in this movement by all the guests, who, arrived at the places destined for them, turned each to the page attached to his service. This latter poured the water from the ewer into the basin, and presented it to the knights and ladies.

This preparatory ceremony finished, the guests seated themselves upon the benches which surrounded the table, the pages went and deposited the ewers and basins upon the magnificent sideboard, and returned to await, standing immovably, the orders of their masters.

Edward was so much absorbed in his thoughts, that the first course was removed before he perceived that the place nearest his left was vacant, and that one guest was missing at his royal feast.

However, after a moment of silence, which no one dared to interrupt, whether by chance or not, his eyes ran over the long line of chevaliers and ladies, glittering with gold and precious stones under the gushing light of fifty torches, rested an instant with an indefinable expression upon the beautiful Alice of Grafton, seated between her father, Count d'Erby, and her knight, Peter de Montagne, to whom, as a reward for his good and loyal services, the king had just given the Countship of Salisbury, and finally remained fixed with surprise upon that place so near him, which each one had disputed the honour of filling, and which, nevertheless, had remained empty.

The sight changed, doubtless, the order of the thoughts which the mind of Edward was following, for he cast over the whole assembly a glance of inquiry, to which no one responded. Seeing then that a direct demand was necessary to obtain a correct explanation, he turned towards a young and noble knight, who was carving before the queen.

"Sir Walter Manny," said he, "know you, perchance, what important business deprives us to-day of the presence of our guest and cousin, Count Robert of Artois? Has he recovered the favour of our uncle, King Philip, of France, and has he been in such haste to leave our island, that he has forgotten to make his farewell visits?"

"I presume, sire," replied Walter de Manny, "that my lord, the Count Robert, would not have forgotten so easily that King Edward has had the generosity to give him an asylum, which, through fear of King Philip, the counts of Auvergne and of Flanders had refused to him."

"I have, however, only done that which I ought. Count Robert is of royal lineage, since he descends from King Louis VIII., and it was the least I could do to receive him. Moreover, the merit of hospitality is less in me than it would have been in the princes whom you have just named. England is, through the favour of Heaven, an island more difficult to conquer than the mountains of Auvergne and the marshes of Flanders, and can brave with impunity the wrath of our suzerain, King Philip. But, no matter, I am not the less anxious to know what has become of our guest; have you any news of him, Salisbury?"

"Pardon, sire!" replied the count, "but you ask me a question to which I cannot make a suitable reply. For some time, my eyes have been so much dazzled by the beauty of one face, my ears have been so attentive to the melody of one voice, that Count Robert, grandson of a king though he is, should he have passed before me, telling me himself where he was going, I would probably neither have seen nor heard him. But hold, sire, for here is a young knight bachelor, who is leaning over my shoulder, and who has probably something to say to me on this subject."

William of Montagne, the nephew of Salisbury, behind whom he was standing, leaned over at this moment, and whispered some words in his ear:

"Well?" said the king.

"I was not mistaken," continued Salisbury, "William met him this morning."

"Where?" said the king, addressing directly the young knight bachelor.

"Upon the banks of the Thames, sire. He was going hunting, for he was carrying upon his glove the prettiest falcon which was ever trained to fly at fairs."

"At what hour was that?" asked the king.

"Towards three, sire."

"And what were you doing so early on the banks of the Thames?" said the beautiful Alice, in a soft voice.

"Dreaming," said the young knight, sighing.

"Yes, yes," said Salisbury, laughingly—"it appears that William is not happy in his love affair. For some time, I have seen in him the symptoms of a hopeless passion."

"Uncle!" said William, blushing.



"Truly," said Alice, with naive curiosity; "if that is so, I wish to be your confidant."

"Take pity on me, instead of rallying me," murmured William, in a stifled voice, at the same time stepping back a pace, and putting his hand to his eyes, to hide two great tears, which trembled in his lashes.

"Poor boy!" said Alice, "it appears to be a serious thing."

"The most serious," replied the Count of Salisbury, with apparent gravity; "but William is a discreet bachelor, and I forewarn you that you will only know his secret when you are his aunt."

Alice blushed in her turn.

"Then all is explained," said the king. "The hunt will have carried him to Gravesend, and we will not see him again till tomorrow at breakfast."

"I believe your highness is mistaken," said Count John, of Hainault, "for I hear in the ante-chamber something like the sound of voices, which may announce his return."

"He will be welcome," replied the king.

At the same moment, the folding-door of the dining-hall was thrown open, and Count Robert, magnificently attired, entered, followed by two minstrels, playing the viol; behind them walked two young and noble maidens, bearing upon a silver platter a roasted heron, the long beak and claws of which had been left on, in order that it might be more easily recognized.

Finally, behind the maidens, came, leaping and grimacing, a juggler, who accompanied the minstrels by striking upon a tambourine.

Robert of Artois commenced making the tour of the table, slowly followed by this singular cortege, and stopping near the king, who was regarding him with astonishment, he made a sign to the two maidens to deposit the heron before him.

Edward sprang rather than rose up, and turning towards Robert of Artois, he regarded him with eyes sparkling with anger; but seeing that his glance could not lower that of the count,

"What does this mean, our guest?" he cried, in a quivering voice. "Do they repay hospitality thus in France? And is a miserable heron, whose flesh my falcons and my dogs despise, royal game, that it should be served before us?"

"Listen, sire!" said Count Robert, in a firm, calm voice. "It came into my mind, when my falcon took this bird to-day, that the heron was the most cowardly of birds, since it is afraid of its shadow, and when it sees it following it in the sunlight, it cries and bows as if it was in danger of death; then I thought that the most cowardly of birds ought to be served up to the most cowardly of kings."

Edward placed his hand on his poignard.

"Now," continued Robert, without appearing to notice this gesture, "is not Edward of England, heir by his mother, Isabella, to the kingdom of France, and who, nevertheless, has not the courage to recover it from Philip of Valois, who has stolen it from him—is he not the most cowardly of kings?"

A terrible silence succeeded these words. All had risen, knowing the violence of the king, and all eyes were fixed upon these two men, one of whom had just said to the other words of such mortal insult.

However, all provision was mistaken. The countenance of Edward gradually grew calm. He shook his head, as if to drive away the blushes which covered his face; then slowly placing his hand on Robert's shoulder, "You are right, count," he said to him, in a hollow voice. "I had forgotten that I was grandson of Charles the Fourth of France; you make me remember it. Thanks; and although the motive which impels you is rather your hate for Philip, who has banished you, than your gratitude to me who have received you, I am not the less obliged to you for it; for now that, thanks to you, it has come back to my mind that I am the true king of France, never fear, I will not forget it, and as proof, listen to the vow which I am going to make. Be seated, my lords and nobles, and do not lose a word, I beg of you."

Everybody obeyed; Edward and Robert alone remained standing.

Then the king, extending his right hand upon the table, said—"I swear by this heron, flesh of a coward and a dastard, and which has been placed before me because it is the meanest and most cowardly of birds, that before six months I will have crossed the sea with an army, and will have landed upon the territory of France, whether I enter by Hainault, Guienne, or Normandy. I swear that I will fight against King Philip, wherever I may meet him, even if the men of my side or army are as one against ten. I swear, finally, that before six months from this day, I will have expounded in sight of the steeple of the noble church of St. Denis, where the body of my grandfather is interred, and I swear this, notwithstanding the oath of homage which I took to King Philip at Amiens, and which I was enured into taking when

a mere child. Eh, Count Robert! you wish for battles and conflicts. Well, I promise you that neither Achilles, nor Hector, nor Paris, nor Alexander of Macedon, who conquered so many countries, will have committed on their routes such ravages as I will make in France; that is, unless it should please God, that I should die in the attempt, and before the accomplishment of my vow. I have said. Now take away the heron. Count, come and sit by me."

"Not yet, sire," replied Robert; "the heron must make the tour of the table. There is, perhaps, some noble knight here, who will feel bound in honour to join his vow to that of the king."

At these words, he ordered the young maidens to take up again the silver platter, and set out again, followed by them and the minstrel, who played the viol, while the maidens sang of Gilbert of Berneville; and playing and singing thus, they arrived behind the Count of Salisbury, who was seated, as we have said, near the beautiful Alice of Grafton.

Then Robert of Artois stopped, and signed to the maidens to place the heron before the knight. They obeyed.

"Noble knight," said Robert, "you have heard what King Edward has said. In the name of heaven, and of your lady, I adjure you to vow by our heron!"

"You have done well," said Salisbury, "in adjuring me thus. Beautiful is the lady who holds me in bondage. She has never yet told me that she loved me—never granted me aught, for I have never yet dared to ask for her love. Well, to-day I supplicate her to grant me a favour, it is to place her finger upon one of my eyes."

"Truly," said Alice, tenderly, "a lady whose knight asks so respectfully cannot answer him with a refusal. You have asked for one of my fingers, count; I will be lavish towards you—here is all my hand."

Salisbury seized it, and kissed it several times, with transport; then he placed it upon his face in such a way that it covered entirely his right eye.

Alice smiled, not understanding this action.

Salisbury perceived it. "Do you believe this eye is well closed?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Alice.

"Well," continued Salisbury, "I swear not to see the light with that eye again, till I am in France. I swear that until that hour neither wind, nor pain, nor wound, shall force me to open it, and that until that moment I will combat with closed eye in tilt, tournament, or battle. My vow is made, come what will. In your turn, will you not make one, madam?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Alice, blushing. "I swear that on the day that you return to London from France, I will give you my heart with the same freedom with which I have to-day given you my hand; and as a pledge of what I promise this hour, here is my scarf, to aid you to accomplish your vow."

Salisbury dropped on one knee, and Alice bound her girdle around his brow, amid the applause of the whole table.

Then Robert had the heron taken from before the count, and went on again, in the same order, and always followed by his minstrel, and his young maidens, and his juggler. This time the cortege stopped behind John of Hainault.

"Noble sire of Beaumont," said Robert of Artois, "as uncle of the King of England, and as one of the bravest knights in Christendom, will you not also make a vow upon my heron, to accomplish some great enterprise against the kingdom of France?"

"Yes, indeed, brother," replied John of Hainault, "for I am banished, like you, and that for having lent assistance to Queen Isabella, when she reconquered her kingdom of England. I swear, then, that if the king will accept me for marshal, and pass through my earldom of Hainault, I will conduct his army through the territories of France, which I would not do for any other man. But if ever the King of France, my only and true sovereign, recalls me, or revokes my sentence of banishment, I pray my nephew Edward to release me from my word, which I will immediately reclaim."

"That is just," said Edward, inclining his head. "I know that in country and in heart you are more French than English. Swear, then, in all confidence; for, by my crown, if the case occur, I will relieve you of your vow. Count Robert, pass the heron to Sir Walter Manny."

"No, sire, no; if you please," said the young knight—"for you know that one cannot keep two vows, and I have already made one—that of avenging my father, who, you know, was assassinated in Guienne, and of aiding his mother and his tomb, in order to slay the one upon the other. But never fear, sire, the king of France will lose nothing by it."

"We believe you, sire, and we think as much of a promise from you as of an oath from another."

During this time, Robert of Artois had approached the queen, had caused the heron to be deposited before her, had knelt on one side, and awaited in silence.

The queen turned to him, then, laughing—"What do you want of me, count?" said she, "and what do you come to ask of me? You know that a woman cannot make vows, since she is under the dominion of a master. Shame on her, then, who in such circumstances would forget her duty so far as not to wait for the permission of her lord."

"Make your vows boldly," said Edward, "and I swear to you that from me you will always have aid, and never hindrance."

"Well," said the queen, "I had not yet told you that I had hopes of becoming a mother. Now, listen to me, then; for, since you have authorized me to swear, I swear by heaven, that my child shall only come into the world upon the land of France, and if you have not the courage to conduct me there when the time comes, I swear again to stab myself with this dagger, that I may keep my oath at the expense of the life of my child, and the safety of my soul. So, sire, if you are rich enough in heirs to lose at the same time your wife and child."

"No one shall make any more vows," cried Edward, in an altered voice. "Enough of oaths like these, and may heaven forgive us!"

"No matter," said Robert of Artois, rising, "I hope there are, thanks to my heron, more words pledged than are necessary, at this hour, to make King Philip repent eternally having driven me from France."

D. J.

# WHERE TO STUDY.

THE air of a cellar is close, damp, musty, and vitiated; that of the house-top is clear, pure, and bracing. On the surface of the earth the atmosphere is cold, raw, and impure; on the mountains it is dry, rarified, and health-giving. The purer the air is, the more life does it impart to the blood, the more perfectly is the brain nourished, and the more vigorously does the mind work and the body move.

Hence the "study" of the clergyman, the "office" of the physician and the lawyer, and the "library" of the family; the "sitting-room" of the household, and the "chamber" of every sleeper, should always be in the upper stories, not merely for the greater purity of the air, but for a reason seldom thought of, and yet of very great sanitary value.

The higher we ascend, the more rarified is the air, the greater bulk is required to impart a given amount of nourishment to the system; this greater rarity excites the instinct of our nature to deeper, fuller breathing, without any effort on our part, and this kind of breathing as the reflecting must know, is antagonistic of consumption, that fell scourge of civilized society, which destroys full one-sixth of the adult population.

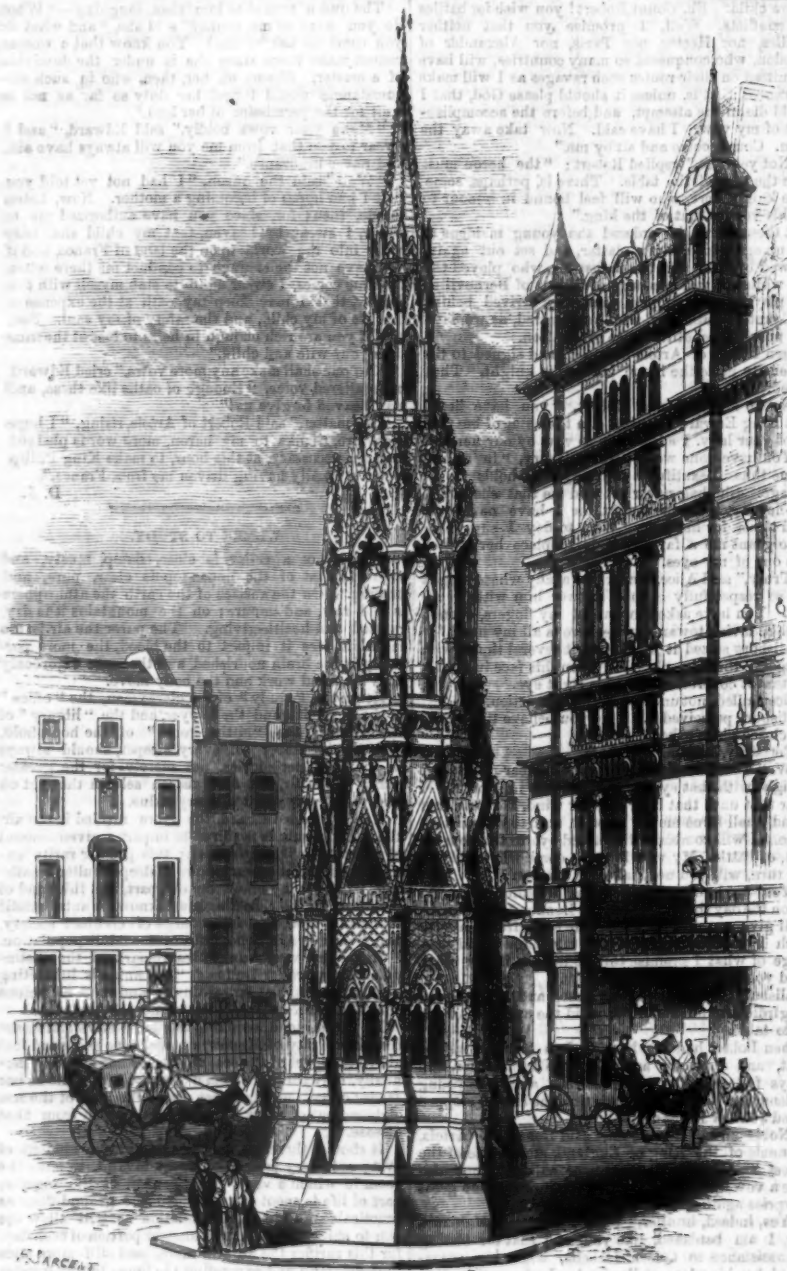
Hence the very suggestive remark of the distinguished naturalist Buffon: "All animals inhabiting high altitudes have larger lungs and more capacious chests than those which live in the valleys."

In the same direction is the suggestive statement that in the city of Mexico, situated nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, of one hundred dying annually, only three are from consumption; while in our larger cities, but a few feet above the level of the sea, eighteen out of every hundred dead perish from that disease.

It should, therefore, be the aim of every student, of every sedentary person, of every invalid, to have the room in which a very large portion of the inactive part of life is spent, as far above the ground-floor as practicable, and in such a situation as will allow the sun to shine into it for the longest portion of each day, for this rarifies the air still more, and still more aids in developing and expanding the lungs by the greater depth and fullness of breathing which the increased atmospheric rarity induces.

On the return of the Empress of the French from the hospitals, the ladies in waiting complained that her Majesty had wronged them by shutting them out from a service of danger in which they considered they had a right to share as well as in her pleasures. To this remonstrance the Empress replied—"My dear ladies, it was my duty as Empress to run whatever risk there might be, but it was also my duty not to place you, mothers of families, and having other ties, in peril."

THIRTY-FIVE British-built iron steamers, most of them monster ones, will be added to the fleets of the mail steam packet companies this year, viz.—five to Cunard's and five to Inman's, three to the Pacific Mail, four each to the Royal Mail, Peninsular and Oriental, and National Steam Companies, and five to the Union Mail, three to the German Lloyd's, and two to the Hamburg and American Companies. Thirty of these steamers are screws, and five paddle-steamers. Twenty-four are already afloat, and eleven are building. Twenty-one have been built, or are building, in the Clyde, six in London, four at Southampton, and one at Liverpool.



[THE "ELEANOR CROSS," AS RESTORED, AT CHARING CROSS.]

### THE ELEANOR CROSS AND CHARING CROSS HOTEL.

TAKING up a position at Charing Cross, as it appears in the present day, it would require a strong effort of the imagination to bring before the mind's eye the old rustic village of Charing and its memorial and love-consecrated cross. Yet, although the calmly rustic scene of some three hundred years ago has utterly disappeared, and in its stead has grown a mass of populous streets, and the mighty traffic of the world's capital, there has just arisen amidst the busy turmoil of the present a beautiful memento of the past—the exact reproduction of a memorial which stood there when Charing was a quiet hamlet girdled in by green fields, and not a noisy railway station—namely, the Cross which King Edward I. erected there to mark the spot where the procession escorting the remains of his beloved queen, Eleanor, last halted before arriving at the Abbey of Westminster. We are glad to find, amidst the hard materialism of the day, that a thought could be given to so poetical and tender a collection, and that the "Eleanor Cross" of olden

times has been reproduced on the ancient site; throwing so to say, upon the sterner characteristics of the present times which surround it.

The tender grace of a time that is fled.

Considering how regardless railway companies generally seem to be about anything but the securing of a good dividend, it is refreshing, as we pause at the open space in front of the Charing Cross Hotel, to gaze upon this beautiful monument recently erected there; for beautiful it is in itself, and beautiful on account of the subject its original served to commemorate. Eleanor of Castile had been the faithful companion of Edward I. for thirty-one years. She had participated in "all his troubles and long voyages," and during their sojourn in Palestine, in his warfare against the Saracens, had been the means of saving his life, by drawing out with her own lips the poison that had been conveyed by the dagger of an assassin. It was in 1291, while Edward was on his way to Scotland, on a warlike expedition against the Scots, that his affectionate wife died, either at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, or near that town.

Edward's grief at the loss of his beloved Eleanor was, the chroniclers tell us, profound; his warlike

purpose was suddenly stopped, and every other object set aside that he might bestow all his thoughts on his beloved Eleanor's remains. The body was embalmed and conveyed to London for interment. The journey in those days, especially under the mournful circumstances, must have been a long and tedious one, and many haltings were necessarily made. Edward, to keep in memory his wife's virtues, no less than in testimony of his own love, erected, in accordance with the religious sentiment of the times, beautiful structures, termed "crosses," at all those places where the body had rested; these memorial crosses were about fifteen, the last being at the village called Charing, near London. Only three of these crosses, those at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham, now remain. Charing Cross was pulled down by order of the Long Parliament, in 1647, about 220 years ago, part of the stone of which it had been built being used for paving Whitehall.

Queen Eleanor, we imagine, must have been loved very much by the English people no less than by her royal husband; indeed she appears to have been loved enough to be called the "dear queen" (*Chère reine*). The words in her time, and after, may have become proverbial; and, although we believe there is no authority absolutely to decide, they may have given the name to the ancient village; for it is obvious the transition in sound between *Chère reine* and *Charing* is very easily made.

The Eleanor Cross at Charing was begun originally in the same year as that at Waltham, 1291; but occupied a much longer time in its erection, not being completed till 1294. It was begun by Master Richard de Crundale, cementarius; who was much engaged in the works at Westminster Abbey, and who dying in 1293, the Cross proceeded to its completion under Roger de Crundale. The former received about £560 for the part of the work done by him, exclusive of cost of material; and Roger £90 17s. 6d. It was, like that at Waltham, built in Caen stone, the steps and other parts being of marble. The sculpture appears to have been done in great part by Alexander the Magician, a well-reputed sculptor in those days, and who received a sum of five marks in part payment for statues; how much he received in the whole does not appear. He was very probably aided in the sculpture of the arms, which decorated the Cross by William de Ireland. The shields, we may observe, were those of Leon and Castile.

This beautiful memorial cross stood for three hundred and fifty-five years, but was demolished in 1646, as we have said. Its present restoration was effected not without some difficulty; for representations of the original are very few, and the details not always uniform; the architect, nevertheless, is allowed to have reproduced it in a very accurate manner; and in doing so has rendered good service to architecture, and also conferred a graceful ornament on the locality.

As regards the Charing Cross Hotel, shown also in our illustration, it is like many other similar structures in the metropolis, the offspring of the great commercial development of the age. The hotel is built on two sides of a square. The structure rises to a great height, and consists of six storeys, in addition to the ground floor, which, excepting the left-hand portico, forms no part of the hotel proper, but is occupied by the railway company as their booking-office, &c. These several storeys are the first or principal, the second or mezzanine—a term which, for the benefit of any to whom it may be new, may be explained as meaning "a low, intermediate story between two higher ones"—above the mezzanine three others—the third, fourth, and fifth, and over all the attic.

The angles of the building rise higher and project slightly beyond the other parts, forming pavilions, which in the case of the two on the Strand side terminate at their base in porticoes supported on polished red granite columns. One of these porticoes—that to the right—admits vehicles to the arrival platform of the railway station, while the other serves as the principal entrance to the hotel.

The building contains about three hundred rooms, (two hundred of which are bedrooms), and in its internal arrangements and fittings affords all the appliances for comfort and luxury which of late years people in general, and travellers in particular, are accustomed to look for in these palatial structures. It is built in the architectural style of the Renaissance, and was designed by the architect of the Eleanor Cross, Mr. E. M. Barry, A.R.A., of 21, Abingdon Street. It was commenced by Messrs. Lucas Brothers in 1869, the original contract price being £120,000, but which the actual cost much exceeded.

The undertaking is in the hands of a limited liability company, possessing a capital of 16,000 shares of the value of £10 each. It was originated under the auspices of the South-Eastern Railway Company, who afford every facility for promoting its interests. It is, however, a separate undertaking, and not subject to the Railway Company—the ground-floor only being their property, and occupied by them.





[THE POISON CASKET.]

## THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

### CHAPTER XXII.

What faster impulse, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Shakespeare.*

The Earl of Montford waited anxiously and impatiently for the appearance of the strange woman he had encountered in the Park. It was evident that she was not the mysterious being who had so lately convulsed his soul with fear, for though he looked annoyed and perplexed when he thought of her, his manner had none of its late cowardly shrinking—none of its late terrible expectancy.

After giving an order that his visitor should be admitted and ushered into the library immediately on her arrival, he endeavoured to pass away the time by interesting himself in his books. His mind, however, was so occupied by other things that the volumes possessed no interest for him, and he finally threw them aside and walked to and fro the apartment.

And thus an hour passed.

At the end of that period, the page ushered into the room the strange woman whom the earl expected, and then disappeared, in obedience to a sign from his master.

The woman was still heavily veiled, and as she advanced towards the earl her form was seen to be tall, and her movements stately and dignified. Her dress was rather shabby, but it was nearly hidden by her shawl—a heavy Indian fabric, which, in its day, had evidently been costly, but which was now faded and worn.

As she approached the earl, she flung back her veil and extended her hand.

The earl pretended not to see it, and said, with assumed carelessness:

"You are the lady, I believe, whom I just encountered in the Park. By this time, by dear madam, you must be convinced that I am not the gentleman you sought."

"Egbert," interrupted the woman, in a voice which was not unmusical, though stern and angry, "what do you mean by denying your identity? You recognized me in the Park. Why, then, pretend that I am a stranger to you?"

"Really, madam," expostulated the earl, "you are—"

"I will tell you what I am, Egbert Summers,"

interrupted the woman. "I am your lawful wife, wedded to you at Milan, my native city, and abandoned by you years ago. I have sought you everywhere, and found you, at last, by the merest accident. You recognize me now. If you do not, I have a certificate of our marriage, and other documents, which cannot fail to establish my position in the minds of any respectable jury!"

The threat implied in her last sentence fairly cowed the earl. He sat down, pale and agitated, unable to reply.

As she marked his emotion, the visitor smiled with satisfaction, and sank gracefully into an arm-chair very near that of the earl.

Although the woman spoke English so fluently, and with only the faintest and most piquant accent, every feature of her countenance testified to her Italian origin.

Her eyes were intensely black, but soft and melting in their glances; her hair was of a dead black hue, straight and plentiful; and the general contour of her face was of the Italian type. Her complexion, strangely enough, was quite fair, presenting a remarkable contrast to her hair and eyes, and this contrast was further deepened by the absence of colour save in her full red lips.

From her countenance, it would have been difficult to guess her age. It was only evident that she had passed the morning of womanhood and had not yet arrived at its evening.

After a long pause, during which he surveyed his visitor, the earl said, in a somewhat husky tone:

"Well, Justina, I will no longer deny that I know you. What do you want of me?"

"Is this your greeting?" cried the woman, in a disappointed and angry voice. "You recognize me, and yet ask me what I want. Oh, Egbert, how you have changed!"

"You certainly cannot expect me to play the lover after all these years of separation!"

"And yet through them all I have been faithful to you!" returned the woman. "And this is my reward!"

The earl made a gesture of annoyance, replying:

"It is certainly very unfortunate that we met to-day, Justina. I repeat my question—what do you want? Let your demands be moderate, as I am greatly in debt. How much money will satisfy you?"

Justina looked at the earl with a gaze of mingled incredulity and astonishment. She soon saw that he was in earnest in his demand, and her features were convulsed with rage and mortification.

Repressing by a strong effort the angry words that rushed to her tongue, she said:

"Before I state my demands, I desire to ask you a few questions. Are you the Earl of Montford?"

"I am."

"Indeed! Where is the late earl?"

The earl became deathly pale on hearing this question, and his form shook with irrepressible emotion. With an effort, he lifted his eyelids, and darted a suspicious glance at his visitor.

Her face was impassible, but her black eyes did not fail to notice his agitation.

Reassured by her quiet manner and want of eagerness, his livid lips parted, and he replied, in a changed voice:

"Dead, of course! If he wasn't dead, how could I be the earl?"

"Ah, yes, how?" said the woman, carelessly. "And so you are really the earl?"

The nobleman bowed.

"And this beautiful house is yours? And all the Montford estates? How rich you must be?"

"I am not," replied the earl, seeming to breathe more freely with the change of subject. "I have very expensive habits, to be frank with you, Justina, and the Montford estates are strictly entailed, so that I have no power to sell them. All the unentailed property, the large bank accounts, and the property of the late countess, go to the daughter of the late earl!"

"Your habits, then, are expensive?" said Justina, disregarding the earl's last sentence. "You—you have not dared to marry again?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Do you suppose I would commit bigamy? Although you know nothing of me, I have kept myself informed of your whereabouts—that is, until lately."

Justina seemed to be undecided whether to rejoice or be angry at this declaration, and finally said, with bitterness:

"And so, while I have lived in obscurity at Milan, upon the small patrimony I inherited, you have been honoured and courted as an earl. It is time to change the face of affairs!"

The earl looked nervous on hearing this declaration, and again asked the amount of her demands.

"I will tell you what I want," she responded, quickly. "I demand to be recognized as your wife, as the Countess of Montford. I want to take my position at the head of your establishment and enter society with you—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the earl, harshly. "You

demand impossibilities, Justina. I have lived here all these years as a bachelor, and what would the world say if I were to own now that I had been married all these years?"

"It would be better that they should wonder at a long-concealed marriage than at the suit I should institute against you in the event of your refusal!"

The earl flushed, then paled again, saying, harshly:

"Do not ask me to recognize you, Justina. I will support you, visit you in secret, do anything for you save to introduce you as my wife."

"Have I then grown so repulsive?" demanded Justina, mournfully. "The time was, Egbert, when you never wearied of praising my beauty."

The earl could not deny that Justina was very handsome—not with a girlish beauty, but with the full development of womanhood.

"I came here, Egbert," she resumed, "with a heart full of anger and bitterness against you, but the sight of you revives the old love which I thought dead! I not only demand of you my rightful position before the world, but I appeal to you to grant it to me. If it is so hard to own to our long-concealed marriage, why not wed me again according to your English laws?"

The earl started at this proposition, and for the first time began to consider whether it might not be best to grant his wife's petition.

Perhaps he was influenced by the memory of the vows they had plighted years before in a dim old church at Milan. Perhaps a memory of the love they had once borne each other, when both were young, softened his worldly heart. Or perhaps her handsome face, in conjunction with her threats, caused him to conclude that the best course he could take would be to recognize her as his wife.

As if she saw this struggle going on in his heart, Justina said:

"You need not fear that I shall not be a credit to you, Egbert. I am the last descendant of a family as proud and noble as your own, and no one could accuse you of having made a *méchante alliance*. Suppose you say you thought the best?"

"No, that would do! I have often said that I was a bachelor!"

"Then let us be remarried to-morrow morning by licence. You see I know your English customs, Egbert. You can say that we loved each other years ago in Italy, but that you lost sight of me of late years. No one could wonder at such a statement!"

Still the earl hesitated.

"If you refuse this request," continued Justina, with a darkening brow, "I shall go to-morrow to a good solicitor—"

"Say no more, Justina. You shall have your own way!" cried his lordship. "We will be remarried, as you suggest!"

Justina's countenance flushed with joy, and its angry expression completely vanished.

With a sudden impulse, she leaned forward and kissed her husband, who submitted to the caress with a very good grace, even returning it.

"I have often thought, during these years," she said, resuming her seat, "that it would give me perfect happiness to follow you till I found you, and then revenge myself upon you for your desertion of me! I have thought what pleasure it would give me to stab you to the heart!"

As she thus spoke, she withdrew from the folds of her dress a jewelled stiletto, displaying it to the astounded earl.

"I have also thought," she continued, replacing the dangerous weapon, "that I should like to poison you. I have gathered together dangerous drugs and poisons, such as they used in the middle ages, when poisoning was a science, and when a single drop upon a bouquet of flowers carried with it sudden and certain death!"

The earl shrank from the speaker with fear and loathing.

It seemed incredible that a woman like Justina could have such horrible depths in her soul—could so deliberately plan the murder of one she had loved.

Noticing his emotion, she resumed:

"I should not have told you these things, Egbert, if I had not changed my purpose. I understand you thoroughly, and appreciate you at your true value. I feel bitterly your desertion of me, your want of love, and your denial of your identity to me to-day. But I am woman enough to love you still and to forgive you all!"

The earl looked relieved at this final resolution, and hastened to say:

"I am glad you have forgiven me, Justina. Let my future atone for the past. We will be married away to-morrow morning!"

He spoke with an eagerness which Justina ascribed to an awakening affection, but which in reality was caused by his powerful arguments she had used—the

certificate of marriage on the one hand, and the stiletto and subtle poisons on the other.

"Very well," she said. "And now let us talk of business. I have rather overdrawn my income lately in searching for you. I shall need a little money to attire myself as a bride!"

The earl hastened to draw out his purse, assure himself that it was well furnished, and hand it to Justina.

Without counting its contents, or thanking him for it, she thrust the purse in her pocket, saying:

"And now, Egbert, tell me something of your household. Do you live alone?"

"No. My niece, the Lady Geraldine Summers, resides with me."

"Is she your niece? I have heard of her beauty and wit, and shall be delighted to see her. Still, it's best to wait till to-morrow. She is unmarried, and heiress to a large fortune?"

The earl assented.

Justina looked thoughtful as she demanded:

"And should she die unmarried, who would inherit her possessions?"

"I should, should she die before coming of age. But why do you ask, Justina? You make me quite nervous!"

Justina laughed lightly, replying:

"I was thinking of the many chances we have of inheriting her property—that's all!"

"But I shall get enough of it without her dying," stammered Lord Montford. "I have promised her hand in marriage to Lord Rosebury, a friend of mine, and he will give me on their wedding-day fifty thousand pounds!"

Justina's eyes sparkled.

It was evident that she loved wealth and its appurtenances more than most people love such things.

"Does she object to marrying this Lord Rosebury?" she asked.

"Well, yes. She loves some one else—a person quite unsuited to her. But she may—she must—change her mind!"

"Tell me all about it, Egbert," said Justina, coaxingly. "Perhaps I can assist in bringing about the accomplishment of your wishes!"

His lordship, feeling that his wife would co-operate with him in his plans, and wishing, perhaps, to withdraw her attention from himself, related how Rosebury had proposed to Geraldine, had been refused, how Walter Lorraine had been accepted, and finally the plan he had proposed to Rosebury about sending to the young artist a duplicate of the betrothal-ring he had placed upon the maiden's finger.

"Very good!" commented Justina, her countenance expressing an unscrupulousness that was a part of her character. "And you don't know how to get possession of her ring in order to duplicate it? I will attend to that part of the affair. I know how to manage it! Fifty thousand pounds! Ah, how nice it will be to have so much money?—What diamonds I shall wear! How foolish your niece must be to reject a rich lord for a poor artist!"

"Then, Justina, I suppose you would not love me if I were poor and untitled?"

"I am no longer young nor silly!" responded Justina, with a strange smile. "I dare say, Egbert, I should love you if you were poor, but I should not care about sharing your poverty. I have lived all these years upon a limited income—obliged to repress my desires for beautiful things, such as paintings, statues, and diamonds, and I am determined now to gratify my tastes, and really live!"

"I dare say that you can be a great assistance to me, especially in this matter of Geraldine's love affairs," said his lordship. "If you do, you shall be rewarded!"

"You shall have her ring before the end of the week," declared Justina. "It is important to intercept all letters passing between her and her lover. I will undertake to secure them!"

For a long time, the couple—so well worthy of each other—discussed various plans for undermining the happiness of the Lady Geraldine and Walter, and their faith in each other, and Justina declared that she knew how to accomplish the desired object speedily and effectually. She refused, however, to disclose her idea until she was acknowledged as the Countess of Montford.

The earl made no more efforts to dissuade her from claiming her rights. The exhibition of the stiletto and the mention of the poisons had effectively subdued all the opposition he had felt towards recognizing her as his wife and co-conspirator.

He now endeavored to console her, and arouse into activity the latent love she had once cherished for him, and in this, despite her love of wealth and appreciation of his position, he was soon successful.

They continued their conversation until the announced dinner, and it being inexpedient for Justina

to meet the Lady Geraldine until after the proposed remarriage, she reluctantly took her departure, after fixing a place and hour of meeting for the following morning.

## CHAPTER XXIII

While my open nature trusted in thee  
Thou hast stepped between me and my hopes.

Rosce.

THE church of St. Edmund's, situated in a quiet street at the West End, was not large, but its frequenters were decidedly fashionable and aristocratic. Its clergyman was young and eloquent—a consideration for those who liked to keep awake; its pews were soft-cushioned and very conducive to quiet, surreptitious slumbers; the dim light that stole into the edifice was mellowed by passing through gorgeous stained-glass windows; and finally, the pulpit was a masterpiece of architecture and carving. With all these attractions, it was no wonder that St. Edmund's was a fashionable church.

On the day subsequent to the events recorded in the preceding chapter, there was a quiet and pleasant bustle within the edifice that betokened an approaching wedding. The pew-opener moved about with an important air, and passers-by, tempted by the sight of the half-open doors, stole in, seating themselves in the handsome pews and surveying the interior of the church with an admiration not unshared with awe.

A little before twelve o'clock, a handsome carriage with a coronet gilded on its panels, drove up, pausing in front of the church-door, and a gentleman and lady, whose costumes declared them to be the bride and bridegroom, alighted, and entered the building.

They were the Earl of Montford and his wife.

There was a slight murmur of admiration among the spectators at the foreign beauty of the bride, which was greatly enhanced by her bridal-ropes of white, her wreath of orange-blossoms, and her long, floating veil. The expression of her countenance was that of supreme contentment.

The earl looked sterner than usual, but he had evidently made up his mind to submit to his inevitable destiny with as good grace as possible. He well realized that he could not avoid acknowledging Justina as his wife, and remembering how often he had declared himself a bachelor, he had, after mature deliberation, concluded that it was better to be remarried than to declare the first union.

It was a strange bridal—that of a couple already husband and wife, and the solemn words of the service fell upon unheeding ears, the thoughts of both being absorbed in other things.

That the wife regarded the husband with affection was evidenced by her clinging to his arm, and by the look of passionate love she occasionally lifted to his face, but these little tokens of returning regard met with no response from their object.

The service was at length finished, and the marriage which had once been solemnized with all the rites and ceremonies of the church, and which was, therefore, indissoluble, was further ratified by the simpler and more heart-felt forms of the English church. The ring that had served at the first ceremony years before had now served at the second.

Of the earl's household, not one was present, with the exception of his lordship's favourite attendant, the page.

When the last blessing had been bestowed, the handsome fee placed in the clergyman's hands, the pew-opener remembered with a large gratuity, the bride and bridegroom swept down the broad central aisle on their way to the waiting carriage.

When the earl had given the direction "Home!" to the footman, and had seated himself on the yielding cushions beside the doubly-wedded wife, Justina said:

"And now, Egbert, I am really the Countess of Montford, am I not?"

The earl replied in the affirmative, and with a flash of gratified ambition flitted over the fair face of the bride, but it vanished before the signs of a deeper emotion, and she asked, in a tenderer tone:

"And you do love me, Egbert, do you not? Now that I am your wife before the world, and your countess, you will feel again towards me the old love?"

"I shall, provided you assist me in this affair of Geraldine's," responded the earl, in a tone of quiet indifference. "If you can bring about her marriage with Lord Rosebury, I shall love you as much as you can desire!"

Thus appealed to in her tenderest point—the desire to be loved by her husband—the earl readily promised to bring about the desired object. Her countenance expressed both scheming and calculation, and the earl felt assured that she would leave no means untried to effect the strangulation of the



lovers and the marriage of Lord Rosensbury and the Lady Geraldine.

A silence fell between the couple, which was not broken until their arrival at Montford House.

Meanwhile, the page, who shared the box, was engaged relating to his fellow-servant the particulars of the strange bridal.

When the carriage stopped, the earl helped out his bride with great care, and she leaned upon his arm as they ascended the steps and entered the mansion.

Several of the servants were grouped in the wide hall, attracted thither by the unusual occurrence of the morning, and to these the earl introduced his bride as their future mistress.

"Does the Lady Geraldine know of our marriage?" asked Justina, as they ascended to the drawing-room.

"Not yet," responded the earl, nervously. "I couldn't tell her. I thought it would be better to break the news to her by introducing you. Come into the drawing-room, and I will send for her!"

He conducted his wife into the apartment indicated.

To his surprise, the Lady Geraldine, robed in the whitest of morning dresses, was ensconced in an easy-chair, absorbed in a volume of one of her favourite poets, and looking charmingly cool in the shaded room.

She looked up at their entrance, seemed astonished at the sight of Justina in her bridal robes, and arose, coming forward to greet them, with her never-failing courtesy and gentle demeanour.

"Geraldine," said her uncle, summoning up all his courage, allow me to present to you your aunt, and my wife, the Countess of Montford!"

The Lady Geraldine extended her hand with a frank courtesy, which the Italian secretly envied, and then turned an inquiring face towards her uncle.

"This lady, now my wife, my dear Geraldine," said the earl, "I met and loved in Italy many years ago. We have remained true to each other during our long separation, and have at last met to join our hands and fortunes. We were married this morning at St. Ermond's."

The Lady Geraldine expressed her congratulations to the new-married couple, adding:

"I wish, uncle, that you had made me aware of your happiness. It would have given me pleasure to have attended your marriage."

"I know it, Geraldine," replied the earl, "and you are very kind, but Justina and I preferred a very quiet bridal!"

"But you have no wedding breakfast!" remarked Geraldine. "Shall you make a bridal tour?"

"No, dear. We shall go on as usual," said his lordship, speaking for himself and wife, the question of a tour not having been even mooted between them. "Our wedding will make no difference in my habits!"

The Lady Geraldine repressed all expression of the surprise she felt at this declaration, as well as at the fact of the marriage itself, and turned to pay some attention to her new aunt and observe her more closely.

As she turned, she encountered the steady, scrutinizing gaze of Justina.

Geraldine was much more beautiful than the Italian had even been led to expect from popular report, and the contrast between the two women was very apparent.

While Justina's hair was of a dead-black hue, Geraldine's seemed to be a nest of purple shadows, flecked here and there with specks of the light that streamed through the windows. While Justina's complexion was fair, Geraldine's was a clear olive. While Justina seemed and was a woman of the world, there was a halo of girlish purity about the Lady Geraldine, an expression of child-like innocence upon her countenance, and a frankness and impulsiveness in her manner, that were irresistibly charming.

The countess immediately conceived a jealousy of Geraldine's superior beauty, and a feeling of antagonism for the maiden herself.

But if she hoped to succeed in her plans against the happiness of Geraldine, it was necessary to win her confidence and affection, so the Italian summoned her most honeyed tones and blandest looks, as she said:

"And so you are my niece, Geraldine? I hope we shall be friends, for I have no one in this country to love save my husband and you. We shall spend many happy days together, shall we not, my dear?"

She leaned forward, pressing a kiss upon the maiden's cheek. Touched by her remarks, and by the earl's statement of her faithful love for him through years of separation, the maiden pressed her hand warmly, and promised to be her friend.

The earl noticed with satisfaction the relations so quickly established between the two ladies, and began to indulge more freely in his hopes for Geraldine's future.

After a while, the countess signified her desire to

be shown to her own apartments, and the earl conducted her to them.

They were a handsome suite in the drawing-room floor, fitted up with every luxury, and the bride's eyes sparkled with pleasure as she noticed the handsome pictures on the delicately-papered walls, and the other costly adornings of the boudoir.

"Have my boxes been brought up?" she asked, passing into the dressing-room. "Ah, yes, here they are. I ordered them to be sent here just before we went to the church!"

"You will find everything prepared for you, Justina," returned the earl. "I gave directions to have these rooms prepared for you. How do you like my niece?" he added, abruptly.

"I don't like her," answered Justina.

"But you asked her to be your friend!"

"Talk—merely talk!" said the countess, with a low laugh. "I must be friends with her, you know, Egbert, if I hope to carry out your plans for her. That trunk has been unstrapped, I see. Just unlock it, and I'll show you my treasure—the treasure I had once intended to bestow upon you."

Wondering what she meant, the earl took the bunch of keys she handed him, unlocked the trunk, and waited for the promised display.

Justina soon drew out, from a nest of clothing, a square paper-box. With this in her hands, she led the way into the boudoir and summoned the earl to a seat beside her.

"These are the poisons I told you about, Egbert," she said, quietly. "I will explain to you their properties."

Opening the paper-box, she drew out a small square ebony casket, which was bound with clamps of solid gold, and was closed by an intricate lock with heavy gold facings. The casket was a little less than four inches square, and looked as though intended for jewels of great cost.

"Is it not a pretty box?" said the countess. "It has been in our family several generations. But now to arrive at its secrets."

She drew from her bosom a tiny gold key, of peculiar shape, which was attached to her neck by a chain, and with this key she unlocked the box, and after touching a hidden spring or two, the lid flew up, and the interior of the box was revealed.

It contained a tiny mortar and pestle of the finest gold, an exquisite little set of weights, and a variety of bottles, some containing clear liquids as colourless as water, others containing greenish paste-like substances, and still others being filled with white grains that resembled specks of crystal.

"You see what you have escaped, Egbert?" said the Italian, lightly. "This bottle contains a perfume which, if dropped upon a flower, is scarcely perceptible, but yet carries with it certain death. This bottle (and she took up another) produces a state like death—a suspension of the vital powers, while the mind retains all its activity. Some of them are merely drugs, to cause sleep for a greater or less period of time, but the larger portion would cause a sleep from which there would be no awakening—at least, in this world."

The earl shuddered at this information, and at the light tone in which it was conveyed.

Justina noticed his emotion, and resumed:

"My knowledge of these things is due wholly to you, Egbert. Had your love for me continued, had you never deserted me, I should have remained the happy, careless girl you once knew. But my position among my old friends, as something neither wife nor widow, aroused all the bad qualities within me. What I am now, you have made me. I don't reproach you. This hour nearly repays me for all I have suffered."

Her cheek flushed with pride as she caught sight of her reflection in the opposite mirror, and a pleased smile curved her lips.

"I don't like you to have such dangerous toys as these, Justina," said the earl, laying his hand on the casket. "Give them to me."

"No. I will not!" was the reply. "You may yet thank me for preserving them."

The earl was silent for a few moments, and then remarked, with assumed carelessness:

"So the contents of that tiny bottle would kill any one if the odor were but inhaled. Give me that bottle, Justina. I will never use it unless I am driven to it by necessity."

Justina interrupted him by a gesture, and eyed him suspiciously.

"Do you want it for me?" she demanded.

"No," he answered, and his tone convinced her of his sincerity. "But I have an enemy, Justina. I would not kill him save as a last resort. Should I ever need it, I would like to have it."

"Who is this enemy?"

The earl started, grew fairly livid, looked over his shoulder in a nervous manner peculiar to him of late, and then stammered:

"I—I cannot tell you."

"Then you can't have the bottle," she responded promptly. "There should be no secrets between us, Egbert. When the necessity arises, come to me, and I myself will prepare it for the person you desire to remove from your path. I have never yet used one of these drugs, which have cost me much money and time to collect; but I should not hesitate to use them if it were necessary, either for self-defence or self-aggrandizement."

She emphasized her last remark, so that the earl could not fail to understand her.

"Very well, Justina," he said. "If I ever have need to use any of these things, I will ask you for what I want. I hope I shall never have any necessity for them."

Justina smiled at his shuffling, remorseful tone, and locked up her box, concealing the key again in her bosom.

She then restored it to her trunk.

"And now, Egbert," she said, taking off her wreath and veil, "I feel quite at home. I think I will go back to the drawing-room and see Geraldine. I must get acquainted with her, you know."

The earl assented, and conducted her to the drawing-room, where the Lady Geraldine still remained, and after a few words with his niece, retreated to his favourite room—the library.

"The earl tells me, Geraldine," said the Italian, softly, after a little desultory conversation, "that you are going to marry Lord Rosensbury."

"Then he has misinformed your ladyship," said the maiden, as the countess paused. "I shall never marry Lord Rosensbury!"

Her firm tone and decided manner showed the countess that the task she had undertaken would prove to be not light.

"Then you do not love him, I suppose," she said, quietly. "I hope you will marry for love, Geraldine, as I have done! I have waited all these years for Egbert, and have now my reward!"

The maiden could not help wondering that her uncle should be the object of such a devoted love, and she felt a sympathy with her new aunt, and was even tempted to unburden her heart to her.

"No, I do not love him," she replied. "My uncle knows that I not only love another, but that I am promised in marriage. He has refused his consent, but I venture to hope that your ladyship will use your influence with him in my behalf! I do not wish to marry without his approval, but if he continues to refuse it I must do so. I have no right to sacrifice the happiness of two persons to pay the debts or gratify the selfish caprice of any one!"

"Quite right, my dear Geraldine," said Justina, with pretended warmth. "I will use all my influence with your uncle in your behalf, for it's always best to avoid family jars in cases like these. I think I can promise you his consent very soon!"

The Lady Geraldine expressed her delight at this assurance, and the countess resumed:

"By the way, dear, do you maintain a secret correspondence with your lover?"

"No," answered Geraldine, proudly. "There is no necessity to do so. Besides, we returned to town only yesterday, and—Mr. Loraine has probably returned to-day. My correspondence with him will never be secret. No one has a right to prevent my receiving letters from whomsoever I like. Should my uncle forbid my seeing Mr. Loraine, or corresponding with him, he would only precipitate my marriage!"

"You are right again, my dear," remarked the countess. "I am glad to see your spirit. But rest assured that the earl will never venture to interfere with your correspondence. You have a true friend in me, dear Geraldine! I should be most happy to meet Mr. Loraine."

Geraldine was greatly pleased at these observations, and conceived a strong hope that the influence of the countess would be exerted with the earl in her favour, and that she would yet receive his consent to her marriage with Walter.

Justina exerted herself to win the maiden's confidence, pretending the greatest sympathy with her, and finally went to the library, where the earl awaited her, and said:

"Well, I've made a beginning, Egbert. I find that she intends to receive her letters openly. She is so frank and guileless, that the thought has not even occurred to her that they may be intercepted. All that remains to be done is to order all letters to be brought to you. That is the first step to be taken!"

The earl agreed to this, and complimented his wife on her excellent judgment.

The order was soon after given.

As the countess had expected, the following morning brought a message to the Lady Geraldine.

Justina was in the library with the earl when the servant brought in the letters, and as soon as he had disappeared, she singled out the one for Geraldine, and hastily tore it open.

"Justina," exclaimed the earl. "How do you expect to seal that again?"

"I don't expect to do so," she responded. "Your niece will never see it, Egbert. But busy yourself with your own letters. I want to read what this artist-lover says. Something very impassioned, I don't doubt."

But she was doomed to be disappointed in her expectations, Walter reserving his declarations of love for the ears of his betrothed. The note was indeed from Walter, but it simply stated that he had just return to town, and that he should call upon her at four o'clock that day.

"It's not very lover-like," commented Justina. "But I suppose pen and ink wouldn't do justice to his feelings; so he prefers to keep silent. At four o'clock! At that hour the Lady Geraldine must be absent!"

The earl placed implicit reliance upon his wife's powers of scheming, and gave himself up to her guidance.

It was arranged between them that his lordship should take his niece out driving a little before the hour designated in the note.

The Lady Geraldine waited all day in vain in expectation of a line from Walter, and began to fear that he might be ill, her loving heart assuring her that he would write if he had sufficient strength.

She little imagined that he had written, and that his letter had been burned by Justina.

As if fortune favoured the designs of the countess, Lady Rosebury called a little before four o'clock to visit the bride of whom she had already heard and to welcome Geraldine home from the country.

Lady Rosebury had seen too much of the world not to feel a distrust in the Italian, and this distrust increased after a brief conversation with her.

"You look pale, Geraldine," observed Lady Rosebury, after she had begun to fathom the countess. "Get ready and have a drive with me—it's such a delightful day."

The Lady Geraldine gladly accepted the invitation, longing for an opportunity of confiding to her friend the news of her betrothal, and the fact of her great happiness, and she hastened to attire herself for the drive.

Soon after, they departed.

They had been gone but a few minutes when a knock announced another visitor. He was ushered into the deserted drawing-room, and a servant brought the card of Walter Lorraine to the library.

"Come in with me and introduce me, Egbert," said the countess. "You can then leave us together. I can soon destroy his faith in Geraldine!"

The earl gave his arm, and conducted her to the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

**SALE OF A DAUGHTER.**—The proceedings connected with the sale of an English girl of fourteen to the Chief of Bhawta, in India, are of a very gross and shameful character. The girl's parents received the sum of £300, and the girl herself, it is said, was induced to abjure her own faith and turn Mohammedan. The conduct of the British agent is called in question by the *Delhi Gazette*, and certainly if he lent any countenance to the transaction, the Bombay Government would do well to address him sharply on the subject.

**TREES NEAR A HOUSE.**—All trees and shrubs are sanitary agents; they inhale gases noxious to animal life, decompose them, and emit oxygen, the vital air of man and animals. If planted very close and thickly near a house, trees and shrubs sometimes retain too much damp in the soil, otherwise thick belts of conifers, and other trees, afford shelter, and they and all others promote health. Even the upas-tree is a health-promoter, its alleged deadly influence is all romance; we have sat under its shade, gathered its leaves, and handled its bark often. Ivy covering the walls of a house acts most effectually in preserving and keeping them dry.

**MELFORD** may fairly be said to be one of the most picturesque villages in Suffolk, and the Hall is a fine, old mansion situate at the extremity of the extensive village-green on the Burg St. Edmund's side. It is a very short distance from the road, but separated from it by a high wall. It was formerly the seat of Sir Hyde Parker, from whom it passed to its present owner, Sir W. Parker, who, however, has never occupied it, preferring a residence of more modest pretensions in the immediate vicinity. The apartments set apart for the use of the royal guests were a suite of rooms on the north side, embracing the saloon, one of the most beautiful apartments in the mansion. The last sojourn of the House of Brunswick who honoured Melford with his presence was the Duke of York, who visited it about forty years since. The apartment used as a dressing-room by the prince was occupied by Queen Elizabeth in the course of the sixteenth century. In

the long intervening years wonderful have been the changes which have swept over the face of England, but Melford Hall still rears its venerable front, immutable among all surrounding mutations. The park is one of great extent and beauty. A most faithful interest attaches to it just now, as during the present autumn it has been the scene of perhaps the greatest havoc yet committed by the mysterious cattle plague in Suffolk. It was impossible to reproduce all the efforts made by the Melfordians to express their loyal feelings. Some of them even soared into the regions of rhyme, the landlord of the Bull Hotel displaying the following cheering sentiment:—

"Prosperity to the Royal pair,  
Denmark's pride and England's heir."

## VISIONS.

All the dead that ever I knew,  
Going one by one, and two by two.

THE pine-trees that stood gloomily around our home moaned and hissed, and struck their branches fiercely together. The dripping woodbine, torn from its hold by the tempest, along long tendrils sharply against the walls, windows, and doors.

We could not tell whether it was hail, or gravel from the gables-walks, that rattled so against the panes.

The wind whistled and shrieked in the stacks of chimneys, and around the many corners of the house, and sighed and whispered through the long halls and corridors.

It was a dismal nightfall after a hot midsummer day.

Sylvia, my twin sister, sat erect on a *tabouret*, and stared into the flickering wood fire which I had ordered in the hope that it would give the gloomy old chamber a more cheerful aspect. On the contrary, it made the place look bewitched. Long, grotesque shadows danced and capered on the walls with soundless laughter; fingers pointed at, and skeleton hands made, clutched towards, Sylvia and me. In the starting light and shade, the furniture seemed to move of itself.

It was so lone some in the great, old crumbling house—with the clock in the very farthest corner of it, the gardener nearly half a mile away in his cottage, and only Norah with us girls—that I felt nervous and frightened.

As to Norah, she only made things worse.

An old Irish woman, who had been mamma's nurse when she was little, and who was full of superstitions, there she sat, rocking herself to and fro, slowly wringing her hands, with indistinct mutterings.

The wide cap-border hung low over her withered old face, and her small form was half-buried in the deep chair.

I crept nearer my sister, who reached for my hand, laid it on her knee without looking at me, and then folded her own again, still staring into the fire. Sylvia knew what I wanted, and I did feel better when I touched her.

Then I sat and wished mamma would stay at home with us more. To be sure, she was so pretty that I did not wonder she preferred a gay life; and as to our going with her, Sylvia said that two tall girls sixteen years old would be a great disadvantage to mamma in society.

She was only thirty-three, and was too young to sink into a *chaperone*. Besides, she had just got out of her year's mourning for poor papa, and was glad to get rid of home for a time. I say "poor papa" not because he is dead, but because I am afraid mamma married him rather to please her friends, and because he was rich, than because she loved him, and after a while he took to drinking, and wasn't much comfort to himself or any one else.

He stayed at home with Sylvia and me, and was almost always quiet and silent; though twice he frightened us all—once when he found in the private drawer of mamma's *escritoire* a lovely miniature of a young man of not more than twenty years old; the other time when Mr. Lancy, the artist, came out to paint Sylvia's and my portraits.

I remember the first time he stamped the picture under his feet, and swore terribly, while mamma stood scornfully erect, and looked at him with her cold, blue eyes without saying a word, then swept laughingly out of the room.

The time Mr. Lancy came, papa flew into just such another passion.

He knew our portraits were being painted, but never minded, nor asked questions; but when he came into the room where we sat, and saw the handsome artist just placing his easel before us, he stood fixed a moment, then sprang forward, and caught him by the throat.

Mamma threw herself between them, and I suppose it was because she was frightened, and didn't know what she was about, so that, when papa aimed a blow

at him, it struck her arm, and broke a wide garnet bracelet she wore, and made the blood run down her dress.

When papa saw what he had done, the red faded out of his face, and he turned and staggered out of the room like a drunken man; but I don't think he was drunk.

I shall never forget how Mr. Lancy looked, when mamma drew back from him, looking very white. He smiled at mamma, and bowing to us, went slowly out of the room, and out of the house.

Mamma never spoke to nor looked at papa again until a month or two after, when he lay dying of *delirium tremens*. She came in, and knelt beside his bed, and tried to coax and quiet his ravings. But he did not know her, and died very soon after.

Then there was the year of mourning, during which mamma staid with us nearly all the time, and was very kind and gentle. Then she went away to the seaside for a few weeks, which had not yet expired.

And, all the while I have been telling these by-gones, the wild storm was raging and tearing, and Norah sat muttering like some old witch, and Sylvia stared into the fire.

The tempest paused a moment, then the whole house trembled with it, and a chorus of shrieks seemed to eddy round the walls. I buried my face in Sylvia's lap.

"Ugh! the blast!" came in a guttural undertone from Norah. The next instant she covered down with a screen as a rattling knock came at the door.

"Come in," called out Sylvia. "Don't be so foolish, Norah!"

The door opened, and Jane came in, bringing our supper on a tray. Nothing could startle Jane out of her routine. If she had been flying from a burglar, I believe that she would not have entered our room without permission.

The faithful creature soon gave the room quite another appearance. She drew the curtains of bright chintz across the windows, threw two or three more sticks on the fire, placed a small table with our supper on it directly before the fire and between two chintz-covered chairs, lighted two wax-candles in the bronze candelabra on the high mantelpiece, and placed a third in a silver candlestick with crystal clinking pendules on our table. Then she said:

"Young ladies, your supper is ready."

The ghosts had all fled. "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?" laughed Sylvia, looking at me.

"Norah, your supper is ready downstairs," pursued our mother-of-fact good fairy. "I'll wait on the young ladies."

"The saints forbid! I'd go prancing through the house such a night as this!" cried Norah. "And it the Eve of St. Mark's!"

"Let Norah stay, Jane," said Sylvia; "and she shall have some of our supper. She is afraid of her own shadow. You're not frightened, are you, Jane?"

Jane gave us near a laugh as she considered to be respectful to her young mistresses. "The doors and windows are locked and barred against robbers, mice; and if ghosts come, I reckon they'll find me a match for 'em."

Sylvia, who always took the lead, dismissed Janet and invited Norah to take a chair at our table, but the old woman utterly refused.

Take a chair at our table indeed! She hoped she knew her place better than that! But she consented to take a slice of toast and a cup of chocolate, which she retired with into a back corner of the room.

"Norah," I said, when she had again joined our circle, "what is it about the Eve of St. Mark's?"

The old woman shook her head mysteriously.

"But I want to know," I persisted.

"Ah, whisht, whisht, Miss Millicent!" she whis-

pered, glancing fearfully around.

"If you don't tell, Norah, we'll go out of the room, and leave you alone," I said.

The threat was too much for Norah's courage. She glanced around again, and then bent across the hearth with her face close to ours.

"Whisht, now! Did ye not know, childer, that the ghosts of all the dead that will die this year to come make up a procession and march through the streets and into the church to-night? And whoever watches all night in the church-porch will see 'em, and perhaps see their own ghost too."

"That is perfectly credible!" remarked my sister, curling her short upper lip. "Indeed, it is quite probable!"

But she shivered a little nevertheless.

We had both an overplus of imagination, and our solitary life had rendered us doubly susceptible to such impressions.

"Thras for ye," said Norah, nodding her head sagely. "An' now I'll tell ye what my mother seen in Ireland. My mother, Heaven rest her soul! was nurse to the old Countess of Lansmere, and took care of the marriage that now is, and was confidential



servant about among the ladies. And many a thing she knew that wouldn't do to let out, and many a shilling—ay, and pound—of hard-money she got from the great folks that used to visit there. Well, among them who came often was the Lady Alice Manners, a great heiress, and a second cousin to the marquis; and Mr. Clive Benares, who had one chance in five, and that the last one, of being Duke of Conway, and who was a wild, handsome fellow, without a penny to bless himself with. Well, the young folks used to have some frolics, which they kept from the marquis and marchioness; and when the Eve of St. Mark's came one year, four or five of 'em went out to watch in the little porch of the church near the hall. But the night grew wild, and they all got tired and went in, my mother letting 'em in the study-window so nobody should know, all but Mr. Clive Benares, who held out, and never came in till three o'clock in the morning. And he came in all white and wet, and shivering, and made my mother get him some brandy before he would tell her anything. After this, he made my mother promise not to tell, and he said he had seen the Lady Alice Manners, all in white, walk up into the church, and that the door opened before her and shut after her with never a sound.

"Well, my mother grieved; for she loved the Lady Alice; but she grew angry, as did the others, when Mr. Benares began to court her idly. The marquis and they all tried to prevent it, for the Lady Alice was full ten years older than he; and everybody knew that he was a wild fellow, and wanted her money, and my mother knew that he married her because she was going to die. And die she did, childer, within the year, but not before her husband had broken her heart with his neglect, and his making much of other women before her face. And her baby died with her; and the wicked man heired all her property, and after a while he was Duke of Conway; for sometimes the wicked prosper. And he always gave my mother ten pounds a year as long as she lived—the Lord have mercy on her!—to keep her mouth quiet about what she had seen in the church-porch the Eve of St. Mark's."

When Norah had finished her story, we sat in silence for a time, listening to the subsiding storm; then Sylvia abruptly proposed going to bed.

Norah had always slept in a little room next ours, and had been in the habit of leaving the connecting door open till after she had said her prayers.

On this night I noticed that Sylvia seemed in a great hurry to get the door shut, and that she did not begin to undress.

"Now, Millicent," she whispered, when at length we were alone, "I am going to watch in the church-porch."

"Sylvia!"

"You needn't go if you're afraid," she continued, her delicate, dark face looking bright with excitement. "Of course it is all nonsense; but the storm is almost over, and I want some change from this dulness, if it's only a pair of wet feet and a cold in my head. You're going, too? Well, here's your waterproof mantle, and we can steal out the library window, so that no one may know. It's great fun. I feel bewitched!"

The storm had suddenly sunk to a perfect silence; and as we stepped out on the drenched earth, the clouds were melting away from the south, where a few large stars shone brilliantly.

The dark mist sank slowly to the horizon all round, as though a tent opened and flung evenly from its peak, and the full moon poured its flood of pale radiance over everything.

Large drops fell on us from the trees as we stole silently under them, and we heard the soft clatter of mimic showers as we swept the shrubs in passing.

A faint, faint murmur from a distant waterfall reached us through the night, and a still fainter murmur from the yet more distant sea, and over all was the wide and melancholy moonlight.

Ten minutes of rapid walking brought us to the great gate on the public road. We sprang over the stile, crossed the road, and plunged into a narrower way that opened, I might almost say closed, on the other side.

It was so overhung by elms and tangled vines, and shut in by dense shrubs and horse-chestnuts, that the moonlight could scarce send a shaft in; and where it did, it was shivered to fragments on shimmering foliage that crept to the grassy road that was just cut by two wheel-tracks to the amber-coloured soil, or the light broke and danced on a full rivulet that gurgled along the roadside.

After a few rods, the way opened, two avenues left the road, one at either side, curved out, and came back to the road again at about a furlong distant.

In the midst of the green half-circle thus made at the right stood the parsonage, half veiled in trees; and from good old Dr. Thornton's study-window a long ray of brightness reached out into the moist, still midnight.

There was no glimpse of a building at the left; but, turning into the avenue, its curve brought us in front of the pretty stone church that stood there withdrawn, covered with ivy, and looking like a picture in the moonlight.

This church stood in the half-circle, with its back towards the road, and its face towards the west; and here and there among the trees around it shone a white tablet or monument.

"Ghosts or no ghosts, this is worth coming to see," said Sylvia, passing under the shadow of a dark, low-growing hemlock on the south side of the entrance. "Let us sit here a little while. I know that the porch is the orthodox place, but the view of that is too lovely to lose. Besides, if any ghosts do come up, we can see them from here with the moon in their faces."

"I never noticed, before how deep the porch is," I said. "It is quite black inside, and looks as though the door were open."

"Perhaps the dead sexton has opened it for the procession," Sylvia said.

Then we sat in silence, and looked from out our shadow on that fair scene that seemed to swim in the rich, pale light, till suddenly our loosely touching hands grasped each other tightly.

There was a faint rustling sound, like a breeze sweeping over dry leaves, then silence again. There was something awful in the wild, low sound. It seemed to sweep over us with a scornful wave, drowning our puny beliefs and unbeliefs.

What knew we of the mysteries of this world, or of the other? How dared we set our presumptuous limits to the possible?

As we crouched there in that scented shadow, and heard all the strange, fine, soft noises that go to make up silence, it seemed as though we listened to broader than earth-influences at work.

We trembled, and clung closer, and waited, nor waited long.

A long shivering sigh stirred all the trees, then a tall form came slowly around the northwest corner of the church, and noiselessly approached the portico.

Chilled with awe, we bent forward, and looked on the mild face and white-flowing hair of dear old Dr. Thornton.

He moved solemnly on without pausing, his eyes cast down, and slowly ascending the steps, disappeared in the darkness of the portal.

There had been no frown nor terror on that pure venerable face; but the peace of an angel seemed to light it with heavenly radiance. As he disappeared, another faint sound drew our eyes down the turn from the avenue.

A boyish, graceful form was coming; the head uncovered, the white brow and steady shining eyes uplifted to catch the light that lay on them in a pale flame, the lips parted with a rapture too deep for smiling.

The beautiful, beautiful face! It was the same that my father had trampled under his feet years before.

I almost moaned aloud; for the fragments of that broken miniature had been preserved by me as a precious treasure, and by studying them I had grown to look upon the face as a prophecy rather than a past reality.

As I watched him, oblivious of everything else, Sylvia's breath grew sharp in my ear, and her small fingers crushed mine.

Two other figures were coming slowly, slowly out into the moonlight. "Oh, mamma!" I should have cried out, but a momentary faintness prevented me.

Then I grew numb and cold as I saw them nearer, my beautiful mother and Mr. Lancy, arm-in-arm, pale as marble, and as still, but for that gliding towards the church; he looking down, she looking up, gazing into each other's eyes with that faint smile, so strange, so sweet, that I had seen once before.

A white drapery wrapped her from head to foot; and around his forehead, bent towards her, the loose, rich hair dropped in heavy locks.

They moved slowly on, glancing neither up nor down, right nor left, but with that intent gaze into each other's eyes, disappeared after the others, within the church portico.

"Come home," said Sylvia, hoarsely.

We fled down the avenue and home without a word; but as we reached the greensward under the windows, without a word or a sigh, Sylvia fell forward on the ground insensible.

I had no strength to call for help, indeed I did not think of doing so. I only sank beside her, and sweeping handfuls of raindrops from the wet grass and the yet dripping honeysuckle, poured them over her pallid face.

A faint moan, a convulsive shudder, then she opened her eyes.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" she cried, starting up wildly.

"We had better get in, Sylvia," I said.

She looked at me an instant, comprehended, then, with an effort, rose and went in, leaning on my arm.

"It is clear," she said, drawing her brows as we sat together afterwards, unable to compose ourselves to sleep. "Mamma is at the seaside, fifty miles off, and Cousin Sue wrote that Mr. Lancy was to take the steamer last week for the West Indies to look after an inheritance there. The other must mean Mr. Lancy's son; they say he has one, only twenty years younger than himself. Oh, mamma!"

The next week mamma came home from the seaside; but she was little like the cold and stately lady we had known.

She was nervous and changeful, with sudden starts and flushes at the merest trifles—like a word, a ring of the bell, or the coming of the postman.

Mamma and Sylvia had always been on the very coldest terms, because Sylvia had seemed to take poor papa's part with her eyes, if she said nothing; but presently mamma began to notice how the girl lunged about, and gazed at and waited on her.

Sylvia would bring her the loveliest flowers, and run to pick up her handkerchief or glove if she dropped them, turning away with a quivering lip; if she got a kind word or look; and by-and-by she ventured in after mamma had gone to bed, and gave a good-night kiss to the white jewelled hand that lay out on the counterpane.

For mamma had an odd way of lying down to sleep half-dressed, if she had been out in the evening, or had received callers, without removing her jewels.

One night late in the autumn, mamma came home from a party, and after awhile Sylvia came and called me in to look at her.

She lay only half-undressed, the flowers still in her fair, silky hair, the white arms that were thrown up over her head still bound with deep-hued garnets set in rims of tiny brilliants, and the wide necklace of the same jewels sparkling on her beautiful bosom.

One little foot was still cased in its satin slipper; but the other was unlaced, and showed like flushed ivory through the transparent silken stocking.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" whispered Sylvia, smiling with tears in her eyes.

And at that instant mamma opened her eyes, and saw Sylvia standing with the candle in her hand, and me leaning and looking over her shoulder.

"Why, children, what is the matter?" she asked, shading her eyes from the light with her hand.

"I am very sorry we woke you, mamma," Sylvia said; "but we couldn't help looking at you, you are so beautiful!"

Mamma laughed at that, and rose to finish undressing.

"Since you have come, you shall wait on me," she said. "I will have you now for *femmes de chambre*. Millicent may take off my necklace and flowers, and unbind my hair, and Sylvia may unlace my slipper. The cord is knotted, and I fell asleep while trying to untangle it."

We joyfully obeyed, and mamma sat in the midst of her bed like a moonlight Cleopatra, while we played Iris and Charnion.

I had never known her so sweet. I think she was touched at finding us there.

"I wonder if I made any prettier picture than my little maidens did," she said. "They stood there like some lovely marble group in their white night-dresses and flowing hair, Sylvia holding her lamp, and Millicent just bending to her shoulder. You are a little taller, Milly, and your hair quite wraps you."

Then she drew the rings from those taper fingers, all but a wide gold band on the marriage finger. Then mamma checked her, for she always wore her wedding-ring now since papa died, though she often left it off before. I think she seemed to pity him now he was dead.

I twisted the long hair into one broad braid around her head, and Sylvia kissed every dimple in the hands, not laughing, but with fervid passion; then there was nothing for us to do but to go to bed.

But mamma put her arms up, and drew both our heads down to her bosom, as she never did before, and held them close a moment.

"My dear girls must forgive me if I haven't been very loving towards them," she said, with emotion. "I know I was wrong, but I was unhappy too. It is time you should know all—that is, all I can tell now. Do you want to hear my story, children?"

Sylvia only answered by clinging closer to the arm that surrounded her; but I rose to shade the lamp, then came back, and taking mamma's head in my arms, kissed her forehead, and bade her go on.

"You must have been curious about many things," she began; "and you have shown great delicacy in not asking questions. Now I will tell you what you have a right to know."

"When I was but fifteen years old, I first met the man whom I have loved all my life, and shall love till I die; for he is not like a separate being, but is as a part of myself."

"He was but twenty when I first saw him, but had already been married—a foolish marriage with a pretty, imprudent girl, a marriage into which he had been driven.

"She lived but a few months after their marriage, and died leaving him an infant son. She had been six months dead when I met him.

"My friends soon saw that we attracted each other, and did everything to separate us. They represented him to be dissipated and unprincipled, and seeking my money only; for he was almost poor, though of excellent family, and was to be an artist.

"They succeeded in keeping us apart; and though we looked, we never dared seek an interview, for we had never spoken of love, and were not sure of each other. After a while they took me away to England. I was almost wild when I knew we were going, and tried to let Julian know without seeming to him to mean it. If I had been sure of his love, I would have flown to him then; but since I was not, I had to submit.

"I shall never forget the moment when the steamer left the quay. I leaned over the railing, and eagerly searched the crowd; and, as I looked, he broke through it, and came to the water's edge as though he would jump in. If he had, I should have sprung to him there. I waved my handkerchief, and he saw me. There was one look of unutterable love, then the steamer turned and hid him from my sight, and I fell fainting on the deck.

"We travelled through the British Islands and Southern Europe, and when we reached Florence, met some friends from home, among them your father.

"The first piece of news they told us was that Julian had married again, a lady older than himself, and very rich. Nobody doubted that he could win such, for he was almost too beautiful, and had a grace and fascination of manner which few others possessed.

"I cannot tell you what I suffered. I did not blame Julian, for I thought he believed that I had deserted him; so I had no anger to hold me up. I was completely broken, and ready to consent to anything. They married me to your father, who had asked for me before, but whom I had refused.

"Children, that story of my love's marriage was false. I have sometimes thought that your father originated it: he certainly knew it was false before I married him. He is dead and gone, children—your poor father; and I would spare him if I could thus set myself right with you; but do you think I could ever love him? God forgive me! I believe I sometimes hated him. And yet he was not a bad nor an unprincipled man; but he was weak, and loved me so much that he would do anything to get me. Well, he got me; but I didn't make him happy, poor Charles! I have told you that he knew the story of Julian's marriage was false; but I did not know it till after you were born, and we came back to Ireland. We were just stepping from the steamer, your father and I following the nurses who carried you, my little Roman-born twins, when a face caught my glance in the crowd. He was looking directly at me, with such a pale, reproachful face, that I staggered, struck by an undefined fear, and clung to your father's arm. I dared not look again; but when I was left alone a moment in the carriage, he came and leaned in at the window.

"*"Did there need words to bind you to me?"* he said, passionately.

"And when I took my hands away from my face he was gone. And at that moment I knew surely that he had been true to me. It was that very night that I charged your father with deception, and he did not deny it.

"Knowing that I would never love him, he sought consolation in wine. You know how it was after awhile; but you cannot know how I suffered, because you do not know what it is to love entirely. I used to meet Julian sometimes in society, for he was successful and honoured. But we always treated each other with cold formality, though your father, in his mad jealousy, sometimes pretended to think otherwise.

"But he did not think it. Only once I betrayed myself. I invited Julian here, for I did not want him to dream that I was insulted by such suspicions.

"Your father would have killed him, I believe; and in the terror of the moment, I betrayed myself. But he was the soul of honour; and though one look spoke his love, he turned away without a word, and I never saw him again till three months after your father died.

"Now, you know, my children, what a bitter disappointment my life has been, and can, perhaps, understand better why I have been so cold to you. I used to feel that you heard some of your father's reproaches, and that though you were silent, you believed me to have been guilty of some wrong. Besides, though I could not love him, I sometimes pitied him, and was willing you should be what comfort you could to him.

"Still, I often longed for you myself, to feel your cool childish hands on my burning head, and to hear words of love from you which I could hear from no one else. But I could not sue for the love and respect of my own children, and so I shut this want inside my own heart as I had many others; but it made me prouder and colder."

"Dear mamma," said Sylvia, softly, "you may be sure that we love you dearly; though we must still love and pity poor papa. I don't wonder that his love for you drove everything else out of his mind. I should think that any man might adore you."

"It is right you should be tender of your father's memory," was the gentle answer. "And, now that this explanation has been made, I do not wish that he should ever again be spoken of with blame. But, my children, since you know how lonely my life has been so far, how it has missed its chief joy, do you think that I have a right to be happy at last? Julian has been away on business since last summer; but he will return soon. Will you be displeased if your mother shares her heart and home with him, her first and only love?"

Mamma could hardly understand the sadness of our good wishes; but she could not fail to perceive their tenderness and sincerity, and kissed us with a loving thankfulness as she sent us to bed.

I lingered after Sylvia a moment.

"Mamma," I whispered, "you said that we did not know what it is to love entirely. I do."

She started up, and clasped my hand.

"Millicent! whom?"

"I do not know his name, mamma; and I do not expect ever to see him again."

"You are my own child," she said, drawing me close to her. "I know that you had not those clear eyes for nothing. But what is he like, dear?"

"He is a perfect *fac-simile* of that miniature that papa crushed under his feet years ago."

Mamma looked steadily into my eyes, flushing all over her face.

"Where did you ever see him?"

"Once, for only a moment, mamma; and I'd rather not tell you more now."

"Well, darling, good-night then."

She drew me down for another kiss; not on cheek or brow this time, but, pressed on my lips with tender passion.

And from that time there was joyful confidence between mother and her daughters.

When it grew later in the season, she took a furnished house in town for the rest of the winter, and took us into society with her.

We attracted a good deal of attention, for we were new, and everywhere we were taken for three sisters. Among others, artists were always hovering about us, and teasing; and at length we were painted by one of the best, just because we were tired of saying "No" to him.

He made us stand, mamma in the centre, and one of us on either side, grouped like the Three Graces, which was the name everybody gave us. We were all draped in white, with our hair filleted, and no ornament, except that the artist put in a white convoluted vine running and twisting and twining us all together, with deep purple chalcids lying against the white folds of our robes, and hanging beside Sylvia's clear, pale cheek, and dropping with my black hair that was bursting from the fillet, and one venturesome blossom whose tented purple was just half opened to show the morning inside it, climbing behind mamma's shoulder, and creeping to her white neck where it lay half hidden by a little stray curl of pale brown hair.

The artist persuaded us to let him exhibit this picture; and such crowds came to see it, and we were so stared at wherever we went, that we got quite ashamed, and were not sorry to get into the country when spring came. Somebody wrote us that our picture was hung beside a lithograph of the Laocöon; the two contrasting like heaven and hades, their writhing serpents mimicked by our wreathing flowers.

Well, our house became very gay as spring advanced, people coming out from town, or riding in from other country residences. But I think mamma would rather have been quieter. As the time for Mr. Lancy's return approached, she grew very uneasy. She watched the storms, and read all the shipping news, and was often up wandering about the house at night.

As for Sylvia and me, we were in a sort of torment. One day we would scent the whole of that night's experience, talk of optical illusions, fancy that we fell asleep under the hemlock shade, and dreamed; and the next we would fall again under the visionary spell, and without actually believing, would tremble at the thought that mamma might die.

Besides, the year was drawing to a close, and all would soon be decided.

Then, in the midst of May, a dreadful blow came; for old Dr. Thornton sickened and died very

suddenly. Sylvia grew white, and looked at me, when we heard it.

"He was the first of the procession," she whispered then went and knelt by mamma, who was weeping, looking up into her face with such a look, that mamma exclaimed, and asked her what was the matter.

"I was thinking suppose we should lose you, too," said Sylvia, faintly.

"Why, child!" mamma cried, startled. "What should make you say that? I cannot die till Julian comes!—not till he comes!" and she stretched out her fair hands towards the distant sea, and raised her weeping eyes with such longing passion, that it seemed her soul would stretch itself out of the body to reach him.

A sudden change came over her face, a startled flash, a rose-red all over cheek and brow, a light flashing through the tears; then, as a step sounded on the threshold, she pushed us from her, and sprang forward with a glad cry.

"My husband! Julian!" And there was Mr. Lancy, handsomer than ever, his eyes all alight with eager joy, his arms outstretched to receive her.

I drew Sylvia quickly from the room, and stopped not till we reached a little rose-arbour in the garden. Then we looked at each other a moment, and first we laughed, and then we cried, and then we laughed again.

"Why didn't we think of it before?" cried Sylvia.

And by-and-by mamma came out looking like a rose, and held out her hands to us in a timid way as though afraid we might be angry.

But we were too glad for that, and only made her laughing carters, and congratulating her as "Mrs. Lancy."

"I couldn't help it, children," she said, with a pathetic look—the beautiful culprit! "He was going away so far, and for so long, and we had already been separated so. We didn't care about the *décal* of a public marriage just then, so were married privately the night before he went away. It was hastily decided on, and I hadn't time to tell you; and besides that, I didn't then know how you would take it. We had only one witness."

"There you mistake, mamma," said I. "You had three."

"What do you mean, Millicent?"

"Why, Sylvia and I were there."

"Nonsense, child. It was just after a dreadful tempest. We came out to Dr. Thornton's early in the evening, but were obliged to wait, for I was determined not to be married anywhere but in church. We had only young Julian with us. It was so beautiful, girls—you have no idea of it. Such a moonlight after the rain; such—"

"Yes," I interrupted; "and you and Mr. Lancy went up to the church-porch arm in arm with the moon in your faces, and just before you was Julian, and before him was poor Dr. Thornton. And you and Mr. Lancy were just looking into each other's eyes, and seeing nothing else; and Julian was gazing up into the skies, and Dr. Thornton was looking down to the ground. It was about twelve o'clock a night on the Eve of St. Mark's."

"What does she mean?" cried mamma, half frightened.

Then Sylvia told her all, and how unhappy we had been, and what fancies we had had.

Then we went in to see Mr. Lancy, who kissed our hands, and hoped we should be good friends; and mamma told him what we had been telling her. They both took it quite seriously, and seemed to find something to reproach themselves for in the thought that we poor children were out in the shadow trembling with grief and fear, while they were so happy.

The next week Julian Lancy came out to visit us. He was to be an artist, like his father; and he was always sketching and dreaming about. Sometimes I used to think that he didn't see us or think of us at all. But it gave me the opportunity to look at him, who was a handsomer picture than he could paint.

They say that the course of true love never runs smooth; but there must be exceptions to that as well as to other rules, for all that long summer was a sweet blossom which one morning bore for me a rare fruit.

I went out that morning early and alone, and took a fancy to go over to the church to see the birds that always gathered about there in clouds in the morning. As I came out in front of the church, holding my white wrapper up out of the dew, who should be sitting under the portico but Julian Lancy. I stopped, flushing; but he smiled, and held his hands out towards me without rising. So I went on, but presently grew a little perverse, and turned aside to stand under the old hemlock-tree I remembered so well. Julian, laughing, came down, took me by the hand, and led me to a seat beside him in the portico.

"It is the first time I have led you up the church-steps, but it will not be the last," he said. "And then



I shall make you the glory of all my pictures. I shall let down your long hair, and paint you for Godiva; and I shall bind it in a circlet, and arm you for an Amazon; and I shall hide it under a blue mantle, and set you praying for a Madonna; and I shall tangle it over your eyes, and call you a witch; and through and under all these disguises you will be always my love, my darling!"

And he clasped his arm about me, and bent and pressed my glowing lips to his.

M. C. W.

## WATAWA.

### CHAPTER I.

A WILDERNESS IN KENTUCKY—THE WHITE CANOE AND THE TERRIBLE VOYAGER—THE DEAD INDIAN MAIDEN—A STARTLING MYSTERY.

THE central region of Kentucky, traversed by a great river, covered by immense forests, and diversified by plains and mountains, presented to the eye of the observer, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, one of those majestic solitudes which only the Western Continent can exhibit.

It was grand and magnificent.

A portion of this vast territory had indeed ceased to be a "dark and warlike ground," in the popular sense of that term, for the pioneers had advanced into the interior of the State, following closely on the heels of the retreating red man, and had dotted the great forests with innumerable clearings and cabins.

But there were nevertheless in Kentucky at that time thousands of square miles of wilderness which were still disputed between the white man and the savage, and which were incessantly the theatre of those stirring scenes which belong to such a struggle.

It is to the border of one of these immense wildernesses that we beg leave to conduct the reader.

The time was the afternoon of a summer day during that memorable period of pioneering and border war to which reference has been made.

In the midst of a sinister solitude, where cliff rose above cliff and chasm alternated with chasm, there was a deep and rapid torrent, whose floods leaped from descent to descent down a long and narrow gorge, so shaded by immense pines that only a noonday sun had ever shown into its profound abysses.

This mountain torrent, like the mighty river into which it fell, was in the midst of rare but lonely beauty, shaded by trees in full verdure, and bordered by blooming vines and flowers.

The silence in the vicinity, however, was broken only by the murmurs of the falling waters. There were no birds fluttering from bough to bough in those dim recesses—no insects chirping on the ground and among the bushes.

Perhaps a toad or a water-snake could have been seen among the rocks and caverns in the depths of the gorge, but nothing more.

Yet look again.

All at once, and as silently as a phantom, a canoe appeared under the intermingled branches shading the top of the cataract, and swept forward into the rapids—most strange craft. It was snowy white, small and delicate, not more than three yards in length, with rounded and upturned extremities, and appeared to be formed of a species of bark, put together in pieces, and displaying irregular seams.

Whatever its material, the little craft was remarkably buoyant, and seemed to spin the water beneath it, as it sped like an arrow down the torrent.

But stranger than the canoe itself was the solitary individual crouching in the rear end of it, and guiding its course with a paddle.

He was an Indian of Herculean proportions, tall and robust, with a compact frame, which was still in its prime, and which appeared as indicative of agility as of strength.

His visage was bony and angular, but not without pretensions to good looks; if judged by the rude standards of his people, and it was assuredly a mirror of more shrewdness and intelligence than ordinary falls to the lot of the savage.

His expression was grave, and even gloomy and repulsive.

His eyes were keen and searching, and had that direct gaze which reveals an indomitable spirit.

His hair, which fell in long and shining masses upon his shoulders, was neatly combed and arranged, and the fact announced, perhaps, that he was not unconscious of the advantages he possessed in his personal attractions over his fellows.

He was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, which was slung across his shoulders, and with a stout hunting-knife and a tomahawk, which were stuck in a belt at his waist, and gave a terrible flush to his appearance.

Strange and sinister being!

He was Watawa, the Son of the Cataract, the Great

Eagle, &c., the famous chief of the Indian tribes of Kentucky, and their head and oracle.

He wore, in addition to the usual moccasins and leggings, a sort of tunic, bound with buckskin and beaded, which reached nearly to his knees.

His head-dress of feathers and savage finery was worn with a jaunty grace, and his whole bearing was dignified and commanding.

But the most striking article of his garb—a display truly horrible—was a loose robe thrown around him, which was composed of human scalps.

Sewed upon a groundwork of coarse cloth, and forming ghastly contrasts with one another, were the curly and flaxen locks of children, the grey hairs of old men, and the long and silken tresses of beautiful maidens.

Nothing can be imagined more terrible than the aspect this robe gave to its wearer.

It revealed him in all the repulsiveness of his nature, as a sworn foe and destroyer of the white race, and as a terrible demon of the wilderness.

Like an arrow, as we have said, the white canoe shot into the rapids.

There were rocks on each side of the route, all several deviations from a direct line were necessary to avoid them, but the strong-armed voyager did not seem to have any difficulty in securing these results, although it appeared every instant as if the frail craft would be swallowed up in the cataract or dashed in pieces.

With a dash and a plunge, therefore, the strange savage remaining self-possessed and impassible, the canoe reached the bottom of the torrent, where it joined the river.

Availing himself of the impetus retained by his craft, the Indian guided it ashore, on the little point of land to the left of the gorge.

Here he landed, and lifting the canoe from the water as if it had been a feather, he concealed it in the adjacent bushes.

He then remained motionless a moment, keeping in concealment, and watched and listened.

The expression of his visage showed that he had sought this place with an object, and that he expected a manifestation of some kind or other.

He had not long to wait.

A melancholy chant was heard, and half a dozen canoes, containing fifteen or twenty savages, male and female, came into view a short distance up the river, and slowly approached the place of his concealment.

The warriors of the party sat rigidly erect, all armed and in war-paint, but the squaws displayed every appearance of grief and distress, beating their breasts, tearing their dishevelled hair, and continuing their doleful chants.

The cause of this conduct was at once apparent.

In the centre of the foremost canoe was the corpse of a young and beautiful Indian girl, wrapped in a white robe, and lying in a cradle, or coffin—it would have been hard to decide which—hollowed out of a log.

The party composed a funeral procession.

In a few minutes, it approached a deep dell at the foot of the torrent, the savages landed, and the body of the dead maiden was borne to the dell on the shoulders of two of the squaws, followed by their companions.

In this dell, a small open space lying in eternal gloom, on account of the rocks and trees towering above it, there was a rude platform of poles raised upon four crooked stakes, and twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. The bark was hanging in tatters from these poles, and the whole structure had a rickety and dilapidated appearance, as if several years had passed since its erection.

The procession halted at the foot of the platform, which was about ten feet square, and a final ceremony was enacted over the lifeless remains, the mourners placing flowers in the hair and on the breast of their lost one, and uttering their last farewells with much tenderness and feeling.

The squaws then proceeded to cover the body with bark and skins, enveloping coffin and all with much care, and binding up the lifeless remains with a network of thongs and twigs, all knitted securely together.

This task finished, the body was raised to the platform by several of the squaws, and left to its eternal rest, according to a custom frequently but not generally employed by this people.

Another moment, and the savages had retired to the canoes in silence, and were on their way up the river, in the direction from which they had come.

The concealed Indian looked after them until they had vanished around a bend, and then he hurried to the dell and mounted the platform.

With his knife and tomahawk, he speedily unbound and released the body of the dead Indian girl, and earnestly surveyed the still features.

They were quite white and fair; sufficiently so to

suggest that she had been the daughter of a white woman carried into captivity among the Indians in childhood. She had evidently been dead but a few hours.

The strange Indian seemed to make a mental comparison between the features and form before him and some corresponding features and form he had in his mind.

This comparison appeared to be satisfactory to him, for his grim features relaxed in a smile.

Carefully removing the body to the ground, he proceeded to collect some stones, leaves, and bushes to put into the empty coffin, and ere long had left everything on the platform, as far as outward appearances were concerned, exactly as he had found it. His next step was to launch his canoe and place the body in it, and another minute saw him rowing briskly down the river.

His manner was crafty and triumphant as he looked back towards the dell.

He knew that the superstitious savages would never pay any further attention to the empty coffin, and that the absence of the dead maiden would never become known to them.

Keeping near the shore, he passed under the long branches of the trees overhanging the water, in such a manner that his voyage was quite secret.

For at least an hour he continued to descend the river, rowing and drifting, with an occasional pause to look out for dangers.

At length, as he approached one of those islands so common in the great western rivers, he paddled the canoe close to the river-shore, placing it under the shadow of some dense branches overhanging the water.

Here, seizing one of the branches to keep the canoe stationary, he fixed his gaze upon the island in question, and continued to regard it with an earnestness which showed that it was in some way connected with his expedition, with the dead Indian girl, and with his projects.

### CHAPTER II.

ROBERT HALE, THE YOUNG PIONEER, AND HIS HIRED MAN—ANOTHER MYSTERY—STRONG ABE, THE SCOUT—THE SAVAGES ON THE WAR-PATH—AT BAY!

WITHIN a few miles of the localities we have described, two men were riding across an open plain, which had many of the features of a prairie, and proceeding towards the wilderness from the direction of the neighbouring settlements.

The most striking of the two was a young man of about twenty-three years, with a handsome and well-knit form, with a countenance that was equally indicative of a wise head and good heart, and with a frank and honest regard, full of manliness and feeling.

He was well armed and well mounted, his arms including a rifle, and supplied with saddle-bags filled with provisions.

He was Robert Hale, who had come to Kentucky with the intention of settling there permanently.

His father had formerly been wealthy, but he had lost it all in some unfortunate investments two years previous to the date of our story, and had removed to the wilds of Kentucky, where he and his wife had soon after died, leaving an only daughter and a small property.

Robert, who had remained behind the family, at the time of its emigration, being at college, had never been west until the present occasion, an uncle having continued his education.

The illness of the parents had been sudden, and mail communications so uncertain and irregular, that the letter announcing their sickness arrived in company with another announcing their death, and a journey to Kentucky was then such a slow and difficult undertaking that it had not been possible for him to attend their funeral.

At the advice of his uncle, he had stayed out his term at college, graduated with high honours, and thereupon prepared for a permanent removal to the neighbourhood already occupied by his sister, with whom he had corresponded regularly, and to whom he was greatly attached.

Behold him, therefore, at the age of twenty-three, with sound health, an excellent character and disposition, and with a good education, but with little else, save the effects borne on the backs of the two horses, and a small sum of money which he had carefully concealed on his person, thus far on his way to rejoin his sister.

Behind him he had left many friends, as reduced as was his fortune, but he never expected to see any of them again, and he did not know a single soul in the whole region before him, with the exception, of course, of his relative.

It is scarcely necessary to add that he had been

riding several days on the borders of civilization, exposed to many cares and fatigues, and that he was becoming weary with his journey, and beginning to look anxiously for its termination.

His companion was a small, thin, hatchet-faced individual, about forty years of age, with a pair of small grey eyes, which were continually in motion, as if charged with the entire responsibility of their possessor's preservation and salvation, and it will readily be imagined what a nervous and excited air their movements gave him.

The name of this worthy was Socrates Miffin. He had been named Socrates out of deference to the wishes of his mother, who, previous to his birth, had had unnumbered dreams, in which she saw her prospective progeny on various pinnacles of human greatness and glory.

But alas for the good dame's visions! The Socratic scion had proved to be a remarkably stupid boy, as deficient in intellect as wanting in courage, and all the labellings of Scriptural rods had not been able to change him.

His fortunes in life had accordingly been various. He had tried his hand at almost everything, aspiring once in a while beyond his capabilities, but speedily falling back to his level.

His last effort of this kind had been at school-keeping as an assistant pedagogue, his part of the business being to keep the rude boys, who attended school during the winter in those days, orderly; but half a dozen pupils, each six feet in height, had finally flogged their Socratic mentor, and rolled him in a snow-bank, whereupon he had concluded that teaching school was not his proper vocation.

Learning, soon after this event, that his young friend, Robert Hale, whose father had often employed him, was about to go to Kentucky, Socrates had asked to attend him to his new home as his hired man, or general servant, or in any capacity in which he could be useful.

This request had been favourably considered, terms had been made, and Socrates had faithfully attended his master, as he deemed him, in his timid dependence, thus far on his journey.

Not to speak of a couple of well-filled saddle-bags, Socrates was surrounded by a great variety of light articles, such as Robert had had the forethought and the means to secure, comprising those most essential to a home in the wilderness, and including tools, utensils, boxes, clothes, and household trifles of various descriptions.

In short, the two men carried with them, as we have said, about all the worldly effects of the young emigrant.

At the moment we look upon them, Socrates was following the footsteps of his young master, whom he regarded rather anxiously from the corner of his eye, and yet in a way that betrayed his esteem and affection for him; for although he was evidently desirous of unburdening his mind, he did not venture to break in upon Robert's reflections.

They at length reached a small stream which wound across the plain and fell into the river, several miles in the distance.

Here they watered their horses, dismounting a moment to restore the circulation to their limbs, partially benumbed with long riding.

As Robert looked along the stream, with his habitual caution, he beheld a glittering object in the edge of the tall grass bordering the water, and hastened to secure it.

It was a beautiful moccasin, nearly new, made of buckskin, and covered with beads, which were arranged in pretty patterns. It was singularly small, and it was natural enough for the finder to presume that it belonged to a beautiful daughter of the forest.

It had a singularity which Robert promptly noted.

It was spotted, with a dye of beautiful colour, in a regular and tasteful way, as decidedly as the skin of a leopard.

"Hallo! here's a mystery!" exclaimed the young pioneer, holding up the moccasin to the gaze of his attendant. "Some little witch of the wilderness, in passing this way on horseback, has dropped it off without knowing it. Yes, here are the footprints of a horse, which has leaped across the stream, going to the westward!"

"Some Witch of Endor, more likely," said Socrates, who was more biblical than romantic. "Besides, we are in no such fine circumstances as to warrant us in going into raptures over a squaw's slipper!"

Robert saw that any theories he might advance concerning the moccasin would not find favour with Socrates, and he quietly placed it in his pocket, as he demanded:

"You are not quite at your ease, eh?"

The attendant wiped his steaming forehead with a desperate sort of gesture, as he ejaculated:

"I should think not! If we do not soon stumble upon a hornet's nest, I'll give you my head for a

powder sixpence! During the last two hours, I have seen bear-tracks, and wolf-tracks, and buffalo-tracks, and Injun-tracks, and I'm frank enough to say that I'd like to make tracks out of this altogether. I wish I could once more see England again, and I'd stay there!"

His tone was decidedly apprehensive.

"Nonsense!" replied Robert, smiling, as he remembered how many times Socrates had wished himself during the day in England again. "You have had good courage thus far, and must not give up at the last moment. We cannot be far from Lincolnville, and I doubt not we shall reach it before sundown. The river must run among those hills there, in the distance, and we will change our course a little, so as to strike it. The rest will be easy. Let's mount!"

Suited the action to the word, the young pioneer led the way across the plain, taking care, notwithstanding the cool manner in which he had spoken to his hired man, to keep a wary look out around him.

Here and there, at a greater or less distance from the trackless course he was following, there were warded knolls of more or less extent, and these were invariably scrutinized in the most careful manner.

The rays of the sun were fierce, almost burning.

The tall grass around the travellers was brown and dry, and rattled like bones or chips against the legs of the horses.

From time to time, as they passed along, they started a prairie hen or turkey from the grass, and occasionally saw a frightened deer in an adjacent thicket.

The young pioneer was silent, thinking of his sister, of Jenny Hale, whom he hoped to rejoin in a few hours.

If Socrates was silent, it was only because his thoughts were quite as busy as his master's.

He looked at every bush as if he expected to see it transformed into an Indian, and the serious expression of his countenance gradually became doleful and despairing.

He had made up his mind not to speak again until he was spoken to, but it would have been easy to see by the livid and pinched aspect of his features what an effort this resolution cost him.

All at once, however, he perceived a figure under some trees a short distance ahead, to the left of the route, and all thought of his resolve at once passed from him.

"Oh, look! there he is! I told you! an Indian!" was the announcement that fell incoherently from his lips, in tones of terror. "Perhaps a hundred of them! Oh! if I could once more see England again!"

He came to a dead halt, pointing toward the object of his terror, which was in the edge of a wooded knoll a little off the route, but not more than fifty rods distant.

The young pioneer at once gave his attention to his attendant's discovery, also halting.

"That isn't an Indian," he rejoined, after an earnest gaze. "He's a white man—a friend, without doubt—a solitary hunter. Can't you see his beard, his features? He's armed, of course, and looks a little rough, in his suit of buckskin, to our unaccustomed eyes; but I dare say we are fortunate to meet him. He's alone! and there are two of us, so why should we fear him? Let's ride up to him and inquire our way to the settlement."

Socrates muttered some objections under his breath, but seeing that he was not heeded, and that Robert had already started toward the stranger, who had called and gesticulated to him, he slowly and cautiously followed.

The young pioneer and his attendant soon rode up in front of the unknown, who stood leaning on a rifle, and who had the characteristics the former had mentioned. Robert saluted him, respectfully, saying:

"You called me."

"Yes, neighbour, was the reply. "You appear to be a stranger in these parts, and may not be offended if I offer you a little advice. Unless you are more friendly with the savages than a white man ought to be, you won't proceed much further into the wilderness!"

"And why not, pray?"

"Because you are liable, of course," replied the stranger, "to stumble upon a party of red-skies!"

"I knew it! I knew it!" groaned Socrates.

"There are Injuns all around us. Oh, if I could once more see England again."

"You do not imagine, I suppose," resumed the scout, addressing Robert, "that you are on a holiday excursion, in the midst of peace and safety?"

"Certainly not," answered our hero, smiling. "I am aware of the peril to which I am exposing myself, but I am compelled to brave it. The fact is, I have business this way—most urgent business."

"Business?" asked the stranger, with an air of kindly interest.

"Precisely. My first object is to find a settler, who

can't be far from this vicinity; a settler named Lincoln—Abraham Lincoln, or Strong Abe, as the hunters call him. He has lived on the borders of the wilderness many years. I dare say that you know him?"

"I have heard of him," answered the scout, with a twinkle in his honest eyes and a smile on his shrewd features. "You wish to see him?"

"Very much, indeed. As your appearance at once commends you to me," added Robert, with a friendly nod, "I will tell you the nature of my business with Mr. Lincoln, presuming that you can aid me. The simple truth is, my sister, the only relative I have in the world, save an uncle, resides in a little settlement hereabouts named Lincolnville."

"Indeed," rejoined the scout. "In this case I can aid you, perhaps, for there is not a person in Lincolnville with whose face I am not familiar. What is your sister's name, and, for that matter, yours, sir?"

"Hale, Jenny Hale, and mine—"

"Is Robert Hale, of course," interrupted the scout, with a hearty, simple laugh, as he extended a brawny hand. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Hale. I know your sister well, and through her, have long been aware of your name, qualities, and proposed emigration. Permit me to introduce myself to you. I am Abraham Lincoln."

At this declaration, the young pioneer regarded the scout with renewed attention.

He was a man of middle age, with plain and rugged countenance, on which beamed an expression of rare kindness and goodness.

His eyes were keen and penetrating, and had met the gaze of the young pioneer, during the conversation we have recorded, with a frankness and openness which showed that he had nothing to conceal, or of which to be ashamed.

He stood over six feet in his moccasins, and was stout in proportion, having broad shoulders, an immense chest, and limbs of the firmest muscle and vigour.

His features were large and uneven, but they were so ennobled and illuminated by the spirit within, that no observer could have deemed them coarse or unpleasant.

His dress was the usual garb of a pioneer and hunter of those times, and a large fur cap, with the inevitable moccasin and leggings.

The arms of the scout comprised a rifle, a pair of pistols, and a knife of formidable dimensions; these latter weapons stuck carelessly in a belt around his waist.

A leather strap crossed his right shoulder, supporting a shot-bag of the same material, and a powder-horn, and also a second bag, containing pepper and salt, flints for striking a fire, and a few hard biscuits.

"Mr. Lincoln himself!" exclaimed the young man, in astonishment, as he shook the proffered hand of the scout warmly. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. My sister has often written to me of your forest home, and of the settlement, and—what is still better—of your noble and generous conduct towards her, especially since the death of our parents. You seem to me already like an old friend."

A roar of delight came from Socrates, who had been witnessing the meeting with open mouth, and he slid from the horse to the ground.

"Thank heaven! I breathe once more!" he ejaculated. "My hair takes root again! We are safe, among friends, at the end of our journey!"

He gave a jump into the air at each pause, and finished by saluting the scout respectfully.

"A queer fish in my employ—his name is Miffin," said Robert, by way of introduction. "He has been in a state of mortal terror; afraid of being seized by the Indians and burned at the stake."

"Well, he may have some basis for his fears," said the scout, smiling indulgently. "The redskins are acting suspiciously lately, and I apprehend that they mean to make the settlements trouble. I have been scouting since noon, endeavouring to get some information of their intentions, and was on my way home when I saw you coming. As my cabin is nearly in your route, you will pass that way, of course, and we'll set out at once, if you have no objection."

"Thanks, thanks," rejoined Robert. "We shall be glad to avail ourselves of your guidance."

"Glad?" echoed Socrates. "Yes, we shall be perfectly jubilant. I don't care whether I see England again or not! England has betrayed!"

Lincoln led the way towards the river, followed by Robert, who was in turn followed by Socrates, the latter having hurriedly mounted. Our hero offered his horse to his guide, but the offer was declined and the scout soon proceeded.

"I live on an island in the river, as you have been told, no doubt. I have a daughter and a son there who will be anxious if I am not at home before supper. The fact is they regard scouting as a dangerous employment, and with reason. Scalp-Robe has been



preaching up fire and tomahawks to the redskins lately, and they are getting ripe for mischief?"

"Scalp-Robe?" repeated Robert.

"Ah! excuse me. I spoke without thinking that you are new in these parts. Scalp-Robe is the head of the whole pow-wow, the chief of all the savages east of the Mississippi."

"Is his name Scalp-Robe?"

"Yes. He has a dozen other names, such as the Son of the Cataract, and the Eagle of the Woods; but we all call him Scalp-Robe because it's easier."

"And why Scalp-Robe, pray?"

"Because of a robe he wears, a robe composed of human scalps. The name expresses what he is, and we prefer plain English to his high-sounding Indian."

Robert expressed his interest and astonishment; while Socrates, who had been listening intently, turned deathly pale, and seemed about to fall from his horse, as he gasped:

"Oh, if I could see England again!"

Lincoln and the young pioneer discussed the terrible savage several minutes, and the attendant listened in mute terror.

"Your home is distant how far?" then asked Robert.

"About three miles," replied Lincoln. "The distance would be less if we were to cross the space here on our left, but I don't care to take that course. Among Indians we must do as Indians do—keep to the woods, and be ready to jump behind a tree at a moment's notice. Once in that open space between here and the woods, a man would have a slim chance of escape. I have seen traces to-day, this side of the river, and have some anxieties on the subject. We'll all keep a sharp look-out, if you please, and be ready for business."

The little party went on. Several minutes passed, when suddenly Robert saw a moving figure behind a tree at some distance ahead, and stated the fact to the guide.

"Yes, it's an Indian, I saw him some time ago," responded Lincoln, coolly. "I was waiting to see whether there are any more, their numbers, and what they are doing."

A hoarse yell from half a score of throats followed, and echoed up and down the woods.

"I hate of all things to turn tail to a redskin," added Lincoln, quickly, with a grim smile on his placid features, "but we must do it. Those fellows carry too many guns for us. Their number is a dozen at the least. Follow me."

He turned, clutching his rifle firmly, and darted towards a dense covert of woods the little party had just passed, and was promptly followed by Robert and Socrates, the latter pallid with terror. At the same instant ten or a dozen Indians uncovered themselves with renewed yells, and rushed towards the little party of their intended victims, brandishing their weapons.

They had evidently been in waiting for Lincoln through some foreknowledge of his movements, and had resolved on re-opening the hostilities which had been for some time suspended.

The desired shelter was promptly gained by Lincoln and his companions.

"This changes things, and I shall put my rifle down here," the scout then exclaimed. "There are three of us, well armed, with some square miles of back-door behind us. Down from those horses, and let your man take them down the hill-side! The rascals know me of old, and whether they come by twos or twentys, they'll think twice before they come too near the muzzle of my rifle! Ha! ha! Let them come! We'll teach them manners!"

With this, Lincoln threw back his head with flashing eyes, and his broad chest expanded with a hearty cry of defiance.

(To be continued.)

It is, perhaps, a curious circumstance in connection with the advent of Earl Clarendon to the Foreign Office, that the very first passport he was called upon to sign was one enjoining all Her Majesty's Consular Agents and Representatives in Foreign Countries to give safe and honourable conduct, facilities of travel, and protection to the Hon. Charles Gavin Duffy, a member of the Australian Government, about to travel on the Continent. Lord Clarendon once signed a warrant to commit that gentleman.

**WORSE THAN A CATTLE MURRAIN.**—The year 1860 was a terrible year for people in London, owing to the high price of corn. The quartern loaf was one shilling and fivepence halfpenny. The Archbishop of Canterbury recommended families to limit the amount of bread eaten by each member, and to eat no pastry for a certain number of weeks. An agreement to this effect was signed by many members of both Houses of Parliament. The king issued a proclamation, in which he said:—"We particularly exhort and charge all masters of families to

reduce the consumption of bread in their respective families by at least one-third of the quantity consumed in ordinary times; and in no case to suffer the same to exceed one quartern loaf for each person in each week; to abstain from the use of flour and pastry; and, moreover, carefully to restrict the use thereof in all other articles than bread." It was calculated that the coach and post-horses in the kingdom ate as much corn as would give a quartern loaf per week to each of one million persons; and they likewise were to be put upon short commons as concerned corn. The artisans at Portsmouth Dockyard agreed not to buy butter, milk, or potatoes (all of which were dear) until they fell to lower prices; and they "horsed" one of their number who broke this agreement.

## AHAB THE WITTY.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER the foregoing scene, Salome's dread of her father grew stronger and more palpable to those who observed her closely.

She never met him without anxious and questioning looks.

He began to avoid being alone with her, and was often remarked in a musing, abstracted attitude, as if engaged in some abstruse and difficult calculation.

Salome liked not these omens, and availed herself of the first opportunity to attempt to fathom his thoughts.

The old man would have walked away hurriedly, but she detained him.

"Fly me not, my father," she said, with affectionate earnestness. "Thou concealst something from me!"

"Nay, daughter, thou mistakest my manner," he answered, evasively, without lifting his eyes to hers.

"My father, deceive me not!" exclaimed Salome, impressively.

"Speak not of deception; it is thou who hast deceived. It is thou who hast lent a willing ear to the tempter! It is thou who hast forgotten the God of thy fathers, and listened to the wily tongue of the infidel! Thou hast brought a reproach on the house of Israel! Oh, that I had turned this artful stranger from my gates, even with blows and revellings!"

Salome spoke with vehemence and bitterness.

"Thou chargest upon me too much," said Salome, with calmness. "I have had no stolen meetings with the stranger who is with us. What passed between us in the Chamber of Fountains thou knowest."

"Thou hast poured poison into my veins, and given me to drink of the bitter waters. Accursed be the day when he crossed our threshold and broke bread with us!" answered Sadoc, wringing his hands and beating his breast.

"Hear me with reason, my father. The Moor, Abdallah, hath ever deputed himself toward me in the most respectful fashion. Nay, his reverence for me borders on idolatry, and sometimes I have entertained great fear lest he exalt me in his imagination above the lawful object of man's adoration," said the girl, with a soft sigh.

"Soul of my father!" cried Sadoc, impatient. "Hear the girl's simplicity! Hear her unwittingly that thing which she alloweth! Hear her unconsciously confess her guilt!"

"Guilt, father?"

"Ay, guilt, my daughter; for thou hast received the worship of this heathen dog without rebuke; and not only without rebuke, but with simpering complaisance and maiden blushes, which convey more comfort to the heart of man than liping words," said the Jew, trembling from head to foot.

Salome had rarely seen him so moved.

"I meant not to err, and I could but listen, being taken unexpectedly and by surprise. It were not seemly to cry out, and courtesy required that I should give respectful attention to what the courtly Moor had to offer in his own behalf."

The face of the Jewess had now lost somewhat of its serenity, and there was a deeper flush on her cheeks and brow.

"I have nursed thee, Salome, as the apple of mine eye. In thee are centred my hopes. For thee I have accumulated great riches. Thou canst command more gold and silver and precious stones than the King of Granada hath this day in his treasury. They that know me think me poor and miserable, hunted down into the drege and very beggary of life. Child! he stretched forth his right hand exultingly. "thou canst found a city; thou canst supply kings with treasures to carry on their wars, and yet have a sufficiency left to make thy heritage the envied of all. Yet what art thou doing? Receiving the worthless incense of a vagrant infidel! Thou, a princess in the house of David! Thou, the pride and beauty of Israel! Thou, the star of the daughters of Judah!"

As he went on, the old man gradually grew impassioned, and by the time he had finished, he stood

with his hands clasped before him, and his eyes glowing like sparks of fire, turned upwards.

This sudden gleam of inspiration surprised even Salome, who had often seen him in moments of exaltation.

Neither were aware that they were not alone, neither suspected that one of the great columns of the vestibule concealed the Moor, Jakob, Boabdil's servant. But he was there, drinking in with avidity every word that was uttered.

"Thou meanest well, my father, and thou lovest me; and while thou livest, I will not leave thee. Thou has never before spoken to me so plainly of thy riches. I know thou hadst abundance of silver and gold; but not that it so far exceeded the common gains of men. I fear lest it be unto thee a pitfall and a snare. Let but the birds of the air get possession of thy secret, and thou wilt be hounded down and despoiled, as if thou wert but a carrion crow! Oh, my father, put from thee this sore temptation! Cast it into the sea, or hide it in the bowels of the earth, or scatter it among the poor, or fly with it to some foreign land!"

She took his hand, but he drew it angrily away.

"What?" he sneered. "Hast thou no wisdom? Is thy mind disordered and distraught? Thou speakest like one of the foolish virgins who went forth to meet the bridegroom without oil in their lamps, which, though a Christian metaphor, is not without aptness—the oil, no doubt, meaning the treasures of this world. Cast it into the sea? I would sooner cast myself into the sea! Into the sea? I will accumulate more. I will make thy fortune greater by thousands of ounces of precious ore. Ay, there is even now a venture in my mind that will bring me exceeding profit."

Sadoc chafed the dry palms of his hands together, smiled craftily, and forgot his enthusiasm in greedy longings.

The swarthy Jakob stood breathless behind the column, agape with wonder, and shaken with doubt and expectancy.

His eager eyes were ready to start from their sockets, and every moment dragged along with the tediousness of an hour.

The fear of detection made his limbs tremble beneath him, and it seemed to him that the Jew might plainly hear the unnatural thuddings of his heart.

"Father! father!" cried Salome, imploringly, "my sleep has been haunted by strange visions of thee. My feelings admonish me when you meditate wrong. Do nothing, I warn you, against the power of Abdallah. Do it not! For his sister's sake, for thine, and mine. The curse of God follows treachery. If thou knowest any secret connected with this courteous Moor, keep it to thyself."

"Who talks of secrets?" he answered, sharply.

"Why do you take me thus to task? Am I not capable of conducting my own affairs? Has not this hand signed contracts with kings and potentates? Have I not driven bargains with the great ones of the earth? Have not my treasures given new life to the flagging energies of war, decided battles, and changed the fates of states and kingdoms. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Go to any of the courts of the sovereigns and whisper the name of Sadoc, the Jew in their ears, and see if they do not start!"

"I doubt it not. I know thou art great in thy power over money. Be therefore content with thy enormous hoards. Close thy transactions in Granada; gather up thy riches, and let us depart."

Her pleadings were eloquent as an angel's.

"That could be done, daughter. The stone chamber you wot of contains not a seventh part of my wealth, but the remainder is bestowed where I can, without much trouble, lay hands on it. In the casket which was thy blessed mother's thou wilt find, in case of my sudden decease, an inventory of all I possess, and where each particular item, property, and valuable is to be found. And now, Salome, sweet image of my sainted Rebecca, hearken unto my voice. Pluck this infidel, with a strong hand, from thy heart. If thou lovest him, crush and crucify that love. Thou art a princess, and this thing is not to be. My white lamb cannot herd with the dark wolf of Islam!"

"Father, dear father," sighed Salome, "he may be converted to the true faith. I may be the humble instrument of enlightening his mind and convincing his understanding."

"The leopard cannot change his spots," retorted Sadoc, grimly.

Salome remembered the Sleeping Leopard on Boabdil's shield, and had read the device beneath:

"Do not wake me."

"Thou turnest pale," added Sadoc. "The figure goeth home to thy consciousness. He is indeed a leopard, but he shall not read my kid! He is a Philistine and a heathen. If he suddenly cometh to nought, let it not grieve thee."

"If evil come upon him through thy means, directly

or indirectly, by word, by deed, by artful insinuation or implication, I swear to thee, by the God of Israel, that I will esteem him a thousand times more highly for that evil."

"Then may the curses—"

"Curse not, my father, curse not! Curses are sent back by the Divine Being to torment those who speak them. They are a dreadful, dreadful brood, those curses returned by the avenging Deity!"

Salome stood erect and inspired before her father. In the mellow light of the alone chamber her face was seraphic, and her divine person worthy of adoration.

"Leave me, leave me!" muttered Sadeo, afraid longer to trust himself.

"One word more, my father. Remember, in all thou doest, that sweet maiden, his sister. Never was earth's dust more perfectly moulded, or a human spirit more divinely attuned. Thy paternal eyes have thought me fair, but her beauty exceeded mine as the moon exceeds the stars. Notwithstanding our different faiths, she hath yearned herself into my heart, and we have sworn by the God of Solomon (an oath which her conscience alloweth), that our two souls will be as one, and that we will never, of our own free will, separate from each other. Through me she will be imperceptibly led to reject the Prophet and worship the God of Israel! Look, my father, she comes this way. Sawest thou ever such grace of motion, such modesty of look and gracious dignity?"

Sadeo ground his teeth in rage, and turning his back on Salome, strode away, full of disappointment and bitterness.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THOSE who noticed Jakob observed that a change had suddenly come over him.

He no longer talked cheerfully with Ali and Anah, but moved about with moody brow and unquiet eye.

All the Grumbler tried to bring him out of his taciturnity, but without much success.

"This is a poor service," said the sullen Jakob, one day, when Ali had been rallying him on the strangeness of his conduct.

"And why a poor service?" asked Ali.

"First, because we serve for nothing; second, because the service is dangerous—these are two very good reasons."

Jakob looked at his fellow-servant to see if there were any signs of discontent on his countenance.

"I grumble," answered Ali, "because grumbling is my business; and I have grumbled so many years that I should be loath to leave it off. But I never grumbled because I was ill-fed, or ill-clad, and my master was in adversity. The poorer he is, the more closely I will stick to his service."

"If that is your way, I can tell you," replied Jakob, "that it's no mine."

"Well, go on and show me what you are coming at. For the life of me I cannot get an inkling at your real meaning. Speak plain, Jakob, when plainness is required; for my wit is slow, and I come not easily by ideas."

"I intend," answered Jakob, studiously avoiding the gaze of Ali, "to seek new service, and find a master who will give me more money and less danger."

"Rascal!" exclaimed Ali. "I am tempted to break every bone in your body. Would you desert the most indulgent of masters in the hour of trouble? Would you, my like a miserable coward, and leave him with none but Anah and I to draw a dagger for him, to saddle horses at half stirrup, or to follow him in his sudden flights. Go to, for an idle vagabond!"

"Had you given me good words and a friendly ear, I would have put you in a way to make your fortune; but now may the evil one take me if I mention it!"

Jakob looked at Ali askance, to see what effect this would have.

"I am at a loss to know what kind of a way that would be you would put me into so easily, unless you designed me to join the banditti that infest the mountains. Perhaps you meditate the betrayal of your master, the prince; and if such be your purpose, you had better go and throw yourself from yonder crag."

Ali's eyes began to glitter, and he fingered the handle of his dagger.

"Thou art a fool," muttered Jakob, angrily. "I will talk with thee no more, and my secret I will reserve for myself."

This conversation took place in the stables, and made a marked impression on the mind of the sagacious Ali, who was well aware that the desertion of one of his fellow-servants might bring the greatest danger upon Boabdil.

Had he been sure of the fellow's sincerity, he would have laid him dead on the spot; but thinking his

avowal might arise from momentary discontent and ill-temper, he allowed the matter to pass.

From that hour, the grumbling but faithful Ali watched, with fox-like cunning, the incomings and outgoings of Jakob.

Yet there were seasons when his duty rendered it impossible for him to keep him under observation, and which Jakob shrewdly improved for the advancement of his own dark purpose—a purpose which had its birth behind the column, when Sadeo avowed the possession of great wealth.

The Jew, from that time, became the special object of his vigilance.

He could not move without being secretly dogged, or watched from behind a fountain, pillar, or statue. He lurked in niches; he hid himself in angles; he lay in wait in all places; and, finally, to his infinite satisfaction, discovered something that had always perplexed him—the chamber where the Israelite slept, when, after every other eye was closed in slumber, he stole like a thief to his own hard couch.

Ali and his fellow-servants sometimes slept in the stables with the Jew's grooms, and sometimes in a small chamber leading from the main hall; and it was not unfrequently the case that one or more of them slept in the hall itself. This state of things gave Jakob excellent opportunities of forwarding his design.

The daytime, he soon perceived, was not the season to commit the robbery, he contemplated, for the old man, like a faithful sentinel, never went far from his treasure.

One night Boabdil sought his couch earlier than usual, and was soon in a deep slumber.

Sadeo, having satisfied himself of this fact, lighted a lamp, drew a rusty sabre from beneath the cushion on which he had been sitting, and looking cautiously in every direction, glided away toward his treasure-chamber like a spectral shadow.

The lamps were still burning in the long passages. Jakob followed his victim, observing due care to keep at a prudent distance.

The old man's suspicions, sharpened by years of dealing with mankind, were the most dangerous enemies he had to encounter. The Israelite had educated himself to be shy. He had schooled himself to distrust everybody.

He passed every few yards, held up his light, shaded his eyes, and with the sabre tucked under his arm, peered this way and that, as if he partly anticipated that robbers would rise from the stone floor to throttle him.

Leaving the hall, he passed through some smaller apartments that were not lighted, and presently opening an iron door, entered the room where his treasure was.

Jakob was not far behind, but too distant to easily reach him before he passed in. The guilty Moor stood hesitating what to do, fearing that Sadeo would lock the door; but was agreeably disappointed, when, instead of hearing the bolt slide, he saw the iron barrier left ajar. This, although unknown to Jakob, was according to the habit of the Jew, who invariably drew his couch near the door, so that no one could enter without disturbing him, and that every noise in the chambers might reach his ears.

The old man soon made his simple preparations for repose. He invoked the God of Israel, and placing his lamp on the floor, stretched himself on his bed with his sabre beside him. Refreshing sleep had long been a stranger to his eyes; constant apprehension of peril from within and without had destroyed that nice susceptibility to rest that renders slumber the sweetest gift of heaven. Even after his lids began to grow heavy, his eyes would wander dotingly towards his coffers. Money-bags, precious stones, bonds, deeds, and securities, floated wearily through his worn and overtaxed brain.

It seemed to crouching Jakob that Sadeo never would sleep. He waited near the door till his heavy respiration should tell him the hour had come; but when that wish had been nearly realized, the Israelite would start up and mutter about his daughter and the Moorish prince. He heard the unhappy man commencing with himself after such returns from the brink of slumber. He cried out more than once—"Talk not to me. I will not do it! It will bring gold! It will save my child! They concealed it from me. Ha! ha! My wit was too keen for them. A prince—a son of a king—the heir of a throne—and, above all, a fugitive that will bring his weight in gold!"

Jakob imagined that he heard a sound much like the light step of a woman, and barely had time to secret herself, when Salome advanced slowly through the long range of apartments and stood at her father's door.

She was enveloped in a white night-robe, her naked feet thrust into small slippers, and her dark hair floating over her snowy shoulders.

Even to the sullen Jakob she looked like an angel.

She listened a long time to her father's uneasy breathing, and when he at length became more quiet, she invoked a blessing on him, and stole softly away.

Jakob crept from his lurking-place, and assured that the old man slept, drew his dagger and began gently to push his body through the aperture without alarming him, resolved to despatch him the moment he was within reach of his arm.

The door grated on its hinges. Sadeo moaned, and tossed his arms.

The assassin remained motionless till his respiration again became natural. Jakob pushed with his elbows and hands and feet, but with a wariness that was painful.

He held his breath, and though murder was in his soul, shivered at the wickedness of the deed. Now the door swung softly, but his heart beat more loudly. He sank upon his knees, groping along the floor with his left hand, and holding the dagger in his right.

He could see the old man. His sabre lay beside him, disturbed somewhat by his turnings, but still within his reach. The bronze lamp, companion of so many wretched nights, burned where he had placed it.

Jakob could now see quite distinctly. Sadeo's bleached head and withered cheeks lay slumberously beneath him.

He took in the whole man at a glance. He calculated rapidly, and knew the exact point where his heart was beating. And looking across that hearth he beheld the coffers which it loved! He grasped more tightly his weapon, he bent over Sadeo, and hid right arm went up.

"Slave! wretch!" thundered a voice more startling to Jakob than the tramp of the last judgment.

He gasped, glanced over his shoulder in ghastly terror.

Then there was a quick motion, a glitter of steel, the flash of a scimitar—Jakob's head fell on Sadeo's breast! Two jets of blood spouted nearly to the ceiling.

The old man awoke, and taking in a part of the picture—a quivering, bleeding trunk, a discovered head on his chest, and Boabdil standing with a dripping scimitar—began to stutter in the most frightful manner.

"I am slain! I am foally murdered! Oh, my daughter! my daughter! Salome! Salome!"

The stone chambers reverberated with his cries. It was in vain that Boabdil tried to pacify him. His fears had reached a point beyond the control of any one but Salome, and she came running to the spot in indescribable alarm, followed by Leoline, Nicolette, and Ali.

She paused in amazement at the scene which presented itself. There was her father, ghastly with horror; there was the rigid trunk of Jakob; there was Boabdil leaning on his stained scimitar. She knew not what to think.

Sadeo, seeing her, sprang up and threw himself into her arms.

"Oh, Salome, sweet Salome, save me from the man of blood! Thee only I love. For thee have I wrought in the heat of the day. For thee have I guarded these treasures!"

His voice failed him, and he sobbed on her shoulder. Age and terror had sadly weakened him.

"What means this?" asked Salome, with marvellous calmness, casting her eyes on Boabdil.

"It means, beloved lady, that I have saved your father from assassination! Had not the Prophet inspired me to watch the steps of that traitor," he pointed to the body of Jakob with his scimitar, "your father would have been now even as he."

"I thank thee!" murmured Salome. Then to Sadeo, "Father, fear not! Behold thy saviour. Look at Abdallah!"

The old man, feeling the encircling arms of Salome, and that his person was sacred within them, raised his head and glanced at the prince. His fears allayed, his emotions tranquillized, he naturally acute understanding took in the generalities of the scene. The reaction from terror to serenity was as sudden and remarkable as the transition from sleep to horror. He was the cool, calculating Jew again.

#### CHAPTER XX.

"Thus," said Ali, musingly, "is the secret which Jakob was to reserve for his own benefit. Little gain has it brought him! He had better have kept honestly at service than coveted another's riches. Noble master, how know you of his design?"

"In passing my couch he dropped his dagger. The sound awakened me. Impressed by the stealthiness of his manner, I thought it prudent to watch him. In following him, I soon perceived that he was dogging the footsteps of our entertainer. This was enough to excite the worst of suspicions. I kept him in view till he reached the door of this chamber." At this



point Salome blushed. She was conscious that he must have witnessed her nocturnal visit to her father. The prince, noticing her embarrassment, passed over that circumstance.

"I waited," he continued, "until the knave entered cautiously our friend's apartment with drawn dagger. His fate is known to you."

"It was well merited," said Ali.

"The avaricious wretch!" murmured Leoline.

"Accept, brave sir," said Salome, "the gratitude of my father and myself."

"Yes, accept our thanks," quavered Sadoc, looking fearfully at Ali. "But let every one go away. No good can come of staying here. There is nothing here that anybody wants. Good Abdallah, let thy fellow take away this mortality. It is most unseemly. See! here is blood on my doublet—a doublet that cost a deal of money when it was new."

"I will not touch the villain!" protested Ali, with a strong expression of disgust. "Send for your grooms, old man. I'll not defile myself with such dirt!"

No persuasion could induce Sadoc to leave the spot. He remained there, walking to and fro like an unquiet spirit, until the body of Jakob was removed.

When the grooms came to take it away, he stood tremblingly between it and his coffers, and was relieved beyond measure when they had disappeared with it. He then locked the iron door, and would not permit Salome out of his sight till morning.

The following day he was very busy in that quarter of his habitation where this had happened, and Boabdil suspected that he was removing his treasures to another place of concealment.

This event had a perceptible influence on his conduct for a few days, and then it was forgotten or artfully concealed.

Having arranged everything apparently to suit him, he ordered a horse to be saddled, and saying that he had business at a Moorish fortress not far off, rode away.

This movement was evidently unexpected by Salome, who manifested much surprise when informed of it by Nicolette. What her reflections were, no one knew; but both Leoline and her brother remarked that she was greatly troubled.

The former, by numerous gentle arts, endeavoured to extort from her the secret of her anxiety.

"Alas!" answered the fair Jewess, "my affliction is of that kind which cannot hope for alleviation in the sympathy of friends!"

"The most distressing grief!" replied Leoline. "If your distress in any manner concerns the fugitives whom you have generously sheltered, unbosom yourself to us, and if necessary to your peace, we will go hence, and trespass on your hospitality no more."

"To part with you," said Salome, tenderly, "will be the greatest misfortune."

"Beautiful Salome!" said Boabdil, "when I am King of Granada, I will remember those who gave me a hiding-place when my life was sorely beset!"

"The God of Israel grant that you may be restored to your own, and that your heart may be turned to the true faith!" exclaimed the Jewess.

"Since I have seen thee, sweet maiden, I have had the first doubts of my religion and the Prophet," said Boabdil, in a troubled tone.

"Brother," said Leoline, "we should not forget Sir Raoul Mornay, that worthy Christian knight, to whom we are so much indebted. It is now a month since he set out for Granada. Some evil has befallen him, or he would have returned ere this."

"Sister," replied Boabdil, "thou art right; and if he return not in a day or two, I will disguise myself, and seek him at every risk. To find him, I will penetrate the Alhambra itself, assured that he would do as much for me were I in like peril."

Leoline's face instantly flushed. Her glowing cheeks bespoke her interest in the Christian knight.

Nicolette, who had listened with interest to this conversation, presently found an opportunity of speaking with Boabdil privately.

"Great ladies," she began, "have a vast deal of sense, and they are very gentle and bewitching withal; but you can never get a plain truth from them. I don't say this out of malice, because I love my mistress. I know what makes her unhappy, which is more than you know, though a prince of the blood. I believe it takes a common person to speak common sense."

The pretty Nicolette paused, and put one arm akimbo very pleasantly, probably to give her noble auditor a chance to ask what she meant—a lure which he, like others of his sex, very quickly accepted.

"I always knew, my girl, that you were very sensible. Do you mind making me your confidant, Nicolette?"

The prince smiled kindly.

"Fair sir, you always know how to say the right thing at the right time. Should you ever be King of Granada, I trust that you will not forget the youth Ahab. But to come to the matter. My mistress—

may the God of Israel keep her!—has a father. Fathers and their daughters are not always alike. That father is cursed with the curse of avarice. That is not her sin. He has gathered together riches enough to turn the head of a king. He loves Salome—he loves gold. Water must run down hill—a miser must run after gold. His soul cannot rest. Whenever there is an opportunity to add to his fortune, he has not the strength to resist. Who knows this better than my mistress? Gentle sir, I fear you are no longer safe in the stone palace of Sadoc. From my soul I compassionate your misfortunes; for your dejected looks, your frequent sighs, your soft and pensive eyes tell me that you suffer. Hear the counsel of a poor girl. Take your sister and fly. Seek safety in some other retreat that creeping, miserable avarice has never entered. Providence will, no doubt, direct you."

"My good girl," answered Boabdil, presently, "your kindness affects me. I will consider what you have said. The heir of a throne has nothing with which to reward your friendship but his good will."

"I want no more! I want no more!" cried Nicolette, kissing his hand. "Remember the youth Ahab."

With these words, she glided away swiftly, leaving Boabdil to meditate on what he had heard.

(To be continued.)

## TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH,

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Let them anatomise her—see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts. Shakespeare.

MARTHA QUIN—or rather Miss Mendez—for the royal licence had been obtained authorising her to assume the name of her mother's family—unlike most persons suddenly enriched, did not sit down contented to enjoy the good things of this world, and leave her mind uncultivated.

On the contrary, she determined to repair the culpable neglect of her grandfather, and educate herself.

With this view, she requested Mr. Foster to procure her some lady-like, accomplished person, who could act in the double capacity of governess and companion; for the hours at times hung heavily upon the hands of the desolate heiress, with no other occupation than her own and thoughts and the bitter recollections of the past.

The person whom Mr. Foster selected for this delicate task was the orphan daughter of a barrister, whom he had known and esteemed, but whose professional success had but ill responded to his varied learning and merits.

He had died poor, leaving his only child to the protection—we might almost add, to the charity—of his friend.

Harriet Wyndham had a mind gifted like her father's, with a singular aptitude for study.

Although only eighteen years of age, she was an accomplished linguist, a profound musician, and possessed more than a superficial knowledge of the natural sciences—to say nothing of those lighter branches of female education which adorn the saloon and the boudoir. Had her heart but responded to her intellect, she would have been one of creation's fairest masterpieces.

Although not regularly beautiful, her features were expressive and pleasing—her figure graceful and commanding.

In selecting her for the instructress and companion of his client, Mr. Foster had been influenced by two considerations. First, the necessity of his protégée doing something to release her from the galling chain of dependence; secondly, the desire of placing near to Martha a person of her own sex whom she might love and confide in.

He was a philosopher as well as a lawyer, and he quickly perceived that the morbid feelings of the heiress, her solitary life, and disappointment were preying upon her health.

In explaining to Harriet Wyndham his views, the kind-hearted man unintentionally pointed out to her a field for the exercise of her speculative talents—to worm herself into the affection and confidence of a being whom the world had deprived of all natural ties and affections, and then, as if in mockery, suddenly made rich. Rich! Fine recompense—a pall of cloth of gold thrown over a pauper's coffin—an artificial flower placed in a vase of water.

"You will find her reserved at first," said Mr. Foster, "perhaps cold, but not unkind! Her strangeness of manner does not arise from pride, but ignorance of the world!"

The young lady eagerly noted every word he uttered.

"Perhaps she has greatly suffered?" she observed. "She has suffered!" replied the lawyer, with a smile—for he saw that the speaker aimed at a confidence it was not in his power to give; "but even I am ignorant of the cause—or at least but partially acquainted with it!"

"I soon shall be no stranger to them!" mentally exclaimed the future companion of Martha.

"She is kind," continued the speaker, "and naturally shrewd—but uninformed! Time only," he added, "will win her confidence!"

In giving her these instructions, Mr. Foster had not the slightest idea that he was doing more than indicating to her the line of conduct it was advisable for her to pursue, to perform her duties conscientiously and honourably.

Little did he suspect that the very speculative young lady had already settled in her own mind two important points.

The first was, to obtain the secret of Martha, if she had one.

The second was to be her heiress.

Wealth! In nine cases out of ten there is a curse accompanies it; more especially when its unfortunate possessors have been deprived by accident of those natural ties and affections which warm and sustain the heart.

There is something dreadful in seeing those whom they might love calculate every word and look, to read interest—self-interest—in every expression of kindness—to feel at last the miserable conviction forced upon them, that they are objects of speculation—not affection.

Strong minds revolt, and disappoint the sordid expectations of the human leeches who would prey upon them; weak ones yield to influences they despise, but have not the courage to resist.

On arriving at Briery Grange, Harriet Wyndham felt quite confident of succeeding in the task she had undertaken. She had not been an inmate of her new residence more than a week before her self-reliance was somewhat shaken.

Miss Mendez was not exactly the kind of person she expected to find—her reserve appeared impenetrable. A week! and she had not yet discovered one weak point in her character—or, what was of far more consequence, made the least approach to her confidence.

Still she did not despair: each night, as she retired to her chamber, she murmured to herself:

"The task is more worthy of me than I thought!"

And she arranged her mental powers for the struggle.

She had prepared in her own mind a system of instruction by which she thought to spare her pupil all the humiliation consequent upon a neglected education. The straightforwardness of Martha rendered her plans useless.

"You will find me very ignorant," she said; "except reading and writing, I have everything to learn!"

Her instructress regarded her with surprise. The total absence of *amour propre* puzzled her.

"In your lessons," continued the speaker, "you must consider me as a child, and treat me as such!"

"Oh, Miss Mendez! Impossible!" exclaimed the young lady, with affected interest.

"It is the only way to succeed with me!" continued the former, coolly; "fortunately I am aware of my deficiencies! It is not the varnish which hides the defects of the picture I require—but the picture itself! It would rather remain ignorant than become superficial!"

The good sense of the neglected woman triumphed over the politeness of the politic governess: she commenced with the elements of education—the surest way to arrive at the results.

In six months her progress was so rapid that the lessons ceased to be uninteresting to her teacher. Nature had endowed her with an exquisite ear for music, and a voice which, had it been earlier cultivated, would have proved of uncommon beauty and flexibility; her manners and language gradually grew more refined, and few would have recognized, in the eloquent but reserved Martha Mendez, the granddaughter of Peter Quin.

Harriet Wyndham had frequently observed, even in some of the most interesting portions of her lessons, that the attention of her pupil would suddenly flag.

She appeared absorbed, and her eyes filled with tears. Evidently her mind at such moments was occupied by some engrossing thought.

"Was it sensibility, remorse, or regret?" she repeatedly asked herself.

This was a mystery she determined to fathom—the key to the confidence she so ardently desired to obtain. Martha's reserve had piqued her pride: she determined to vanquish it!

"I wonder," she observed, one day, as they were

"walking in the picture-gallery, 'that, with your wealth, you should prefer the country. True, it has its beauties; but it is not without its evils!'"

"I may not always reside here!" was the reply.

"Then you receive so few visitors?"

"Do you find it dull?" inquired Martha.

The young lady hastened to assure her that the observations had not been made on her own account; and as the conversation dropped.

There are certain persons, in the world with whom, after years of daily intercourse, we can never sympathise, however we may respect them; others to whom our hearts expand almost at the first meeting.

The former was the case with Martha and her governess.

The wealthy tenant of Briery Grange had no particular reason to be upon her guard against, or to suspect the motives of her companion; yet she never felt the least approach to confidence with her.

She admired her for her talents and accomplishments, but it was admiration without affection.

At times the speculative young lady felt disposed to abandon her hopes in despair, when some elegant present or act of unexpected munificence on the part of the heiress would suddenly revive them.

Seven months had passed in this manner, when one morning a visitor was announced from London; it proved to be Clement Foster, the son of the lawyer, Martha, who had not seen him for nearly a year, scarcely recognised him, he had grown so tall and manly.

Not so Harriet Wyndham, the deep blush which, despite her habit of self-control, mantled her features, proved that she had not forgotten him.

The young gentleman was the bearer of a letter for Miss Mendez, enclosed in one from his father. No sooner had the lady glanced over the contents of the lawyer's epistle, than she rose hastily and left the room.

"Nothing affecting her property, I hope?" said the governess.

"No fear of that!" replied the youth; "it was only yesterday that I heard Griffiths say she was the richest client the governor had!"

"She must be very rich, indeed, then!"

"Very!" said Clement; "for my part, I wish she had ten times more, for she makes a noble use of it!"

"How did Miss Mendez become so extremely wealthy?" inquired the young lady, in a tone calculated to convey that she attached very little importance to the answer.

"Inherited it!"

"From whom?"

"Partly from her grandfather, partly from her mother's family!" answered the messenger; "but never mind her or her fortune now! Tell me, Harriet," he added, taking her hand—for he had long been accustomed to look upon her as a sister, "how do you like the country? When shall we see you in London? I have a hundred things to ask, and you do nothing but question me about Martha Quin and her fortune!"

"Martha Quin?" repeated Harriet, with surprise.

"Yes, that was her name, till the crown gave her permission to change it!"

"But why change it?" demanded the young lady, perseveringly.

"Has she never told you?"

"No!"

"Then I am sure I can't!" said the young gentleman, with a good-humoured laugh; "all I know is, that she is as rich as the Queen of Sheba, and that the governor highly respects her!"

With the intuitive delicacy of a generous mind, he resolved not to gratify the curiosity of the governess, by relating the circumstances under which he had first become acquainted with his father's wealthy client.

"I fear," said Martha, as she re-entered the drawing-room and extended her hand to her visitor, "that you will think me a most inattentive hostess; but the intelligence you brought has excited me!"

"Agreeably, I hope?" observed the governess.

"Oh, yes!" continued the lady, with a vivacity which she rarely displayed.

"Another inheritance!" thought Miss Wyndham, with a sigh of envy.

"Your father tells me," resumed Martha, "that you have a visit of importance to make to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, the Rev. William Rede!"

"Merely some deeds to deliver and take his receipt for them!" interrupted Clement.

"In that case," replied the tenant of Briery Grange, "you will return and pass a day or two with me here; that is," she added, with a smile, "if you can find amusement in a place which has so little to attract!"

"So little!" repeated the youth; "why, you have the finest shooting in the county! As I drove through the park I started covery after covery, to say nothing," he added, recollecting that his speech had

more frankness than gallantry in it, "of the advantage of such society!"

"And I," exclaimed Martha, in a tone of self-reproach, "never to have thought that I possessed the means of affording you that pleasure! You, to whom I owe so much—who served me at the most critical moment of my life!"

Miss Wyndham mentally resolved to ascertain what that important service was.

"Remain," continued the speaker, "as long as you can find the least amusement; return when you will, bring your friends with you, I shall be only too happy to receive you!"

Had the speaker been ten or twelve years younger, the governess would have felt a pang of jealousy, for "Clem," as his father called him, had made an impression upon her heart: they had been thrown much together in childhood, and she was but three years his senior.

The youth was profuse in his thanks—as what youth fond of sporting would not have been at such an offer? Could he have foreseen it, there is no knowing what extravagance in the way of dogs and guns he might not have committed before leaving London. Directly after lunch, he rode over to the Rev. William Rede's, delivered the deeds, took the necessary receipts, and returned to the Grange in time for dinner.

Although Martha was the least observant person in the world in such particulars, she could not avoid noticing that her companion had dressed himself with unusual care.

During the evening she announced her departure the following day for London.

Clement, with a self-dental which said more for his politeness than sincerity, offered to accompany her, and was rewarded by a refusal.

The governess, as a matter of course, placed herself at the disposition of her pupil.

"No—no!" exclaimed the lady of the Grange, good-humouredly; "if I cannot do the honours of my house to my guest in person, I can at least have a graceful substitute! Consider yourself the mistress here till my return. I need no companion, my hopes will keep me company!"

At an early hour the following morning the speaker started on her journey.

"Clem," said Miss Wyndham, as she did the honours of the breakfast-table, an hour or two later, "I don't think you at all improved in your manners, whatever you may be in appearance!"

The youth looked up and smiled.

"You have been dawdling about that nasty gun this last half-hour, and scarcely replied to any one of my questions!"

"Because you ask such odd ones!" replied the embryo Nimrod. "What do I know of Miss Mendez's past life, whether she has met with a disappointment in love, or not? I don't know much about love," he added; "but as for disappointments, they come early enough, if I may judge from myself!"

"Have you experienced one?" inquired the lady, in a tone of interest.

"I should think I have; the governor has set his heart on making me a lawyer, and mine is equally made up to be a soldier!"

"Of course you intend to carry your point?"

"That depends!" said the youth; "mustn't contradict the governor too far—he has only me, you know!"

"True!" observed Harriet; "and he is very rich!"

Clement Foster, who was still busily engaged in screwing on the lock of his gun, a second time raised his head from his employment, and looked her full in the face—but this time it was without a smile upon his countenance.

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" answered the governess; "or merely that, being so rich, he could well afford to leave you the choice of a profession!"

"It's not the money," said the youth, apparently without noticing the discrepancy between her observation and explanation; "it is that he is fond of the law; it has been followed in the family from father to son for four generations—he looks upon it as a sort of nobility. Unfortunately, I can see nothing in it but dusty deeds and parchments—a dull office in the Temple—a horse-in-the mill sort of life that is not very tempting!"

"Clement," exclaimed the young lady, who felt the occasion of confirming the affection of their childhood by some explicit declaration was too precious to be lost; "to me, as well as to yourself, this is a day of liberty; we can walk, ride, amuse ourselves as we please."

"And the partridges?" observed the youth, gravely.

Harriet pouted and stamped her little foot with impatience—our female readers doubtless think that she had reason. It was rather too much that the birds should prove a greater attraction than her.

society; but let it be remembered that the culprit was only sixteen.

"I thought," she said, "that you loved me?"

"And so I do!" replied Clem. "Haven't we always been like brother and sister?"

A shade passed over the features of the governess. The words "brother and sister" had broken another of her illusions.

"Go," she added, in a low voice; "go and look after your partridges!"

(To be continued.)

#### OVERWORKED RAILWAY SERVANTS.

IN an inquiry into the death of a shunter named Clark, killed on the North-Western Railway, it was stated that the accident was caused by the man's inability to do his work properly from excessive fatigue.

"A lad about sixteen years of age stated that deceased, himself, and the other men worked from six one evening to seven the following morning. The accident happened during the last hour of work. That morning they had had one hour and a half's rest in the stables. Some mornings they had three hours and a half's rest."

"Emma Reeves, a young woman, who appeared on behalf of deceased's wife, who was ill now, created a sensation in court by declaring that for two nights and one day before the accident, deceased had been at work on the railway without intermission. Witness went with deceased's wife to get the week's salary, and there were two and a half day's overtime credited on the bill."

"Several of the jurymen expressed themselves warmly on what they considered the monstrous conduct of the company, in allowing a man to work two days and one night without intermission. The ordinary hours they considered very disgraceful for night-work, and they would not return a verdict until the statement as to the number of hours deceased had worked was proved or disproved."

"It had been said that the accident happened through deceased scotching the wheels of his truck before it was fairly on the turn-table; if that was the case, they (the jury) were not surprised, after the manner in which the man had been over-worked."

"The coroner said the jury had nothing whatever to do with the number of hours during which the man worked. If a man worked for a great number of hours it was at his own option, and he was sure that they, as Englishmen, would be the first to reject with indignation any law for compelling a man to only work for a certain number of hours."

"The jury still refused to return a verdict, and after a lengthened conversation the coroner adjourned the inquiry for the production of the evidence they required."

It is well that juries know better what they are about than their coroners. It is very possible that Clark's period of work has been exaggerated; indeed, it is quite incredible that he can have been employed without intermission for two days and a half; but if he was overworked at all, the fact was important, and pertinent to the issue of the inquiry.

Dr. Lankester told the jury they had nothing to do with the number of hours of the man's work, and that a man must be free to work as long as he chose. But the man's employers are not free to work him as long as he chooses to submit, if by so doing they endanger both his life and the public safety.

Suppose a fatal accident to occur from the unsoundness of a piece of iron, an axle or a wheel, or any other important part of the mechanism of a train, would the coroner, Dr. Lankester, instruct the jury that they had nothing to do with the wear to which the iron had been subjected, and the consequent unserviceable state to which it had been reduced? The iron, like the man, works till it breaks, and the responsibility for any consequent catastrophe lies with those who have not taken due care to keep their mechanism, both of metal and flesh and blood, in proper working order, sparing them any strain which they could not bear.

In the particular instance on the North-Western the mistake of the over-exerted man, Clark, was fatal to himself only, but it might have caused the destruction of a train with passengers, and in such case could it be pretended, even by the sapient coroner, Dr. Lankester, that the condition of incapacity to which the poor shunter had been reduced by excessive work had nothing to do with the question whether blame did or did not attach to the management of the line?

Companies must be bound to be as careful of the efficiency of the human part of their mechanism as of the wood and iron. A worn-out man may be the cause of as much mischief as a worn-out piece of metal.

If a horse is worked till it drops the cruelty is



punishable, and no magistrate would be stupid or inhuman enough to hold that it mattered not how many hours the animal had been worked, and that its willingness justified the driver, for to that comes the parallel argument of Dr. Lankester.

But in the case of the overworked railway servant the mischief extends beyond the individual, and may be the cause of frightful injury to the public.

## SCIENCE.

At Kew a magnificent spectroscopic is enabling the Director of the Observatory to map the remarkable variety of lines seen in the spectrum of the sun and that of other bodies. To keep the light of the sun in the field of view of the instrument, which is placed upon a large table facing a window, a clock is made to move a reflector so as to keep the light of the sun thrown upon the object glass.

**EXISTENCE OF COPPER IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**—This metal has been detected in the flesh, blood, &c., of men, oxen, birds, and fish, in the yolk of hens' eggs, and in all other animals where it was sought for. As animals live in part, directly or indirectly, upon plants, copper must exist in them; and as plants derive their substance from the soil of the sea-water, copper must be diffused through both of these media. This has been proved by the researches of Meissner, Commaille, Durocher, Malaguti and others.

For several years past numerous attempts have been made to discover a vein of lead which was supposed to exist at Brennaud, in the Forest of Bowland, and contiguous to Whitwell. All efforts were, however, unsuccessful; at any rate, although small portions of lead were here and there found, a sufficient quantity could not be obtained to justify the continuance of operations. A short time ago some men employed in draining on the Brennaud Farm struck upon the long-looked-for vein of lead.

**SOME NEW CASES OF PHOSPHORESCENCE.**—Mr. Barrett has noticed that many solids phosphoresce brilliantly after having been held for a short time in contact with a hydrogen flame. This is especially the case with marble, lime, selenite, granite, and sand-paper. "On sand-paper, if the hydrogen be suddenly extinguished, a phosphorescent image of the flame is observed. Chalk gives a brilliant greenish light, which changes into a still brighter yellow as lime is formed, the mass glowing throughout on continuance of the flame."

**VALUE OF PATENT LAWS.**—We have recently secured Letters Patent in this country for a large silk manufacturer in Switzerland for some valuable improvements as applied to his business. He remarked to us that these improvements would be of great value to him in his home business if he could secure them by Letters Patent, but there being no patent laws in Switzerland, his rivals in business could, at once, appropriate his improvements, without liability of prosecution for infringing his rights. Such would be the case in this country but for our admirable patent laws. There are persons mean enough to desire the repeal of all laws protecting the rights of inventors.

**CARBON IN GLASS.**—To obtain glass of a yellow colour by means of carbon, the following proportions were used:—

White sand	250 parts
Carbonate of lime	50
Carbonate of soda	100
Wood charcoal	2

After several hours in the furnace, the composition was melted, and the crucible taken out and allowed to cool. It contained a homogeneous mass of glass, of a deep yellow colour. To obtain a glass more refractory and less sensitive to atmospheric influences, it was necessary to increase the proportion of silica from 250 parts to 290 parts. It is generally admitted that the colouration by carbon is due to the minute quantity of this substance existing in the glass in a state of fine division.

**A LECTURE EXPERIMENT.**—Take a platinum wire 6-5 mm. thick, and wind it fifteen or twenty times around a lead pencil, so as to form a spiral; when made, pass one end of the wire through a cork, and let the spiral hang into a wide-necked flask standing on wire gauze over a lamp. The cork must be loosely laid lengthwise over the mouth of the flask. Pour into the flask so much fuming ammonia (20 per cent.) as almost to reach to the end of the spiral. Carry a glass tube, about 10 mm. wide, from a gasometer full of oxygen, into the flask, so that the end of the tube may dip a little under the ammonia. Now make the platinum spiral red hot, and allow the oxygen to enter. The platinum soon becomes heated to a bright red heat, and the flask is filled first with white vapours of nitrate of ammonia, and then with deep red vapour of nitrous acid; the glass tube which carries the oxygen becomes coated with a thick crust of nitrate of

ammonia. If now the lamp under the flask be lighted, and the ammonia heated, the mixture of ammoniacal gas and oxygen explodes, with a quite harmless explosion. By this the platinum spiral is cooled below the temperature of a red heat; but after a few moments it again becomes a bright red, and the gaseous mixture is exploded as before, so that the experiment goes on repeating itself, as long as desired. On introducing a very rapid stream of oxygen, the gas burns for some time under the liquid. It continues to burn, producing the long-drawn sound of the chemical harmonica if the opening of the tube be held immediately above the level of the ammonia and quite close to the platinum spiral. The oxygen-ammonia flame then appears as a greenish yellow bubble at the mouth of the tube, which may be moved up and down without extinguishing the flame.

## COMPRESSED MOIST HOT AIR ENGINE FOR MARINE PURPOSES.

On the 17th of November, a trial of a boat propelled by a light portable moist air engine came off on the Thames at Lambeth. The boat into which the engine was placed (without any fitting or alteration of the boat) is 22 ft. 6 in. long by about 5 ft. 6 in. beam, and 2 ft. deep, and is capable of seating from fifteen to twenty persons.

The boat is an iron one, built on the Lake of Geneva, by M. Chillon, and was sent over to the first International Exhibition, and previously to the robbery—which it seems is common to all premises on the Thames—had a handsome appearance.

The engine has one cylinder, 4 in. diameter and 12 in. stroke, driving a pair of light paddle-wheels, 3 ft. diameter, about eighty revolutions per minute. The power of the engine is about one-horse power nominal, and the weight of the boiler and engine is about 300 lb.

The maximum speed attained through the water was six miles an hour, but the average speed was about five miles. The consumption of fuel in three hours' work was a peck of gas coke, which cost retail 13d., and 4 lb. of coals, 1d.; total cost for three hours, 23d. As the boat is capable of carrying one and a half tons of coal, it would be equal to a voyage, in smooth, still water, of between 3,000 and 4,000 miles without further fuel.

The reason of the extraordinary economy of fuel arises from the use of the latent heat of the steam as motive power, but which is wasted in all steam-engines. The engine, when not required for the boat, is easily lifted out (and in this case is absolutely necessary, or it would be all stolen), and may be used either as a light road engine, or as a fixed engine of one-horse power, working for less than a penny an hour for fuel.

It seems extraordinary that the present steam-engines should continue to be used in steam vessels, entailing as they do a clear loss of half the fuel and two-thirds the space occupied by the engine.

This little locomotive is easily controlled by a child eight years of age, and makes less noise than a cab, and no smoke.

**RUSSIAN PETROLEUM SPRINGS.**—The principal sources of petroleum in Russia are the Caucasus, the peninsula of Apsheron, and near the Baital Lake, in Siberia. Some new sources have recently been discovered on the left bank of the Kouban. Petroleum has also been found on the banks of the Volga, in the governments of Kasan, Samblon, and Samara, in the peninsulas of Kerch and Taman, and in the government of Archangel. The springs regularly worked are those of Kerch, Taman, and Apsheron. The two first, worked by Mr. Helmersen, who has sunk four pits, yielded in one year, from the month of July, 1864, to the month of July, 1865, nearly 200,000 litres of petroleum. In the peninsula of Apsheron there are 220 naphtha pits, black and white; these pits belong to the State, but are rented to individuals. The petroleum industry in Russia is of recent date, and at the outset was very imperfectly worked; but recently many persons have given an impetus to the work, more especially the Baron de Tormeau, who has introduced at Bakou new methods of refining the oil.

**EXPERIMENTS IN GLASS MAKING.**—For many months past M. Pelouze has been making a series of experiments on the manufacture of glass, and the results have been regularly published in *Comptes Rendus*. He has in the course of the present year made known the action of metalloids and sulphates on the glass of commerce, also the colouration of glass by selenium and by bichromate of potash. His experiments were, for the most part, performed in Siemens' furnaces, which were used for the manufacture of glass at Saint Gobain. These furnaces he found well suited for his purpose, because of the lengthy generators in which the combustible gases are produced, so that the crucibles are not liable to become filled with dust and cinders of all descriptions, and particularly fragments of pyrites which are thrown off from the coal. The

crucibles he used were made of a very refractory white fireclay, of such a composition that for all practical purposes it might be considered of the same nature as the materials contained in the glass. The best clays in effect contain nothing but silica and alumina, and if the latter does not enter directly into the composition of glass, it can be introduced without sensibly altering its general properties. However, to avoid every source of error, and not to run the risk of the clays containing fragments of pyrites, he often used a platinum crucible, protected outside by fireclay. By the side of the experimental crucibles he always placed others containing the ordinary constituents of glass, so as to obtain directly comparable results.

**SOFTENING CLAY.**—Sir,—Your last week's number contains a note on the softening of clay for modellers, by means of glycerine,—will you allow me to point out to such of your readers to whom it may be of use a cheaper method of effecting the same object? Some year or so ago I had an apparatus at work in my laboratory, parts of which required at intervals to be removed, replaced, and related. The mixing of fresh pipe-clay and water every day or each time it was necessary became a bore, so I mixed a quantity once for all, using a solution of chloride of calcium of about 1:350 specific gravity instead of water. I found that I had fully achieved my object, inasmuch as my luting kept good during the whole course of the experiments, and, further, the other day I picked up in a bye corner of the laboratory a piece of this very same luting as soft, as plastic, and evidently as fit for use as ever. I may add that at the time it struck me that I had read that it was necessary for modellers to keep their clay in a soft state, but I also thought it was necessary that it should be capable of being dried—which when mixed with chloride of calcium it would be impossible to do.—PETER HEAT.

**COMPOUNDS OF COPPER AND PHOSPHORUS.**—Mr. F. A. Abel read a paper on the compounds of copper and phosphorus. This paper was devoted to the description of a series of experiments made to ascertain if phosphorized copper would be more effectual as a material for the manufacture of cannon than the alloy in general use. After referring to the different chemical compounds of copper and phosphorus known, Mr. Abel spoke of his experiments on phosphorized copper, with respect to its tensile strength. He found that an ingot of copper one inch in area broke under a strain of about 25,000 lbs., that of a similar ingot of gun-metal required 32,000 lbs.; while copper combined with 5 per cent of phosphorus required 38,349 lbs., and with 1-4 per cent phosphorus the strain that the ingot would bear was upwards of 47,000 lbs. Although these experiments showed the very superior tenacity of the phosphorized copper, yet there were practical difficulties which prevented the application of this compound to gunnery. In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, Mr. Abel stated that this phosphorized copper would not be at all suitable for telegraphic purposes, as the presence of phosphorus was most detrimental to the metal as a conductor of electricity.

**FALL OF TWO AEROLITES.**—On the 7th September last a well-authenticated case of the fall of two aerolites within half a mile of each other took place at Muddoor, in India. It was in the daytime, and three loud reports, like the explosion of shells in the air, were heard by many people. Three natives, immediately after the reports, saw the fall of the stones, which raised a great quantity of dust. They were at first frightened, but called others to their assistance, and dug out the stones. Their depositions were afterwards taken. The first of them, named Kenda, was very much frightened: "he did not go close to it, because he thought some calamity had fallen there from the heavens." The second, Channy Gowda, "did not go close to the spot, thinking that some evil had come down from the heavens." The third, Mallay Gowda, did not go to see it, "because he thought that some calamity or *Mary* (meaning his deity of evils) had come down on the land to ruin the community." A large number of persons, including the police, were brought by these natives to the spots, and the two stones on being dug out in a broken state were found to be identical in appearance. All the resident almidar, took down the statements in writing, and sent the whole at once to Mr. L. B. Bowring, Commissioner for the province of Mysore.

**MR. SIDENOTHAM** read "Notes on Atlantic Soundings." He said that in the unsuccessful attempt made to raise the Atlantic cable after it had unfortunately parted, the ropes and grapnels brought up from the bottom small portions of ooze or mud, some of which were scraped off and preserved, as stated at the time in the newspapers. Believing that a careful examination of this deposit might prove of considerable interest, he wrote on the subject to Dr. Fairbairn, who, after considerable trouble, obtained for him a fine sample, mounted specimens of which he now presented for the cabinet, and to each member of the

Section. In appearance the deposit resembles dirty clay, and under the microscope reminds one much of the chalk from Dover, indeed, it has all the appearance of being a bed of chalk in process of formation. It is composed entirely of organisms, chiefly in fragments. In the short examination he had made, he observed several forms which gave promise of interesting results, and he thought it would be desirable to frame a complete list of the species found, which would be best accomplished by two or three members taking temporary possession of all the slides, and preparing a report on their united observations. The sample now distributed was obtained at Dr Fairbairn's request by Mr. Seward, from Mr. Temple, one of the engineering staff, who states that it was got in grappling for the cable, August 11, 1865, lat. 51 deg. 25 min. 15 sec. N., long. 38 deg. 59 min. W.

### FACETIE.

THE JAPANESE say, "The tongue of woman is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using."

A LONDON tradesman told a youth in his shop to write in large letters on a sheet of paper, "Wanted, a stout lad as light porter." The next day he was astonished to see the placard displayed, with this inscription, "Wanted, a stout lad as likes porter."

### THE VARIATION.

Old Lady (from the country, to coiffeur): "I want to buy a waterfall."

Coiffeur: "For yourself, ma'am?"

Old Lady: "Oh, no—for Jimmy Ann—she's just going to be married."

Coiffeur: "What colour do you wish?"

Old Lady: "Oh, just what's the fashion."

THE cause of the suppression of a very attractive portion of the Lord Mayor's procession is facetiously suggested to be this:—Last year one man in armour got extremely elevated on some very good beer, and sat down on an alderman, when the alderman obtained an order to suppress men in armour.

### A "LUB-LETTER."

A clergyman in one of the Southern States, noted for the easy polish of his manners, and especially for the beauty of his penmanship, had a favourite slave, who fell deeply in love with a sable beauty on a neighbouring plantation.

The ardour of the flame that consumed him was such, that it at length overcame his bashfulness; and he begged his master in most moving terms to write a love-letter for him.

The master at once consented, and after writing a long and flowery epistle, in the most approved love-letter style, and in faultless chirography, read it over to the expectant "darky."

He seemed much delighted with it, and allowed his master to fold and almost finish directing it, when a shade passed over his countenance, and looking exceedingly puzzled, he burst forth:

"Oh, Lord, massa! dat nebber do, nebber do, in dis varsal world!"

"Why, what now, Pompey? What is the matter? What is it that displeases you in the letter?"

"Why, massa, you larned gemman, and not know dat? And even poor Pomp, he know? Oh, Lor! I thought white folks know sumthin'." This last was aside. "Don't you see you never finish lub-letter? You not say, 'Please, excudge de bad writin'!"

THE last invention of India-rubber in Paris is "a false bust for females—bust and neck—a perfect imitation of flesh and blood, and (as they say of good counterfeiters) well calculated to deceive." Those "made to palpitate" are sold at a high figure.

### HAND OR FIST?

Straightforward Lover: "Mr. Oilspring, can I have your daughter's hand?"

Oilspring: "No, sir, but you can have my fist, if that will answer just as well."

Lover: "Certainly, my dear fellow, just put it to a check for twenty or thirty thousand!"

RUSSIANS IN WARSAW.—The Europe relates an incident to show the oppression to which the Poles are still subject from the Russian authorities. A respectable family at Warsaw was recently celebrating the marriage of one of its members. On returning from the church, a police agent came uninvited and seated himself at table among the guests. After having taken his fill of the choicest dishes and the best wines, he left and sent one of his comrades to occupy his place. Others succeeded, until a fifth, at the end of the repast, ordered a young lady to take her seat at the piano, and then offered himself to dance with the bride. The company had now lost all patience, and indignantly requested the man to retire, but the police agent, who was half intoxicated,

declared all the guests under arrest. The master of the house then showed him a permission for the meeting, signed by the authorities; but the man, without making any reply, went and fetched a number of his colleagues, and marched the whole company off to prison. The police then returned to the house, consumed the refreshments prepared for the evening, and indulged in an orgie in the proprietor's wine-cellar. The next morning the imprisoned party were brought before the commissary of police, who simply dismissed them, advising them to return quietly home and not complain to the superior authorities if they did not wish to draw down upon themselves further unpleasantness.

"He who would thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it, for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,  
It must follow naturally

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;  
and it will ensure a consequence that,

He who'd still more thriving be,  
Must leave his bed at turn of three;  
And who this latter would outdo,  
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

He who'd never be outdone,  
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be

He who'd flourish best of all,  
Should never go to bed at all.

A SPECIMEN of police literature, in the shape of an accurate copy of a legal and official notice, posted with all due prominence in Belfast, runs thus:—The owners of all dogs found at large on the public streets of Dunganon without being properly logged or muzzled will be prosecuted.

### HOW LOUISA WON HER HUSBAND.

IT was six o'clock in Pall Mall, and everywhere else, we suppose, when Mr. Gregory Grubber (Junior of the great firm of Grubber, Grubber & Co., Money-getters by anything) loitered on the Club steps evidently lost in thought. He was thus engaged when young Harry Premium (son of the extensive Colonial broker of that name) disturbed him by a familiar slap on the shoulder, which made him descend the remaining steps with considerable rapidity.

"I'm afraid I've disturbed some profitable meditation," said Harry with a laugh.

"Not in the least," replied Grubber, rubbing his shoulder, and smiling in return. "You, on the contrary, have saved me from an extravagance. I was doubting whether I should pay ten shillings for an ortolan for my dinner, and you have decided me. I shall not."

"Which way are you walking?" asked Harry.

"Well, to Charing Cross," replied Grubber; "as I hear Groves has an extraordinary salmon on view until seven, when it goes to Lord Guleston's."

"I'll walk with you, as I don't dine for an hour," said Harry.

The two friends sauntered on.

"By-the-by, Grubber," said Harry, pulling up, "I was surprised to hear on 'Change this morning that you had proposed to Louisa Goldborough, and had been accepted."

"Quite true," replied Grubber, with a pleasant smile.

"After what you told me, I thought that was not likely to come off," said Harry.

"What did I say? I forget."

"That you thought she was pretty, good-tempered, and a stunning waltzer," replied Harry.

"Well?"

"But you fancied, also, that she was too fond of novel reading; as you never called but she had a Mudie-book in her hand," answered Harry.

"And that I never would marry a professed novel reader. True. I did say so," replied Grubber.

"Now, hear me again; I called last Thursday week, having waltzed with her four times the night before, and she is a stunner—awful!—and I love waltzing. I believe it is the finest thing out for promoting digestion; and think how jolly it would be to do your own waltzing after tea in your own drawing-room! Well, I called, and found her as usual reading. I was pained—yes, that the word—I was pained."

"Well, fire away," said Harry, seeing his friend was about to pull up as he had done.

"As I entered, Louisa hastily thrust the book beneath the cushion of the settee on which she was reclining and looking so charming; but a novel-reading wife! No: so I dropped upon common-place matters, and all notion of proposing again vanished. I was hurt—awful!"

"Never mind, peg away," said Robert; "there's Groves' over the way."

"Well, my dear boy, Louisa left the room for some reason—I think to get her last night's card of engagements, to settle some differences of opinion—I could not resist my desire to know what she had been reading. I rushed to the cushion, I brought forth the book, and—joy! rapture! and all that you know—I found that I could propose!"

"Why, what could the book have to do with it?" asked Harry, surprised.

"Everything. It proved to me that she was all I desired in a wife. Pretty, good-tempered, a stunning waltzer, rich, and the book she had been reading so constantly was Murray's last edition of 'Miss Austen's Cookery Book!'"

The two friends embraced, and then entered Groves' shop, where, for ten minutes at least, they stood silently admiring the Salmon of the Season.—*Punch's Pocket Book, 1866.*

### THE NEGRO SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

Pete: "Cuff, what does de white folks mean when dey talks about giving us kullud gemmen de Electric Francis?"

Cuff: "You's wrong, Pete, you's wrong in your pronounciation. It isn't de Electric Francis, it am de Electum French-case—which is de same as de Right ob Suffrin."

Pete: "Well, old fellar, we's had de wrong ob sufferin' 'bout long enuff, and for my part, I doesent want no more of no kinder sufferin'."

Cuff: "Pete, you's a ignoramus. De Right ob Suffrin means going to de poles and klesin de buck, and puttin' ballads in de ballad boxes, and singin' ant hoo-rayin', and gettin' treated with Boreburg and Munjo-heeler whisky, same as de poor white trash does."

Pete: "Oh! dat's it, is it? And how much is we to get for our trouble, Uncle Cuff?"

Cuff: "Same as de poor white folks. I speck it 'pends on vot wotes is wuth in de market. I reckon 'bout free dollars apiece."

Pete: "You doesn't say so, Cuff! Den I goes in for de Electric Francis jam up to de handle. It am poplar wid dis child, it am. Gorrampitey brass de Electum French-case and Merican independence and de Bar Strangled Banner. Yah! Yah! Yah!"

### A MORNING CALL TAX WANTED.

MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, we have a new tax to propose, and will briefly state the points that mainly recommend it. Sir, it is a tax from which the poor will be utterly exempt, and which will only press on those who are quite willing to submit to it. No one need incur it unless he or she so pleases, and surely, therefore, no one can have any grounds for grumbling at it. The tax that we propose is a tax on what is certainly no necessary of life; although, with equal certainty, few people can pretend to regard it as a luxury. In short, the impost we suggest is a Tax on Morning Calls, and we think the sooner it is put in force the better.

On the benefits which such a tax would bring to the community, we need surely not dilate. It would doubtless serve to check what has long been a great nuisance, and thereby would most probably effect great moral good, by improving all the tempers which that nuisance may have spoilt. When one reflects how many a man has had his temper solely tried through being bullied by his wife into making a morning call, one may form some slight idea of the moral good the tax seems likely to produce. What a saving too of valuable time it will occasion, if, by reason of its imposition, morning calls should well-nigh cease! Many people are supposed to spend no small part of their lives in making morning calls upon their casual acquaintances; and how much valuable time the nation yearly wastes in this way. Mr. Babbage at his leisure may calculate and tell us. As we are told that "time is money," this great waste is really serious in a monetary point; and Mr. Babbage, if he pleases, may beguile a leisure hour, by working out a calculation as to how much money England yearly spends in morning calls, and how far the funds thus squandered would decrease the national debt.

Anyhow, we fancy we have made out a clear case as to why a Morning Call Tax ought to be enacted; and we really trust that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon act upon our hint.—*Punch's Pocket Book, 1866.*

NOT BEFORE IT'S WANTED.—Two German inventors announce that they have discovered a scheme for making wine without grapes. Now that the prices of meat are so high, why don't the scientific men find out some way of making beef without oxen?—*Fun.*

A STORM IN A BEER-TEA-POT.—The surgeon of one of Her Majesty's jails in India has got into a scrape for administering beer-tea to one of the Hindoo prisoners who was sick in hospital. The man is cured, but complains that the government had no right to set him up by such means, as he has thereby become a pariah. The worthy criminal had in fact set



his life upon his estate, and was prepared to stand the hazard of the die, which the inconsiderate humanity of the Feringhies would not permit. — *Fun.*

**A STRIKE—ON ROAST.**—It is stated that among the funds in the hands of the Corporation of London, there is a sum of two hundred a year left in trust "to burn heretics." As public entertainments of this sort are no longer provided by a paternal government, the sum in question had better be handed over to us, as we roast a good many people in the course of the year. — *Fun.*

**A QUESTION OF TURNED HEADS.**—How would the negro women look if they used Golden Hair Wash to dye their woolly heads yellow? — *Fun.*

**IN TRAINING.**—Master Henry grows too heavy for his pony, and finding the Governor does not take his repeated hints on the subject, and do the liberal thing, resolves at last to reduce his weight by Banting and sudorifics, &c. Nurse won't put up with his "vigors" any longer, and sends for master. Tableau! — *Fun.*

**NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY.**—A Telegram, coming all the way from Bombay, announces that:—"An English girl has been sold by her parents to the Chief of Chatna for 3,000 rupees. The affair has caused much excitement." Why? She is not the first English girl whom her parents have sold. English girls sell themselves every day to old fools; who generally repent of their bargain. Let us hope that the Chief of Chatna won't. — *Fun.*

#### WEATHER AND WEALTH.

"What has the weather to do with business?" was the reply of a cheery-faced and successful business man, to the inquiry: "Are you out such a day as this?"

Such an hour of sleet and storm and angry howling winds is seldom seen in these latitudes. It was approaching three o'clock, and the bank account had to be made right, or financial ruin would have been the result. Suppose the storm had been ten times more tempestuous, the wind ten times more boisterous, the cold twenty degrees below zero, the City Hall clock would have struck three just as soon, and the bank notary would not have delayed one second later to have written the fatal word, "protested;" for business knows no law but that of promptitude; it knows no excuse; death even is no apology for the failure to meet a bank engagement. He who will succeed in making a fortune in a large city, must meet his engagements in all weathers.

It is precisely so in relation to health and disease. Moderate, daily exercise in the open air, with a cheerful spirit and an encouraging remuneration, is worth a thousand times more than all the remedies in the materia medica for the removal of ordinary ailments, when conjoined with temperance and cleanliness.

But the same principle must be applied as in the successful prosecution of business. The exercise must be performed regardless of the weather. Not that exercise in bad weather is especially promotive to health; it is not as favourable to that end as good weather. But if exercise is needed at all, it is not the less necessary because it is raining, or very cold, or unendurably hot. If a man is hungry, he is not the less hungry because he can get nothing to eat.

The necessity for exercise as a means of health is abiding; what makes the rule imperative: "Go out in all weathers," is that we eat in all weathers; and if we exercise only when the weather is perfectly suitable, half the time would be lost in our changing climate. But the very energy and moral courage which enables a man to take out-door exercise, regardless of the weather, is of itself a potent means for the cure even of serious diseases.

The man who offers bad weather as an excuse for not going and paying a debt, will never succeed in business; nor will he get well, who, for that reason, fails to take his daily exercise, when it is an indispensable means of cure.

It is precisely the same in religion; he who is swift to offer bad weather as an excuse for being absent from the worship of the great congregation on the Sabbath-day, or from other properly appointed means of grace, never did make an efficient church member, will have nothing "added" in his napkin at the great accounting day!

It is the man who is faithful to his duty, always, "regardless of the weather," or anything else, who will hear the glad greeting from the Heavenly Judge, "Well done!"

**AFRICANS.**—Coming from many different tribes, all the rays of the separate superstitions converge into a focus at Totia, and baffle our common sense from the minds of the mixed breed. They believe that many evil spirits live in the air, the earth and the water. These invisible malicious beings are thought to inflict much suffering on the human race; but, as they have

a weakness for beer and a craving for food, they may be propitiated from time to time by offerings of meat and drink. The serpent is an object of worship, and hideous little images are hung in the huts of the sick and dying. The uncontaminated Africans believe that Morango, the Great Spirit who formed all things, lives above the stars; but they never pray to him, and know nothing of their relation to him, or of his interest in them. The spirits of their departed ancestors are all good, according to their ideas, and on special occasions aid them in their enterprises. When a man has his hair cut, he is careful to bury it, or bury it secretly, lest falling into the hands of one who has an evil eye, or is a witch, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with headache. They believe, too, that they will live after the death of the body, but do not know anything of the state of the Barimo (gods, or departed spirits).—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, &c., by D. and C. Livingstone.*

#### TOO LATE.

Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime,

Unheeded flew the hours;

For noiseless falls the foot of Time,

Whose path is only flowers.

Oh! who to sober measurement

Time's happy swiftness brings,

When birds of Paradise have lent

The plumage of their wings?

Or who with clear account remarks

The ebbing of his glass,

When all the sands are diamond sparks

That glitter as they pass?

Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime,

Unheeded flew the hours;

For noiseless falls the foot of Time,

That only treads on flowers.

#### GEMS.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong.

It is not what people gain, but what they save, that makes them rich.

It is not what people read, but what they remember, that makes them learned.

It is not what people profess, but what they practice, that makes them good.

Whoever brings the tales of others to you will be sure to carry tales of you to them.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be found food enough for it. In the stillest night, the air is filled with sounds for the ear that is resolved to listen.

Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us, viz.—avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride. If those enemies were to be banished, we should infinitely enjoy perfect peace.

**DISCOVERY OF A NEW SPECIES OF FISH.**—In the *Banffshire Journal* last year, allusion was made to a particular class of fishes, which, from their small size, are denominated midges, three species of which had been found there. These were all that were then known of the genus. Last month, however, another and quite a new and distinct species was discovered there, and seven specimens obtained. This species now found is entirely new to science. Although agreeing in many respects with the other members of the family—that is, the midges—it differs in several important and essential points. The most remarkable and distinctive of these is a barbel on the upper part of the mouth. This article hangs like an elephant's trunk suspended from the upper lip. None of the others have anything of the kind.

**A SHIP OF THE SECOND CENTURY.**—Shipbuilders, said Mr. Donaldson, at the Institute, "are proud to call themselves naval architects," and here is something for them. In the course of digging a trench for military purposes, during the late Danish war, the workmen came upon boggy soil, and at a depth of five feet discovered the remains of a very ancient ship embedded in the bog. The site is now some distance from the sea (at Wester-Satrup, in Sundewitt Bay); but, at the time when it was deserted, it was no doubt "run up" on the beach. It is of oak, but in so very defective a condition, that it had to be strengthened with iron bands before it could be removed to Flensburg, where it may now be seen. The keel is bent upwards at both ends, after the fashion of a modern gondola, rising to a height of 9 feet 10 inches in the bows, and 10 feet 11 inches at the stern. The total length is 79 feet 10 inches, by a width of 11 feet 10 inches in the waist, by a height of 4 feet 2 inches. There appears to have been no deck, but

several lockers were found, some of which contained bones of animals. Besides this, were discovered a number of spears, bows, arrows, battle-axes, wooden clubs, knives, &c.; but, what was more important, some coins were found, which give the date of the time when this ship floated, not only on the Baltic, but perhaps to the distant shores of Britain. The coins are Roman, and of the second century, B.C.; and there were also bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, besides cooking utensils, &c. All these articles are now in the Archaeological Museum at Copenhagen, but the ship itself the Danes were unable to get away before they had to give place to the advancing Austrians.

#### STATISTICS.

The shipbuilding trade of the Clyde continues to be moderately employed. There is still, however, a considerable falling off in the number of vessels launched as compared with the same period during the past two years. The total number of vessels launched during the month and ten months ending 31st October for the past three years was as follows:—1863. October, 20 vessels, 17,000 tons; ten months, 127 vessels, 102,100 tons. 1864. October, 17 vessels, 13,410 tons; ten months, 182 vessels, 146,400 tons. 1865. October, 16 vessels, 11,400 tons; ten months, 149 vessels, 110,600 tons.

The most remarkable proof of the success attending the efforts of the Cotton Supply Association to promote the growth of cotton is to be found in the fact that, from the accidental reception of a handful of Sea Island cotton seed in the year 1865, between thirty and forty acres in the neighbourhood of Naples are now planted with it, from which a crop of about 40,000lb of seed-cotton, equivalent to a yield of 10,000lb clean cotton is expected this year. The handful of seed planted in 1863 produced about 80lb of uncleaned; and with the seed of this quantity two acres and a half were sown in 1864, which yielded a bale of 750lb of clean cotton.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The late M. Dupin is said to have left eleven wills; the last so facetiously worded that even the gravity of the occasion when it was read could not prevent the effect which this good man doubtless intended to produce. He leaves £12,000 a year between nearly a dozen nephews and nieces.

In the month of January, her Majesty, with the Royal Family, will take up her abode at Buckingham Palace, where very extensive preparations have already been commenced for the Queen's reception. It is said that the brilliant festivities of an English Court will be resumed.

The authorities of the City are about to apply to Parliament for power to take the manufacture of gas into their own hands. We trust the factories will be removed from the metropolis to districts where their mischievous effects on the health of the neighbouring inhabitants will have diminished fields of action, and explosions be less terrible than now.

**JULIUS CÆSAR** landed in Britain on the 26th August, 55 B.C., just 1,920 years ago. It is said that Earl Stanhope, President of the Society of Antiquaries, and Lord Clarence Paget, Secretary of the Admiralty, are engaged in trying to find the exact state of the tide in the English Channel at three o'clock P.M. on that day. May success attend their labours!

**A HINT.**—To put an end to the continual delays on railways, the Council of State in Switzerland has just resolved to impose the following fines:—A delay of from a quarter to half an hour, 50fr.; from a half to one hour, 100fr.; from an hour to an hour and a half, 300fr.; more than an hour and a half, 500fr. Make these guineas, and the system would work admirably in England.

**SINGULAR DEATH OF BUTLOCKS.**—Earl Manvers, of Thoresby Park, during the past fortnight has lost nineteen fine beasts. Report in this vicinity soon ascribed the cause to the fatal Rinderpest; but on a post-mortem examination being made by an eminent professor of the Metropolitan Veterinary College, it was found death occurred from their having eaten too many chestnuts and acorns, which brought on typhoid fever.

**CATTLE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.**—From returns which have been made by order of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, it appears that the number of cattle and sheep in that island in the month of October this year and in the corresponding period last year was as follows:—1865. cattle, 18,759; sheep, 56,575. 1864. cattle, 18,538; sheep, 51,955. From the above it will be seen that this year the island contains 221 more cattle and 4,580 more sheep than it did last year.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**S. STARKER.**—The work in question can be obtained by order through any bookseller in Belter, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

**ONE FORMER.**—Candidates for appointments in the Customs House must pass an examination by the Civil Service Commissioners, whose office is in Dean Yard, Westminster.

**LORENZO ARTE.**—who is considered pretty, would like to be placed in communication with a matrimonial correspondent.

**A. R.**—We cannot say at present whether we shall publish the tale in question. (The handwriting is moderately good.)

**ADELAIDE W.** will use by reference to our literary announcement that we could not comply with the desire expressed.

**MRS. HAYE JR.**—We have never heard of the work in question, and doubt whether you have stated its title correctly. As you "must have it," give an order for it to a bookseller.

**L. L. G.**—The handwriting is scarcely good enough for a mercantile office, but will become so, doubtless, with careful practice. The lines would be the best paper in which to advertise.

**BOONIE HEART.**—There may be no moral doubt as to the culpability of your wife, but to succeed in a suit for divorce there must be no evidence of criminality. Proof of some overt act must be obtained.

**ANNA G.**—The lines entitled "My Childhood's Home" possess considerable merit, but being very lengthy, are declined with thanks. (We should be glad to have our correspondent's assurance that her contributions are original.)

**W. ANSPER.**—As a rule, people should not place any faith in the ability of advertising medical practitioners, so-called; but we always refrain from expressing an opinion on matters of this kind.

**GEORGE H.**—We have no knowledge of the Birmingham practitioner named; nor can we recommend you any medical man. You should place yourself in the hands of one who does not advertise.

**MARY D.** would like to correspond with a dark handsome gentleman, well educated, and possessing a good income. Is in her seventeenth year, fair, with light hair, blue eyes, considered good looking, and is domesticated.

**MIRIAM.** who is nineteen years of age, and of medium height, amiable, and possessed of all the domestic qualities, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a respectable tradesman, about twenty-five years of age.

**VIOLET BLANCHER.** who is tall, has brown hair, hazel eyes, and fair complexion, would be willing to receive matrimonial overtures. The gentleman responding must be tall, of gentlemanly appearance, and not over thirty years of age.

**CASABIANCA.**—Smoking is decidedly injurious—more or less according to temperament and the extent of indulgence in it; the use of tobacco is even sometimes fatal. Abstain, and take a course of tonics, and read a paragraph on the subject in No. 134.

**A TIA DEALER.**—If you consult the catalogue of any good circulating library you will find works on the subject of tea; and probably Mr. Fortune's book would answer your purpose. A bookseller could procure, to order, a work on the Chinese language.

**A. D.**—The levying of Church-rates on Dissenters is as gross a piece of injustice as can be committed under colour of law; but, certainly, if a Church-rate has been made in your parish, you will have to pay it whether you are a church-goer or not.

**A. C. R.**—It is not our practice to recommend professional men, and you must be guided by your own judgment, after weighing all the circumstances of the case, whether you should or should not consult the practitioner named.

**LILLIE D.** would like to correspond matrimonially with a dark gentleman, who must be tall, well educated, and possess a good income. Is in her eighteenth year, petite, with Auburn hair and hazel eyes, domesticated, and very fond of music.

**LAWRENCE.** who is twenty-two years of age, dark, passably good-looking, and of steady habits, would like to enter at once on a matrimonial correspondence with a thoroughly domesticated young lady, about his own age, fair, of medium height, good tempered and affectionate.

**C. U.** and **J. R.** twenty-four, and twenty-five years of age respectively, are anxious to receive matrimonial overtures. "C. U." who is 5 ft. 3 in. in height, has brown hair and eyes, and is very affectionate, would prefer a gentleman about twenty-two years of age, tall, and fair. "J. R." who is

5 ft. 2 in. in height, has blue eyes and light curly hair, and is thoroughly domesticated, would accept a gentleman between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. "J. R." who is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has dark hair and eyes, and is somewhat accomplished; would prefer a gentleman about twenty-six years of age, who must be tall, but may be either light or dark.

**FLORA** and **KATE** are willing to receive matrimonial offers. Both are eighteen years of age, and of fair complexion; the former being of medium height, and considered very pretty; the latter is tall, and also very pretty; they have an income of 100*l.* per annum each.

**BLOOMER** and **ISAAC** will be happy to correspond matrimonially with two young gentlemen. "Bloomer" is twenty-nine years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark hair and eyes, amiable, and perfectly domesticated. "Isaac" is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has light brown hair, grey eyes, a good temper, and thorough domestic qualities. *Carets requested.*

**BRUCE.**—We regret that we can send our correspondent only in as far as is recommended, to send to a work of which their own personal published containing short pieces adapted for recitation. The advertising columns of the daily newspapers will indicate where such a work can be purchased.

**GEORGINA** and **ETHEL** who are both seventeen years of age, wish to correspond and exchange cards with two gentlemen (if residing in Edinburgh preferred) with a view to matrimony. "Georgina" is of medium height, with fair hair and blue eyes. "Ethel" is of medium height, with dark hair and dark eyes.

**MALCOLM GRANT.** being very young, solicits an introduction to a lady disposed to enter the bonds of Hymen. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, with dark curly hair and mustache, blue eyes, and fair complexion; has 500*l.* a year from property, being the only son of a rich father.

**THE MOON** is dreaming on the lake,  
Only the gentle breeze wakes it;  
Night's sleeping calm they cannot break—  
So soft and low they whisper by,  
Just like love's faint and tender sigh.

One star is on the brow of night,  
But I want thine eye of sweeter light—  
My own—my beautiful—How bright  
The moonbeams on the waters play;  
Come let us seek their shining way.

My skill is lingering on the shore,  
And I will teach thee loving lore,  
The while thy golden head shall rest,  
Soft pillowed on my faithful breast.

**R. P.** and **T. J.** wish to correspond matrimonially and exchange cards with two young ladies, from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. "R. P." is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height. "T. J." is twenty-two years of age, and 5 ft. 7 in. in height. (Or would feel pleasure in exchanging cards, &c., with "Emma," or "Mirabel," No. 133.)

**R. E.** would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange cards with a young lady from seventeen to twenty years of age, who is musically inclined, fair, and of an affectionate disposition. Is twenty-seven years of age, has dark complexion, hazel eyes; is good-looking, and has an income of 100*l.* per annum.

**BRUCE.** all of which would like to correspond with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has brown hair, blue eyes, and good complexion, has had a good education, and has a yearly income. The gentleman must be of good birth and education, and have an income equivalent to her own.

**CLARA** and **LORRY**, who both are of the medium height—the former twenty years of age, with light brown hair, blue eyes and a good temper; the latter, seventeen years of age, with dark hair and eyes, and a good housekeeper—would willingly enter into a matrimonial correspondence with two gentlemen.

**PAULINE H.** who is eighteen years of age, dark complexion, and of medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, not more than twenty-seven years of age; tall, dark, and good-looking, and in a position to keep a wife comfortably. "Pauline" has dark hair and bright dark eyes, with a clear complexion, is very cheerful and ladylike, and an only daughter of good family, and possesses some fortune.

**EMILY, LIZETTE,** and **ROSINA**, wish to correspond matrimonially with three gentlemanly good-looking bachelors, who must have a good business. "Emily" is twenty years of age, fair, rather petite, and inclined to corpulence. "Lizette" is twenty years of age, dark, tall, and genteel. "Rosina" is eighteen years of age, fair, and tall. All are very respectably connected, and prepossessing in person and manner.

**F. D.** a young tradesman, twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, considered good-looking, of dark complexion, with black hair and blue eyes, and possessing a moderate income, would like to correspond and exchange cards with a young lady of medium height, handsome, and having moderate vocal and instrumental abilities, and of respectable family. Income no object.

**THEODORA** and **MILDRED**, nineteen and twenty-four years of age respectively, are desirous of corresponding with a lady with a view to matrimony, with two gentlemen of the respective ages of twenty and twenty-five, and who must be highly respectable, and very steady. "Theodora" is tall and dark, with a brilliant complexion, and ladylike manners; is possessed of a comfortable income, and has great musical talent. "Mildred" is a blonde, with Auburn hair, and very attractive in manner.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—  
**P. Q.** would willingly exchange cards, and enter into correspondence with "Anabella J." with a view to matrimony.

**WENDRAM.** being delighted with the description of "Flora May," would be most happy to woo and win her. Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, has blue eyes

and fair complexion; is considered good looking, and intends to study, with a view to enter the Church in Wales. *Carets* to be exchanged as a preliminary.

**L. M.** twenty-two years of age, tall, fair, and thoroughly domesticated, would be happy to correspond with "John W." who would be happy to form the acquaintance of "Emeline" with a matrimonial view.

**G. Nemo** would be most happy to correspond matrimonially, and exchange cards with "Flora May." Is twenty-two years of age, steady, and fond of home.

**WALTER** is sure that "Emma" would just suit him as a wife. Is twenty-six years of age, 6 ft. in height, of fair complexion, and a draper.

**ANITA**, who is twenty-two years of age, with soft brown eyes, and long flowing curls of the same colour, is good tempered, affable and affectionate, will be happy to correspond with "T. L." with a view to matrimony.

**H. N.** will be happy to open a matrimonial correspondence with "Lizzie." Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, has dark hair, dark complexion, dark blue eyes, gentlemanly in manner, and rather good looking.

**LAWA**, who is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, would be glad to hear from and exchange cards with "Amelia." Is gentlemanly in appearance, and is in a first-class situation.

**NELLIE** would be happy, with a view to matrimony, to exchange cards with "J. G. N." Is 5 ft. 3 in. in height, and dark; is well educated, and thoroughly domesticated, and the daughter of a respectable tradesman.

**BLAIR K.** whose twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, with curly hair, considered good looking, and of respectable family, would feel proud to correspond with "Flora May" (No. 130) with a view to matrimony.

**EMMA** would be happy to correspond with "J. G. W." with a view to matrimony. Is nineteen years of age, of medium height, a perfect brunette, well domesticated, and extremely fond of music.

**ANITA** BOWMAN would be glad to correspond with "Flora May" with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-three years of age, of middle height, holds an appointment of 120*l.* a year in a city house, besides having a private income.

**ANITA** LAURENCE is willing to correspond matrimonially, and exchange cards, with "M. T. R." Is twenty-one years of age, of medium height, has dark brown hair, and blue eyes, and is rather inclined to corpulence.

**NEVEN-TOO-LATE** would like to exchange cards with "Flora May." Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, fond of music, of temperate habits, and will have a small fortune when of age.

**NOVENA** would like to correspond and exchange cards with "October," with a matrimonial view. Is eighteen years of age, tall, very domesticated, and tolerably good-looking. (The handwriting is not bad.)

**K. Y.** who is in pretty good circumstances, considers that he would suit "Emma H." in every respect, and would therefore be glad to exchange cards, &c. Is twenty-five years of age.

**H. C.** in reply to "Emma" states that he is twenty-seven years of age, has received the education of a gentleman, and although without present fortune, has good expectations.

**HAROLD**, twenty-two years of age, and Hanswunt, twenty-four years of age, both considered good-looking, and holding good situations in first-class firms in the city, would be glad to correspond and exchange cards with "Flora May" and "Fen" respectively.

**M. H. W.** would be most happy to hear matrimonially from and exchange cards with "Frederick." Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. in height, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and is respectably connected.

**TRIN**, who is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, twenty-five years of age, has brown hair, blue eyes, and is moderately good-looking, and highly respectable, would be most happy to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with "Flora May," and is willing to exchange cards as a preliminary.

**EDITH** thinks she is all "John W." can require in a wife, and will therefore be glad to correspond with him. Is twenty years of age, tall, of dark complexion, with dark brown hair and eyes, is highly respectable, thoroughly domesticated, and would make a home happy.

**LOUISA** has no objection to receive a matrimonial letter from and exchange cards with "W. R." as a preliminary. (Or would like to correspond with "Xenophon.") "Louise" is twenty-six years of age, educated and intellectual, and at present engaged in scholastic pursuits.

**MAUD K.** is willing to correspond matrimonially with "W. R. R." Is twenty-two years of age, fair complexion, good looking, domesticated, and fond of home. "W. R. R." whose card is requested (and which will be either returned or exchanged), must possess some common sense.

**ORION** and **WALTER** would be glad to hear further from, and exchange cards with "Maggie" and "Lizzie." "Orion" is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, moderately good looking, and in business on his own account; "Walter" is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, very good looking, and is in business also.

**H. A. J.** would be happy to correspond and as a preliminary exchange cards with "Flora May" with a view to matrimonial engagement. Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, respectably connected, of an agreeable temper, fond of home, considered good looking, and is in a good business.

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As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

**London:** Printed and Published for the Proprietors, at 534, Strand, by J. E. GARDNER.